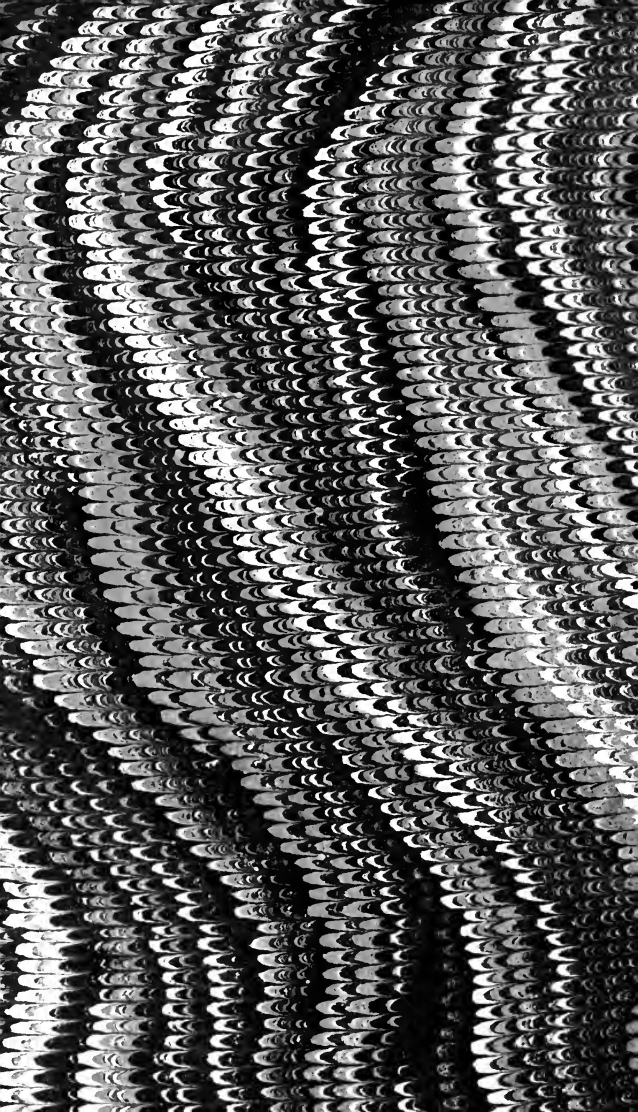
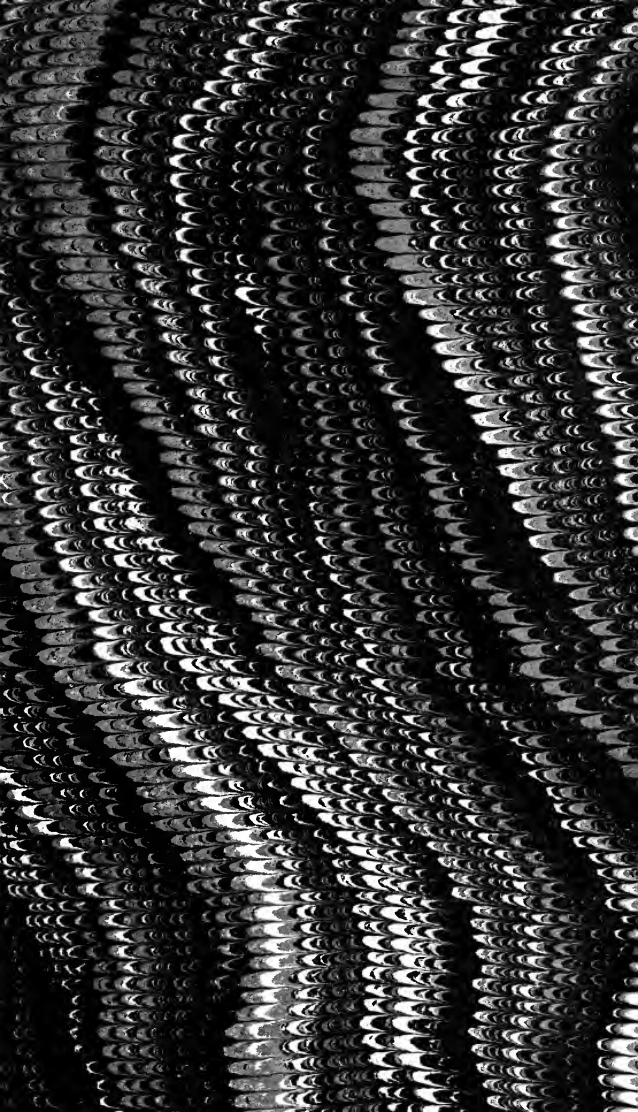


UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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Wm. Kennedy





THE ALDINE EDITION
OF THE BRITISH
POETS



THE POEMS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL I



THE POETICAL WORKS OF
SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME I



LONDON
BELL AND DALDY YORK STREET
COVENT GARDEN



TO THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

CANON OF SALISBURY, ETC.

UNHONOUR'D lay poor Butler's nameless
grave,
One line, the hand of pitying friendship
gave.

'Twas his with pure confiding heart to trust
The flattering minions of a monarch's lust ;
And hope that faith a private debt would own,
False to the honour of a nation's throne.

Such were the lines insulted virtue pour'd,
And such the wealth of wit's exhaustless hoard ;
Of keenest wisdom dallying with her scorn,
And playful jest of indignation born ;
And honest hatred of that godless crew,
To king, to country ;—to themselves untrue :
The hands that laid the blameless mitre low,
That gave great Wentworth to the headsman's
blow,

And theirs the deed immortalized in shame,
Which raised a monarch to a martyr's name.

Oh ! friend ! with me thy thoughtful sorrows
join,
Thy heart will answer each desponding line ;
Say, when thy hand o'er KEN's neglected grave
At once the flowers of love and learning gave ;

Or when was heard, beneath each listening tree,
 The lute sweet Archimage had lent to thee :
 Say, while thy day was like a summer dream,
 And musing leisure met thee by the stream,
 Where thro' rich weeds the lulling waters crept,
 And the huge forest's massive umbrage slept,
 And, summon'd by thy harp's aerial spell,
 The shadowy tribes came trooping from their cell ;
 (For still 'twas thine, with all a poet's art,
 To paint the living landscape of the heart ;
 And still to nature's soft enchantments true,
 Feel every charm, and catch each varying hue ;)
 Couldst thou foresee how soon the poet's strain
 Would wake its satire into truth again ;
 How soon the still-revolving wheel of time
 Recall the past—each folly, and each crime ;
 Again the petty tyrant boast his flame,
 And raise, on fancied ills, a patriot's name ;
 How soon the trembling altar fade away,
 The hallow'd temple prove the spoiler's prey ;
 The throne its proud ancestral honours yield,
 And faction shake the senate and the field ;
 How folly seize, while bleeding freedom wept,
 That sacred ark which jealous wisdom kept ;
 Which, virtuous Falkland ! saw thy banners wave,
 Which Somers lived, and Chatham died to save ;
 While history points her awful page in vain,
 And sees all Butler scorn'd, revive again.

J. M

BENHALL, Feb. 1835.



LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the author of *Hudibras*, was born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612,¹ and christened February the 14th. A. Wood says, that his father was competently wealthy;² but the anonymous author of a life prefixed to his *Poems* describes him as in the condition of a yeoman, possessing a very small estate, and renting another; who with difficulty found means to educate his son at the grammar-school at Worcester, under Mr. Henry Bright, a man of high reputation as a

¹ This date is contradicted by Charles Longueville, the son of Butler's friend, and who declared that the poet was born in 1600. Nash dates his baptism February 8, 1612, and says it is entered in the writing of Nash's father, who was churchwarden: he had four sons and three daughters; the three daughters and one son older than the poet.

² Dr. Nash discovered that his father was owner of a house and a little land, worth about £10 a year, still called *Butler's tenement*, of which he has given an engraving in the title-page of his first volume. A. Wood affirms that he had a competent estate of nearly £300 a year, but held on *lease* of Sir William Russel, lord of the manor of Strensham.

scholar, and a Prebendary of the Cathedral. Butler is said to have gone from thence to Cambridge,³ with the character of a good scholar; but the period and place of his residence seem alike unknown, and indeed it appears more than doubtful whether he ever received the advantages of an academical education.

For some time he was clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earl's Coombe, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace. He employed the ample leisure which his situation afforded in study; while he also cultivated the arts of painting and music. "The Hogarth of Poetry," says Walpole, "was a painter too:" his love of the pencil introduced him to the acquaintance of the celebrated Samuel Cooper.⁴ Some pictures were shown by the family as his, but we presume of no great excellence, as they were subsequently employed to stop broken windows. Dr. Nash says that he heard of a portrait of Oliver Cromwell by him. After this, he was recommended to the notice of the Countess of Kent, living at Wrest, in Bedfordshire, where he had not only the advantage of a library,⁵ but enjoyed the conversation of the most learned man of his age, the great Selden. Why he subsequently

³ A. Wood had his information from Butler's brother; some of his neighbours sent him to Oxford. Mr. Longueville asserted that Butler never resided at Oxford.

⁴ Of our English poets, Flatman and George Dyer were painters. Pope also used the brush under the tuition of Jervas. I recollect no further union of the arts.

⁵ "Butler was not acquainted with the Italian poets. Of Ruggiero he might have truly asserted what he has falsely told of Rinaldo."—See Neve on the English Poets, p. 79.

left so advantageous and honourable a situation does not appear, but we find him domesticated under the roof of Sir Samuel Luke, at Cople Hoo farm, or Wood End, near Bedford, a gentleman of a very ancient family, one of Cromwell's officers, and a rigid Presbyterian. It is in this place and at this time that he is said to have commenced his celebrated poem. His patron's house afforded him a gallery of living portraits, and he was fortunately permitted to see Puritanism in one of its strongholds. The keenness of his observation secured the fidelity of his descriptions, and enabled him to fill up his outline with those rich and forcible details, which a familiar acquaintance with the originals afforded.⁶

At the restoration of the exiled monarch, when loyalty expected the reward of its fidelity and the recompense of its losses, Butler appears to have suffered the same disappointment that met other claimants; and silently and unobtrusively retreating from the conflict of avarice and importunity,

⁶ It is supposed that Sir Samuel Luke is ridiculed under the character of Hudibras: the reason of the conjecture is founded on Hudib. P. i. c. 1. ver. 904:—

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke,
In foreign land yclep'd—;

and the ballad entitled "A Tale of the Cobbler and Vicar of Bray," in the posthumous works, p. 285, but this ballad is not proved to be genuine. Nash says, "he was informed by a bencher of Gray's Inn, who had it from an acquaintance of Butler's, that the person intended was Sir Henry Rosewell, of Ford Abbey, in Devonshire," but adds, "these would be probable reasons to deprive Bedfordshire of the Hero, did not Butler, in his Memoirs of 1649, give the same description of Sir Samuel Luke, and in his Dunstable Downs, ex-

he accepted the Secretaryship to Richard, Earl of Carbury, Lord President of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow Castle, where the court of the marches was removed. About this time, he married Mrs. Herbert,⁷ a gentlewoman of good family, but who had lost most of her fortune, by placing it on bad securities, in those very dangerous and uncertain times. A. Wood says, that he was Secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge, that the Duke treated him with kindness and generosity; and that in common with almost all men of wit and learning, he enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Earl of Dorset. The author of his Life, prefixed to his Poems, says, that the integrity of his life, the acuteness of his wit, and the easiness of his conversation, rendered him acceptable to all; but that he avoided a multiplicity of acquaintance. The accounts both of the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham and the

pressly style Sir Samuel Luke, Sir Hudibras;" the name was borrowed from Spenser, F. Q. 11. i. 17.

He that made love unto the eldest dame
Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man.

It is supposed that Lilly the astrologer was represented under the person of Sidrophel; though Sir Paul Neal, who denied Butler to be the author of Hudibras, has been mentioned as the person intended. Vide Grey's Hudibras, ii. 105, 388, 1st edit.; and Nash's Hudibras, vol. ii. p. 308, that *Whachum* was meant for Sir George Wharton, does not appear to rest on any proof; v. Biographia, Art. Sherborne, note (B).

⁷ A. Wood says, that she was a widow, and that Butler supported himself by her jointure, deriving nothing from the practice of the law.

Secretaryship are disbelieved by Dr. Johnson, on the following grounds:—"Mr. Wycherley," says Major Packe, "had always laid hold of any opportunity which offered of representing to the Duke of Buckingham how well Mr. Butler had deserved of the royal family, by writing his inimitable *Hudibras*, and that it was a reproach to the Court that a person of his loyalty and wit, should suffer in obscurity, and under the wants he did. The duke always seemed to hearken to him with attention enough, and after some time undertook to recommend his pretensions to his Majesty. Mr. Wycherley, in hopes to keep him steady to his word, obtained of his Grace to name a day, when he might introduce that modest and unfortunate poet to his new patron. At last an appointment was made, and the place of meeting was agreed to be the Roebuck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended accordingly; the duke joined them, but as the devil would have it, the door of the room where they sat was open, and his Grace, who had seated himself near it, observing a pimp of his acquaintance (the creature too was a knight) trip by with a brace of ladies, immediately quitted his engagement to follow another kind of business, at which he was more ready than to do good offices to those of desert, though no one was better qualified than he, both in regard to his fortune and understanding, to protect them; and from that time to the day of his death, poor Butler never found the least effect of his promise."

This story may be believed or not; to me, I confess, it appears more like a well-dressed fiction

of Wycherley's than the truth ; why the accidental interruption of the interview should never after have been repaired, does not appear ; but there is a better testimony in some verses of Butler, which were published by Mr. Thyer : " which are written (says Johnson) with a degree of acrimony, such as neglect and disappointment might naturally excite, and such as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expressing against a man who had any claim to his gratitude."

In 1663, the first part of *Hudibras*, in three cantos, was published,⁸ when more than fifty years had matured the author's genius, and given large scope to his experience of mankind. It was speedily known at court, through the influence of the Earl of Dorset.⁹ The king praised, the courtiers, of course, admired, and the royalists greeted a production which certainly covered their now fallen enemies with all the derision and contempt which wit and genius could command. In 1664, the second part appeared ; and the author, as well as the public, watched with anxiety for the reward which he was to receive from the gratitude of the king ; like the other expectants of Charles's bounty, which was drained off into very different channels, they watched in vain. Clarendon, says Wood,

⁸ Some verses in the first edition of *Hudibras* were afterwards omitted for reasons of state, as

Did not the learned Glynne and Maynard,
To make good subjects traitors, strain hard.
Was not the king, by proclamation,
Declared a traitor through the nation.

⁹ See Prior's Dedication to his Poems.

gave him reason to hope for places and employments of value and credit, but he never received them ; and the story of the king's presenting him with a purse of three hundred guineas appears also to rest on no competent authority. To compensate for the neglect of the court, and of a king, who, in truth, cared for no one but himself, and who possessed neither public honour, nor private principle, it is difficult to say, whether Butler may have been satisfied with the approbation of the people ; or how far the love of his art, confidence in his own genius, and a natural fondness for a successful production, may have induced him to continue his poem ; certainly in four years more he published the third part, which still leaves the work unfinished. What he ultimately intended, it is impossible to conjecture from a narrative which has no consistent plan, or progress. He may have been wearied of it, or he may not have had time to continue it ; for he died two years after its appearance, in his sixty-ninth year, on the 25th of September, 1680 ;¹ and was buried very privately by his friend Mr. Longueville, in the church-yard of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, at his private expense ; for he had in vain solicited an honourable and public funeral in Westminster Abbey. His grave was at the west-end of the

¹ A. Wood says he died of a consumption ; Oldham says he was carried off by a fever ; but as he was near three score and ten, we may be spared any further investigation. Mr. Longueville says he lived for some years in Rose Street, Covent Garden, and probably died there : that notwithstanding his disappointments he was never reduced to want or beggary, and that he did not die in any person's debt.

church-yard on the north side; "his feet," says Aubrey, "touch the wall; his grave, two yards distant from the pilaster of the door, by his desire six foot deep. About twenty-five of his old acquaintances at his funeral, I myself being one." The burial service was read over him by the learned Dr. Simon Patrick, then Rector of the parish, and afterwards Bishop of Ely. Dr. Johnson says, that Mr. Lowndes of the Treasury, informed Dr. Zachary Pearce,² that Butler was allowed a yearly pension of a hundred pounds; but this, as Johnson says, is contradicted by all tradition, by the complaints of Oldham,³ and the reproaches of Dryden. About forty years after, Mr. Barber, whose name is familiar to all persons conversant with the literature of that time, who was a printer, and Lord Mayor of London, erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the poet's memory; the inscription will prove how warmly he approved his principles.⁴

² See Granger's Biog. Hist. of England, vol. iv. p. 40.

³ See Oldham's 'Satire against Poetry,' and Dryden's 'Hind and Panther,' and Otway's 'Prologue to the Tragedy of Constantine the Great.' Butler twice transcribed the following distich in his Common-place Book:

To think how *Spenser* died, how *Cowley* mourn'd,
How *Butler's* faith and service were return'd.

⁴ In the additions to Pope's works, published by George Steevens, i. p. 13, are some lines said to be written by Pope on this monument erected by Barber.

Respect to Dryden Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villars honour'd Cowley's shade.
But whence this Barber? that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;
The pyramid would better far proclaim
To future ages humbler Settle's name;

M. S.

SAMUELIS BUTLERI,

Qui Strenshamiae in agro Vigorn. nat. 1612,
 obiit Lond. 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
 Operibus ingenii, non item præmiis fœlix:
 Satyrici apud nos carminis artifex egregius;
 Quo simulatæ religionis larvam detraxit,
 Et perduellium scelera liberrime exagitavit;
 Scriptorum in suo genere, primus et postremus.
 Ne, cui vivo deerant ferè omnia,
 Deessit etiam mortuo tumulus,
 Hoc tandem posito marmore, curavit
 Johannes Barber, civis Londinensis, 1721.⁵

After his death, three small volumes were published bearing the title of his posthumous pieces in verse and prose; they are, however, all spurious, except the ode on Duval and two of the prose tracts: but the volumes subsequently given to the

Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
 The city printer and the city bard.

The lines also by Samuel Wesley are well known (vide Poems, 4to. 1736, p. 62.)

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
 No generous patron would a dinner give;
 See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust.
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
 He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone.

⁵ See Delineation of Butler's Monument in Dart's Westminster Abbey, pl. 3, tom. 1, pp. 78, 79. With regard to the monument erected in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in 1786 (when the church was repaired), at the expense of some of the parishioners, on the south side of the church (inside) with the inscription, see Nash's Life of Butler, xiii. See engraving of it in Nash's Life of Butler, p. xxxix. An engraving of the monument in Westminster Abbey is in the same work, p. 678. Within the last few years a marble tablet has been erected to his memory in the parish church of his native village, Strensham, by John Taylor, Esq., who now owns the estate on which the poet was born.

world by Mr. Thyer, keeper of the public library at Manchester, are genuine⁶ and valuable. "As to these *remains* of Butler," says Warburton in his Letters (cxxxix), "they are certainly his; but they would not strike the public, if that public was honest; but the public is a malicious monster, which cares not what it affords to dead merit, so it can but depress the living. There was something singular in this same Butler; besides an infinite deal of wit, he had great sense and penetration, both in the sciences and in the world. Yet with all this, he could never plan a work or tell a story well. The first appears from his *Hudibras*; the other from his *Elephant in the Moon*. He evidently appears to be dissatisfied with it, by turning it into long verse, but that was his forte; the fault lay in the manner of telling, not but he might have another reason for trying his talents at heroic verse—emulation. Dryden had burst out in a surprising manner; and, in such a case, the poetic world, as we have seen by a late instance, is always full of imitations.⁶ But Butler's heroics are poor stuff; indeed only doggerel made languid by heavy expletives. This attempt in the change of his measure was the sillier, not only as he acquired the mastery in

⁶ What genuine remains of Butler Thyer did *not* publish, were all in the hands either of Dr. R. Farmer or Dr. Nash, and had been seen by Atterbury. See *Life* by Nash, xvi. James Massey, Esq. of Rosthern, Cheshire, had Butler's *Common Place Book*. Some law cases from Coke upon *Littleton*, drawn up in Norman-French by Butler, were bought by Dr. Nash of Butler's relation in Buckinghamshire. He had also a *French Dictionary* compiled by him, and part of a tragedy of *Nero*.

the short measure, but as that measure, somehow or other, suits best with his sort of wit. His characters are full of cold puerilities, though intermixed with abundance of wit and with a great deal of good sense. He is sometimes wonderfully fine both in his sentiment and expression, as when he defines 'the Proud Man to be a Fool in fermentation;' and when speaking of the Antiquary, he says, 'he has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments:' but the great fault in these characters is that they are a bad and false species of composition.⁷ As for his editor he is always in the wrong when there was a possibility of his mistaking. I could not but smile at his detecting Pope's plagiarisms about the Westphalia hogs, when I reflected, that in a very little time, when the chronology is not well attended to, your fine note about the ambergris will be understood by every one as a ridicule upon it; and, indeed, an excellent one it is: notwithstanding, I wish this fellow would give us a new edition of Hudibras, for the reason he mentions."

A. Wood ascribed to Butler two pamphlets, supposed, he says, falsely to be William Pryn's. The one entitled "Mola Asinaria," or the unreasonable and insupportable Burden pressed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation. London, 1659, in one sheet, 4to. The other, Two Letters; one from John Audland, a quaker, to William Pryn; the other, Pryn's Answer; in three

⁷ See some excellent observations on this style of writing in Retrospect. Rev. vol. iii. art. iv. 'Fuller's Church History.'

sheets in folio, 1672. The author of his life also adds, that he had seen a small poem, of one sheet in quarto, on Duval the highwayman, said to be written by Butler. These formed part of the posthumous pieces above mentioned; to which may be added the fragment given to Mr. Aubrey by the poet himself, and printed by the writer of his life. It is said that Butler did not shine in conversation till he had taken a cheerful glass, though he was no intemperate drinker. The following story is told in the *British Biography*:—“Before he (Butler) was personally known to the Earl of Dorset, that nobleman had a great desire to spend an evening with him as a private gentleman; and with that view prevailed on Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd to introduce him into his company at a tavern which they used, in the character only of a common friend. This being done, Mr. Butler, we are told, whilst the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy, at the second bottle extremely brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant agreeable companion, but before the third bottle was finished, sunk again into such stupidity and dulness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of *Hudibras*, a book abounding with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship’s opinion of Mr. Butler, who answered, ‘He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle.’⁸ Johnson sums up the personal history of the poet by say-

⁸ A. Wood says, “Butler was a boon and witty companion, especially among the company he knew well.”

ing, 'In this mist of obscurity passed the life of Butler, a man whose name can only perish with his language.' The date of his birth is doubtful, the mode and place of his education are unknown, the events of his life are variously related, and all that can be told with certainty is that he was poor."

A list of the portraits of Butler, in painting and engraving, may be found in Granger's History of England; ⁹ a portrait of him by Lely is in the Picture Gallery at Oxford; and another, by the same hand, formerly in the possession of Mr. Longueville, became the property of Mr. Hayter of Salisbury. Another likeness of him by Zoort, was formerly in the collection of the celebrated Mr. Charles Jennins. Several prints of him by Vertue are also prefixed to different editions of his works.

The merit of *Hudibras* (it has been well observed),¹ certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the story as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days, and it is clear from the opening line, 'When civil dudgeon first grew high,' that it was meant to bear date

⁹ See vol. iv. p. 38, &c. A mezzotint print of Lord Grey has been altered to Butler.

¹ See Campbell's *Specimens of Br. Poets*, vol. iv. p. 205. The principal actions of the poem, says Nash, are four. 1. *Hudibras's* victory over *Crowdero*. 2. *Trulla's* victory over *Hudibras*. 3. *Hudibras's* victory over *Sidrophel*. 4. The *Widow's* antimasquerade. The rest is made up of the adventures of the *Bear*, of the *Skimmington*, *Hudibras's* conversations with the *Lawyer* and *Sidrophel*, and his long disputations with *Ralpho* and the *Widow*.

with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the Poet skips at once, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto. Before the third part of *Hudibras* appeared, a great space of time had elapsed, since the publication of the first. Charles the Second had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries was a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the Widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras, a topic which has been suspected to allude not so much to the Presbyterians, as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses. "Burlesque," says Shenstone, "may perhaps be divided into such as turns chiefly on the thought and such as depends more on the expression, or we may add a third kind, consisting in thoughts ridiculously dressed, in language much above or below their dignity. The Splendid Shilling of Phillips, and the *Hudibras* of Butler are the most obvious instances. Butler, however, depended much on the ludicrous effect of his double rhymes; in other respects, to declare your sentiments, he is rather a witty writer, than a humorous one."² The defect of Butler's poem undoubtedly consists, in what has been already mentioned,—the poverty of the incidents, and the incompleteness and irregularity of the design. The slender strain of narrative which is just visible in the commencement,³ soon dwindles away and is

² Shenstone's Works, vol. ii. p. 182, third ed.

³ "Butler set out on too narrow a plan, and even that

lost. It is true that the poem abounds with curious and uncommon learning, with original thoughts, happy images, quaint and comic turns of expression, and new and fanciful rhymes. But the humour, instead of being diffused quietly and unostentatiously over the whole poem, in rich harmonious colouring, is collected into short epigrammatic sentences, pointed apothegms, and unexpected allusions. It has the same merits and defects as a poem of a very different kind—Young's Night Thoughts,—copious invention, new and pleasing images, and brilliant thoughts; with a want of sufficient connexion in the subject, and progress in the story. There is no poem at all resembling Hudibras in character in our language; but parts of it are not dissimilar to the style and manner of some prose writings of the time, which were published under the name of 'Characters,' and which, like Butler's poem, dazzle rather than delight by successive flashes of wit, and a rapid play of fancy. It may be observed that the defects and merits of this work are *practically* made known by the manner in which it is read. Its want of story and incident seldom permits a continued perusal; while the abundance of its wise⁴

design is not kept up. He sinks into little true particulars about the Widow, &c. The enthusiastic Knight, and the ignorant Squire, over religious in two different ways, and always quarrelling together, is the chief point of view in it." —(Pope) v. Spence's Anecdotes, p. 208. It appears from some passages in Warburton's Correspondence, that *Gray* did not much admire this poem of Butler's.

⁴ "Though scarcely any author was ever able to express his thoughts in so few *words* as Butler, he often employs too many thoughts on one subject, and thus becomes prolix after

and witty sayings insures a constant recurrence to its pages. As little can be added to the character of the work which Johnson has given, and as it would be presumptuous to hope to express his thoughts in any language but his own, we shall conclude with extracting from his *Life of Butler* the following critical opinion of his work.

“The poem of *Hudibras* is one of those compositions of which a nation may justly boast; as the images which it exhibits are domestic, the sentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the strain of diction original and peculiar. We must not, however, suffer the pride, which we assume as the countrymen of Butler, to make any encroachment upon justice, nor appropriate those honours which others have a right to share. The poem of *Hudibras* is not wholly English; the original idea is to be found in the history of *Don Quixote*; a book to which a mind of the greatest powers may be indebted without disgrace. Cervantes shows a man, who having by the incessant perusal of incredible tales, subjected his understanding⁵ to his imagination, and familiarized his mind by pertinacious meditation to trains of incredible events and scenes of impossible existence; goes out in the pride of knighthood to redress wrongs and defend virgins, to rescue captive princesses, and tumble usurpers from their thrones, attended by a squire, whose cunning, too low for the suspicion of a generous mind, enables him often to cheat his master.

an unusual manner.”—See Hume’s *Hist. of England*, vol. viii. p. 337.

⁵ Would not “reason” be the more proper word?

“The hero of Butler is a presbyterian justice, who, in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and correct abuses, accompanied by an *independent* clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him.

“Cervantes had so much kindness for Don Quixote, that, however he embarrasses him with absurd distresses, he gives him so much sense and virtue, as may preserve our esteem. Wherever he is or whatever he does, he is made by matchless dexterity, commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

“But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderness, he chooses not that any pity should be shewn, or respect paid him. He gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him. In forming the character of Hudibras, and describing his person and habiliments, the author seems to labour with a tumultuous confusion of dissimilar ideas. He had read the history of the mock knights-errant, he knew the notions and manners of a Presbyterian magistrate, and tried to unite the absurdities of both, however distant, in one personage.⁶ Thus he gives him that pedantic osten-

⁶ “One great object,” says Nash, “of our Poet’s satire, is to unmask the hypocrite and to exhibit in a light at once odious and ridiculous, the Presbyterians and Independents, and all other sects, which in our Poet’s days amounted to near two hundred, and were enemies to the king; but his further view was to banter all the false and erase all the suspicious pretences to learning that prevailed in his time, such as astrology, sympathetic medicine, alchymy, transfusion of

tation of knowledge, which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances, that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He sends him out a *colonelling*, and yet never brings him within sight of war. If Hudibras be considered as the representative of the Presbyterians, it is not easy to say why his weapons should be represented as ridiculous or useless; for whatever judgment might be passed on their knowledge, or their arguments, experience had sufficiently shown that their swords were not to be despised. The hero, thus compounded of swagger and pedant, of knight and justice, is led forth to action, with his Squire Ralpho, an independent enthusiast. Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, since it is left imperfect, no judgment can be made. It is probable that the hero was to be led through many luckless adventures, which would give occasion, like his attack upon the Bear and Fiddle, to expose the ridiculous rigour of the sectaries, like his encounter with Sidrophel and Whachum, to make superstition and credulity contemptible; or like his recourse to the low retailer of the law, discover the fraudulent practices of different professions.

“What series of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or blood, trifling experimental philosophy, fortune-telling, incredible relations of travellers, false wit and injudicious affectation of ornament to be found in the poets and romance writers; thus he frequently alludes to Purchas’s Pilgrims, Sir K. Digby’s books, Bulwar’s Artificial Changeling, Brown’s Vulgar Errors, Burton’s Melancholy, the early Transactions of the Royal Society, &c.”

punished his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work must have had, it seems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenser, the action could not have been one: those could only have been a succession of incidents, each of which might have happened without the rest, and which could not all co-operate to any single conclusion. The discontinuity of the action might, however, have been easily forgiven; if there had been action enough, but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains that in the poem of Hudibras, as in the History of Thucydides, there is more said than done. The scenes are too seldom changed, and the attention is tired with long conversation. It is indeed much more easy to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. Every position makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an answer. When two disputants are engaged on a complicated and extensive question, the difficulty is not to continue, but to end the controversy. But whether it be, that we comprehend but few of the possibilities of life, or that life itself affords little variety, every man who has tried, knows how much labour it will cost to form such a combination of circumstances as shall have at once the grace of novelty and credibility, and delight fancy without violence to reason. Perhaps the dialogue of this poem is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it, by quicker reciprocation, by seasonable interruptions, by sudden questions, and by a nearer approach to dramatic sprightliness; without which,

fictitious speeches will always tire, however sparkling with sentences, and however variegated with allusions. The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be an uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed, or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the present, whoever would please must make provision. The skilful writer, *irritat, mulcet*, makes a due distribution of the still and animated parts. It is for want of this artful intertexture, and those necessary changes, that the whole of a book may be tedious, though all the parts are praised.

“ If inexhaustible wit could give perpetual pleasure, no eye could ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought so many remote images so happily together? It is scarcely possible to peruse a page without finding some association of images that was never found before. By the first paragraph the reader is amused, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more strained to astonishment, but astonishment is a toilsome pleasure. He is soon weary of wandering, and longs to be diverted.

Omnia vult belle Matho dicere, dic aliquando
Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.

Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined. Butler's treasures of knowledge appear proportioned to his expense. Whatever topic

employs his mind, he shows himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessories that books can furnish. He is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bye-paths of literature; not only to have taken general surveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inspection. If the French boast the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler. But the most valuable parts of his performance are those which retired study and native wit cannot supply. He that merely makes a book from books may be useful, but can scarcely be great. Butler had not suffered life to glide by him unseen or unobserved. He had watch'd with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs, which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge. When any work has been viewed and admired, the first question of intelligent curiosity is, how was it performed? Hudibras was not a hasty effusion; it was not produced by a sudden tumult of imagination, or a short paroxysm of violent labour. To accumulate such a mass of sentiments at the call of accidental desire, or of sudden necessity, is beyond the reach and power of the most active and comprehensive mind. I am informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of this author's reliques, that he could show something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the

common-place book in which Butler repositied not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences, as occasion prompted, or meditation produced, those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labour of those who write for immortality:⁷ but human works are not easily found without a perishable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppressive; of Hudibras, the manners being founded on

⁷ Butler crowds into his confined circle all the treasures of art and the accumulations of learning. He gives full measure to his readers, heaped up and running over. Thought crowds upon thought, and witticism on witticism, in rapid and dazzling succession. Every topic and every incident is made the most of: his bye-play always tells. Many of his happiest sallies appear to escape him as if by accident. Many of his hardest hits appear to be merely chance-blows. A description of a bear-ward brings in a sneer at Sir K. Digby, and his powder of sympathy; and an account of a tinker's doxy introduces a pleasantry on Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert. There is always an undercurrent of satiric allusion beneath the main stream of his satire. The juggling of astrology, the besetting folly of alchymy, the transfusion of blood, the sympathetic medicines, the learned trifling of experimental philosophers, the knavery of fortune-tellers, and the folly of their dupes, the marvellous relations of travellers, the subtleties of the school divines, the freaks of fashion, the fantastic extravagancies of lovers, the affectations of piety, and the absurdities of romance, are interwoven with his subject, and soften down and relieve his dark delineation of fanatical violence and perfidy. * * Butler was by no means deficient in humour, but it is cast into a dim eclipse by the predominance of his wit. His characters do not show themselves off unconsciously as fools or coxcombs: they are set up as marks at which the author levels all the shafts of his ridicule and sarcasm. *v. Retrosp. Rev. vol. iii. p. 333.*

opinions, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day less intelligible and less striking. What Cicero says of philosophy is true likewise of wit and humour, that time effaces the fictions of opinion, and confirms the determinations of nature. Such manners as depend upon standing relations and general passions are co-extended with the race of man; but those modifications of life and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverseness, or at best, of some accidental influence, or transient persuasion, must perish with their parents. Much, therefore, of that humour which transported the last century with merriment is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen superstition, the gloomy moroseness, and the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans; or, if we know them, derive our information only from books, or from tradition; have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and study understand the lines in which they are satirized. Our grandfathers knew the picture from the life; we judge of the life by contemplating the picture.

“It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to image the tumult of absurdity and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a

congregation. The wisdom of the nation is very reasonably supposed to reside in the parliament; what can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when in one of the parliaments summoned by Cromwell, it was seriously proposed, that all the records in the Tower should be burned, that all memory of things passed should be effaced, and that the whole system of life should commence anew! We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince pies and plum porridge, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, should shrink from them in December. An old Puritan, who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the Church, invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an alehouse with beer brewed for all times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks. One of the puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance, and he that reads Gataker upon Lots, may see how much learning and reason one of the first scholars of his age thought necessary to prove that it was no crime to throw a die, or play at cards, or hide a shilling for the reckoning. Astrology, however, against which so much of the satire is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others; it had in that time a very extensive dominion; its predictions raised hopes and fears in minds which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and when the

king was prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, an astrologer was consulted what hour would be found most favourable to an escape. What effect this poem had upon the public, whether it shamed imposture, or reclaimed credulity, is not easily determined, cheats can seldom stand long against laughter; it is certain that the credit of planetary intelligence wore fast away, though some men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe that conjunctions and oppositions had a great part in the distribution of good or evil, and in the government of sublunary things.

“Poetical action ought to be probable upon certain suppositions; and such probability as burlesque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can show more plainly the necessity of doing something, and the difficulty of finding something to do, than that Butler was reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of Sancho, not the most agreeable fiction of Cervantes, very suitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which ascribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances; but so remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibrastic time, that judgment and imagination are alike offended. The diction of this poem is grossly familiar, and the numbers purposely neglected, except in a few places where the thoughts by their native excellence secure themselves from violation, being such as mean language cannot express. The mode of versification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets that the heroic measure was not rather chosen. To the critical sentence of Dryden the

highest reverence would be due, were not his decisions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wished to change the measure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that when the numbers were heroic, the diction should still remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural composition. If he preferred a general stateliness both of sound and words, he can only be understood to wish Butler had undertaken a different work. The measure is quick, sprightly, and colloquial, suitable to the vulgarity of the words, and the levity of the sentiments, but such numbers and such diction can gain regard only when they are used by a writer whose vigour of fancy and copiousness of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornaments, and who in confidence of the novelty and justness of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another that conveys common thoughts in careless versification, it will only be said, 'Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.' The meaning and diction will be worthy of each other, and criticism may justly doom them to perish together. Nor even though another Butler should arise, would another Hudibras obtain the same regard. Burlesque consists in a disproportion between the style and the sentiments, or between the adventitious sentiments and the fundamental subject. It, therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All disproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleasure

which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a strange thing; but when it is no longer strange we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice which by frequent repetition detects itself: and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the spectator turns away from a second exhibition of those tricks, of which the only use is to show they can be played."





NOTES.

Page vii.

ON Sir Samuel Luke being represented by Hudibras, see Dr. Grey's Preface, p. iv. where by a reverend and learned person, *Warburton* is meant, see D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* (new series) vol. i. p. 235, on this point. The *Grub Street Journal* says, one Col. Rolle, a Devonshire man. The old tutelary saint of Devonshire was Hugh de Bras, see *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXVII. 159. The author of a curious article in the *Censor*, No. XVI. (*v. Gent. Mag.*) called "Memoirs of Sir Samuel Luke," observes, An unauthenticated story prevails that Butler once lived in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, and has increased with a succession of writers, like a rolling ball of snow. Wood and Aubrey, who had both access to credible information, say nothing about it; and it first occurs in an anonymous life prefixed to his poems. Towneley, in his *Memoir*, insinuates that he behaved with ingratitude; 'Il me semble qu'il doit épargner le chevalier Luke, son bienfaiteur, que la gratitude et la reconnaissance auraient du mettre à couvert contre les traits de la satire de votre auteur.' But for the climax of this representation we are in-

debted to the Edinb. Review (Art. Hogg's Jacobite Relics), in which the critic roundly asserts that "Butler lived in the family, supported by the bounty of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's captains, at the very time he planned his Hudibras, of which he was pleased to make his kind friend and hospitable patron the Hero." Now (he continues) we defy the history of whiggism to match this anecdote, or to produce so choice a specimen of the human nettle!

P. x. Gratitude of the king.] According to the verses in Butler's 'Hudibras at Court,' (v. Remains).

Now you must know, Sir Hudibras
 With such perfections gifted was,
 And so peculiar in his manner,
 That all that saw him, did him honor.
 Among the rest this prince was one
 Admired his conversation.
 This prince, whose ready wit and parts
 Conquer'd both men and women's hearts:
 Was so o'ercome with Knight and Ralph,
 That he could never clear it off.
 He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
 But Hudibras still near him kept;
 Nor would he go to church, or so,
 But Hudibras must with him go.
 Nor yet to visit concubine,
 Or at a city feast to dine;
 But Hudibras must still be there,
 Or all the fat was in the fire.
 Now after all, was it not hard
 That he should meet with no reward,
 That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
 This monarch did so much admire;
 That he should never reimburse
 The man for th' equipage and horse,
 Is sure a strange ungrateful thing
 In any body but a king;
 But this good king, it seems, was told
 By some that were with him too bold,

If e'er you hope to gain your ends,
 Caress your foes, and trust your friends.
 Such were the doctrines that were taught,
 Till this unthinking king was brought
 To leave his friends to starve and die,
 A poor reward for loyalty.

Oldham, in his Satire against Poetry, writes thus :

On Butler, who can think without just rage,
 The glory and the scandal of the age?
 Fair stood his hopes, when first he came to town,
 Met everywhere with welcomes of renown.
 Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,
 And promises of princely favour fed.
 But what reward for all had he at last,
 After a life in dull expectance past?
 The wretch, at summing up his misspent days,
 Found nothing left but poverty and praise.
 Of all his gains by verse he could not save
 Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
 Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be interred on tick,
 And well might bless the fever that was sent
 To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent.

And Dryden, in the Hind and Panther :

Unpitied Hudibras, your champion friend
 Has shown how far your charities extend.
 This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
 'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.'

P. xiii. Epitaph on Butler, by John Dennis, never before published, in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, (new series), vol. i. p. 240 :

Near this place lies interred
 The body of Mr. Samuel Butler,
 Author of Hudibras.
 He was a whole species of poet in one,
 Admirable in a manner,
 In which no one else has been tolerable :
 A manner which began and ended with him,
 In which he knew no guide,
 And has found no followers.

P. xx. On the versification of *Hudibras*, see Dryden's *Ded. to Juvenal*, 1735, p. 100; to which Johnson alludes. See also Addison's *Spectator*, vol. i, No. ix. See also Prior's *Alma*, (c. ii. imit) :

But shall we take the muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his bear and fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede and when pursue.
His noble negligences teach
What others toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope;
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his sleight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False mimic of my master's dance.
Around the cord a while I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.





APPENDIX.

I.

BUTLER'S Hudibras; the first part printed by T. G. for Richard Mariot, under St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1663, 8vo. p. 268.¹ In the *Mercurius Aulicus*, Jan. 1-8, 166 $\frac{2}{3}$, is an advertisement.—“There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called Hudibras, without name, either of printer or bookseller; the true and perfect edition printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Mariot, near St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. That other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.”

II. Hudibras, the second part, 1663. This spurious second part was published after Butler had printed his first part, and before he printed the second, and is very scarce. It ran through three editions in the

¹ I have also met with ‘*Mercurius Menippeus, the Loyal Satirist, or Hudibras in Prose*; written by an unknown hand, in the time of the late rebellion, but never till now published, 1682,’ a curious tract.

same year; the first two do not differ except in the type. But there was another edition still, "Hudibras, the second part, with the continuation of the third canto, to which is added a fourth canto."

Hudibras; the second part, by the author of the first; printed by T. R. for John Martyn and James Allestrey, at the Bell, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1664, 8vo. and 12mo. It has on the title-page a wood-cut, with the publishers' device, a bell, and the letters M. A. at bottom. In the *Mercurius Publicus* for Nov. 20, 1663, is this very singular advertisement:—"Newly published, the second part of Hudibras, by the author of the former, which (if possible) has outdone the first."—In the B. Museum (Misc. Pap. Bibl. Birch. No. 4293), is the following injunction:—Charles R., our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command, that no printer, bookseller, stationer, or other person, whatsoever within our kingdom of England, or Ireland, do print, reprint, utter, or sell, or cause to be printed, reprinted, uttered, or sold, a book or poem, called Hudibras, or any part thereof, without the consent and approbation of Samuel Boteler, Esq. or his assignes, as they, and every of them will answer the contrary at their perils. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 10th day of September, in the year of our Lord God, 1677, and in the 29th year of our reign, by his Majesty's command. Jo. Birkenhead.

Hudibras; the third and last part, written by the author of the first and second parts; printed for Simon Miller, at the sign of the Star, at the west end of St. Paul's, 1678, 8vo. p. 285. This part had no notes during the author's life, and who inserted them afterwards, is not known.

The first and second parts were republished in

1674. Hudibras, the first and second parts, written in the time of the late wars, corrected and amended with several additions and annotations, London, 1674, part i. p. 202; part ii. pp. 223-412.

III. See some lines from the first canto of Hudibras, admirably translated into Latin verse by Christopher Smart, published in *The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany*; published by Thornton in 1750.—See Beloe's *Anecdotes*, vol. vi. p. 419. Some also by Dr. Harmer, Greek Professor at Oxford, may be seen in the notes to the *Biographia Britannica*.

IV. Dr. Grey's edition of Hudibras was published first in 1744. See on it *Gent. Mag.*, 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 416, 'Dr. Grey's valuable but *incorrect* edition.' In Grey's edition the *Meditations of Justice Adam Overdo* in the stocks, are inserted from B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. "The soliloquy is ingeniously split into a dialogue, and one-half given to *Adam*, the other half to *Overdo*. The consulship of Julius and Cæsar was nothing to this." Dr. Grey left large additional notes, designed for a new edition, which were in the hands of Mr. Nichols. As regards the posthumous works of Butler, it appears from the authority of Mr. Thyer that very few (only three) of them are authentic. Jacob, in his *Lives of the Dramatic Poets*, p. 21, says, "not one line of those poems lately published under his (Butler's) name is genuine." See also *Gent. Mag.* May, 1819, vol. xii. N. S. p. 417, and Thyer's *Remains*, vol. i. p. 145, 302, 327. One passage occurs in the speech of the Earl of Pembroke which is curious from its strong verbal coincidence with a passage in Burke's will—"My will is that I have no

monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, but all my life long I have had too much of them," *v. Burke's Will, in Bisset's Life, p. 578.* "I desire that no *monument* beyond a middle-sized tablet, with a small and simple inscription on the church-wall, or on the flag stone, be erected; but *I have had in my lifetime but too much of noise and compliment.*"

V. John Townley, the translator of *Hudibras*, was an officer of the Irish brigade, and a knight of the military order of St. Louis, he was uncle to Charles Townley, Esq. who possessed the marbles and statues. See Nichols' *Hogarth*, p. 145, and *Notice sur la vie et les écrits de M. Larcher*, p. 135, in *Class. Journal*, No. 19. When the critical reviewers reviewed *Tytler's Essay on Translation*, they would not believe in the existence of this book, it was so scarce. See *Beloe's Anecdotes*, i. p. 216, 220. The publication was superintended by M. L'Abbé Tuberville Needham, and illustrated with notes by Larcher. There is an engraving of Mr. Townley by Skelton, with the following inscription:—

Ad impertiendum amicis inter Gallos
Linguae Anglicanae nonnihil peritis
Facetum poema Hudibras dictum
Accurate, festiveque gallice convertit
Hic Johannes Towneley
Caroli Towneley de Towneley
In agro Lancastriensi armigeri filius
Nat. A. D. 1679. Denat. A. D. 1782.
Grato, pioque animo fieri curavit
Johannes Towneley, nepos 1797

Reprinted, Paris, 1819, 12mo. 3 vols. said to be a faithful reprint with the *addition* of notes by Larcher, and a *Key to Hudibras* by Zottin le jeune, and some account of the translator.

From the Literary Cyclopædia, p. 83.

VI. In estimating the poem of Hudibras, we should consider that genius takes every variety of form, adapts itself to every change of circumstance, and out of every object selects, according to its purpose, what is most essential to the view of truth, the exhibition of beauty or the chastisement of folly. There are conventional notions on the subject which would restrict the honours of genius to the few master minds which have led to the discovery of some great laws of nature, or displayed the highest forms of creative imagination. But it is sometimes as great proof of genius to draw pictures from daily and familiar life, and to work upon its elements, as it is to soar above them; and it is still a question for the philosophical critic to decide, whether to raise a gorgeous pyramid of dreams out of the abstractions of thought, be a higher task to master the fallacies of existence, and paint reality in all its strange and grotesque combinations. The author of Hudibras might alone afford scope to a controversy of this nature, for while he presents few, if any, of those characteristics which belong to the loftier class of minds, he so wonderfully adopts whatever is to be found in the actual world, or learnt from books, as to make his memorable lesson against bigotry one of the most remarkable productions of human ingenuity. But whatever may be the class to which Butler belongs in the Temple of Fame, there can only be one opinion respecting the value of his works, as a rich collection of lively sarcasms, often intermingled with wit, on those errors and foibles of human nature, which at once verge upon extravagance and mischief. A practical observer of the world, and an active sharer in its concerns, Butler never forgets the pleasant and

every day character of mankind. His mind was thoroughly impressed with the subject on which he wrote, and that subject embraced the whole circle of motives, which set society in action at the period when he lived. His wit is consequently often spent upon follies which are no longer conspicuous, and his experience made lessons which it would now be unprofitable to study. There is yet so much imperishable wisdom in his writings—so many warnings against evil tempers and absurdities, of which the seeds have never to this hour been eradicated from human nature, that Butler may still be estimated as one of the noblest writers of sententious maxims to be found in the English language.

•VII. *From Retrospective Review*, vol. iii. 307.

LIST OF THE IMITATIONS OF HUDIBRAS.

- | | | |
|----|--|-------------|
| 1 | Hudibras, second part | London 1663 |
| 2 | Butler's Ghost; or, Hudibras, the fourth part . . | 1682 |
| 3 | Hogan Moganides; or, the Dutch Hudibras . . | 1674 |
| 4 | The Irish Hudibras; or, Fingallian Prince, &c. . | 1689 |
| 5 | The Whig's Supplication, by S. Colvil | 1695 |
| 6 | Pendragon; or, the Carpet Knight, his Kalendar . | 1698 |
| 7 | The Dissenting Hypocrite; or, Occasional Con-
formist | 1704 |
| 8 | Vulgus Britannicus; or, the British Hudibras, in
fifteen cantos, &c. by the Author of the London
Spy, second edition | 1710 |
| 9 | Hudibras Redivivus, &c. by E. Ward, no date. | |
| 10 | The Republican Procession; or, the Tumultuous
Cavalcade, second edition | 1714 |
| 11 | The Hudibrastic Brewer, a satire on the former
(No. 1C) | 1714 |
| 12 | Four Hudibrastic Cantos, being poems on four of
the greatest heroes | 1715 |
| 13 | Posthumous Works in Prose and Verse of Mr. S.
Butler, 3 vols. 12mo. 1720, and in one vol. . | 1754 |

- 14 England's Reformation, &c. a Poem, by Thomas Ward 1747
 15 The Irish Hudibras, Hespero-neso-graphia, by William Moffet, 1755, a reprint of No. 4.
 16 The Poetical Works of William Meston 1767
 17 The Alma of Matthew Prior.

For a very judicious and elegant criticism on the merits and defects of these various poems, the reader is advised to consult the article in the work from which our list is taken. The present editor, who has carefully read most of the above poems, bears his testimony to the truth and justice of the observations upon them.

“Pope, in classing the English poets for his projected discourse on the rise and progress of English Poetry, has considered Sir John Mennis and Thomas Baynal as the original of Hudibras. See Dr. Warton's Essays. Some of these pieces certainly partake of the wit, raillery, and playful versification of Butler; and this collection, it is just to remember, made its appearance eight years before the publication of Hudibras. Dr. Farmer has traced much of Butler in Cleveland.” Musarum Deliciæ, first printed, 1655.

VIII. *An Epitaph on James Duke of Hamilton.*

He that three kingdoms made one flame,
 Blasted their beauty, burnt the frame,
 Himself now here in ashes lies,
 A part of this great Sacrifice :
 Here all of HAMILTON remains,
 Save what the other world contains.
 But (*Reader*) it is hard to tell
 Whether that world be Heav'n, or Hell.

A *Scotch* man enters Hell at 's birth,
 And 'scapes it when he goes to earth,
 Assur'd no worse a Hell can come
 Than that which he enjoy'd at home.

Now did the Royall Workman botch
 This Duke, halfe-*English*, and halfe-*Scotch*!

A Scot an English Earldom fits,
 As *Purple* doth your Marmuzets ;
 Suits like *Nol Cromwell* with the Crown,
 Or *Bradshaw* in his Scarlet-gown.
 Yet might be thus disguis'd (no lesse)
 Have slipt to Heav'n in's *English* dresse.
 But that he' in hope of life became
 This mystick *Proteus* too as well
 Might cheat the Devill 'scape his Hell,
 Since to those pranks he pleas'd to play
 Religion ever pav'd the way ;
 Which he did to a *Faction* tie,
 Not to reforme but crucifie.

'Twas he that first alarm'd the *Kirke*
 To this prepost'rous bloody worke,
 Upon the *King's* to place *Christ's throne*,
 A step and foot-stoole to his owne ;
 Taught Zeal a hundred tumbling tricks,
 And Scriptures twin'd with Politicks ;
 The Pulpit made a Jugler's Box,
 Set Law and Gospell in the Stocks,
 As did old *Buchanan* and *Knox*,
 In those daies when (at once¹) the *Pox*
 And Presbyters a way did find
 Into the world to plague mankind.

'Twas he patch'd up the new Divine,
 Part *Calvin*, and part *Catiline*,

¹ *The Pox, Presbytery, and Jesuitisme, are of the same standing.*

Could too transforme (without a Spell)
Satan into a *Gabriel* ;
 Just like those pictures which we paint
 On this side Fiend, on that side *Saint*.
 Both this, and that, and every thing
 He was ; for and against the King :
 Rather than he his ends would misse,
 Betray'd his Master with a kisse,
 And buri'd in one common Fate
 The glory of our *Church* and *State* :
 The *Crown* too levell'd on the ground ;
 And having rook't all parties round,
 'Faith it was time then to be gone,
 Since he had all his businesse done.
 Next on the fatall *Block* expir'd,
 He to this *Marble-Cell* retir'd ;
 Where all of HAMILTON remains
 But what Eternity contains.

Digitus Dei, or God's Justice upon Treachery
 and Treason, exemplified in the Life and
 Death of the late James Duke of Hamilton,
 whereto is added an Epitaph upon him. 4to.
 London, 1649.

This poem is ascribed to Marchamont Needham.
 It is curious as being much in the style of Butler,
 and being published fourteen years before *Hudibras*
 appeared.

As it has been said, on the authority of Pope, that
 Butler was indebted for the peculiarities of his style
 to "*Musarum Deliciæ, or Wit's Recreation*;" and
 as that work is not in the possession of any but a few
 persons who are curious in poetry, it has been thought
 advisable to afford an extract or two from it. It was
 first printed in 1655.

“ A letter to Sir John Mennis, when the Parliament denied the King money to pay the army, unless a priest, whom the King had reprieved, might be executed. Sir John at the same time wanting the money for provisions for his troop, desired me by his letter to goe to the priest, and to persuade him to dye for the good of the army, saying,

What is't for him to hang an houre,
To give an army strengthe, and power? ”

THE REPLY.

By my last letter, John, thou see'st
What I have done to soften priest,
Yet could not with all I could say
Persuade him hang, to get thee pay.
Thou swad, quoth he, I plainly see
The army wants no food by thee.
Fast oft'ner, friend, or if you'll eate,
Use oaten straw, or straw of wheate;
They'l serve to moderate thy jelly,
And (which it needs) take up thy belly.
As one that in a taverne breakes
A glasse, steales by the barre and sneaks,
At this rebuke, with no less haste, I
Trudg'd from the priest and prison hasty.
The truth is, he gave little credit
To th' armies wants, because I said it;
And if you'll press it further, John,
'Tis fit you send a learned man.
For thou with ease can friends expose,
For thy behoof, to fortune's blows.
Suppose we being found together,
Had pass'd for birds of the same feather,
I had perchance been shrewly shent,
And maul'd too by the Parliament.
Have you beheld the unlucky ape
For roasted chestnuts mump and gape,
And offering at them with his pawes,
But loath he is to scorch his clawes.
When viewing on the hearth asleep

A puppy, gives him cause to weep,
 To spare his own, he takes his helpe,
 And rakes out nuts with foot of whelpe;
 Which done, as if 'twere all but play,
 Your name-sake looks another way.
 The cur awakes, and finds his thumbs
 In paine, but knows not whence it comes;
 He takes it first to be some cramp,
 And now he spreads, now licks his vamp.
 Both are in vain, no ease appeares;
 What should he doe? he shakes his eares;
 And hobbling on three legs, he goes
 Whining away with aking toes.
 Not in much better case perhaps,
 I might have been to serve thy chaps,
 And have bestrewed my finger's end
 For groping so in cause of friend;
 Whilst thou wouldst munch like horse in manger,
 And reach at nuts with others' danger,
 Yet have I ventured far to serve
 My friend that says—he's like to starve.

" An Answer to a letter from Sir John Mennis,
 wherein he jeeres him for falling so quickly to the
 use of the Directory."

Friend, thou dost lash me with a story,
 A long one too, of Directory;
 When thou alone deserves the birch,
 That brought'st the bondage on the Church.
 Didst thou not treat for Bristow City
 And yield it up?—the more's the pity.
 And saw'st thou not, how right or wrong
 The Common Prayer-Book went along?
 Didst thou not scourge, as if enchanted,
 For articles Sir Thomas granted;
 And barter, as an author saith,
 Th' articles o' th' Christian faith?
 And now the Directory jostles
 Christ out o' th' church and his Apostles,
 And teares down the communion rayles,
 That men may take it on their tayles.
 Imagine, friend, *Bochus* the King,
 Engraven on *Sylla's* signet ring,
 Delivering open to his hands
Jugurth, and with him all the lands.

Whom *Sylla* tooke and sent to Rome,
There to abide the Senate's doome.

In the same fortune, I suppose
John standing in 's doublet and hose ;
Delivering up amidst the throng
The Common Prayer and Wisdom's song
To hands of *Fairfax*, to be sent
A sacrifice to the Parliament.
Thou little thought'st what geare begun
Wrapt in that treaty, *busie John*.
There lurked the fire that turned to cinder
The Church—her ornaments to tinder.
There bound up in that treaty lyes
The fate of all our Christmas pyes.
Our holy-dayes then went to wrack,
Our wakes were layd upon their back,
Our gossips' spoones away were lurch'd,
Our feastes, and fees for woemen church'd ;
All this and more ascribe we might
To thee at Bristow, wretched knight.
Yet thou upbraidst and raylst in rime
On me, for that, which was thy crime.
So froward children in the sun
Amid their sports, some shrewd turne done,
The faulty youth begins to prate
And lays it on his harmlesse mate.

Dated

From *Nymptom*, where the Cyder smiles,
And *James* has horse as lame as *Gyles*.
The fourth of *May* : and dost thou heare,
'Tis, as I take it, the eighth yeare
Since *Portugall* by *Duke Braganza*
Was cut from *Spaine* without a handsaw.

J. S.

*Account of Mr. Samuel Butler, from Aubrey's Letters,
in the Bodleian Library, edited by Dr. Bliss.*

IX. Mr. Samuel Butler was borne at Pershore, in
Worcestershire, as we suppose;¹ his brother lives

¹ He was born in Worcestershire, hard by Barton-bridge,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile from Worcester, in the parish of St. John, Mr. Hill
thinks, who went to schoole with him.

there: went to schoole at Worcester. His father a man but of slender fortune, and to breed him at schoole was as much education as he was able to reach to. When but a boy, he would make observations and reflections on everything one sayd or did, and censure it to be either well or ill. He never was at the university for the reason alledged. He came when a young man to be a servant to the Countesse of Kent,² whom he served severall yeares. Here, besides his study, he employed his time much in painting³ and drawing, and also in musique. He was thinking once to have made painting his profession.⁴ His love to and skill in painting made a great friendship between him and Mr. Samuel Cowper (the prince of limners of this age). He then studyed the common lawes of England, but did not practise. He married a good jointuresse, the relict of Morgan, by which meanes he lives comfortably. After the restauration of his ma^{tie}, when the courte at Ludlowe was againe sett up, he was then the king's steward at the castle there. He printed a witty poeme, called *Hudibras*, the first part A^o 166 . which tooke extremely, so that the king and Lord Chanc. Hyde would have him sent for, and accordingly he was sent for. (The L^d Ch. Hyde hath his

² Mr. Saunders (y^e Countesse of Kent's kinsman) sayd that Mr. J. Selden much esteemed him for his partes, and would sometimes employ him to write letters for him beyond sea, and to translate for him. He was secretaire to the D. of Bucks, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge. He might have had preferments at first; but he would not accept any but very good, so at last he had none at all, and dyed in want.

³ He painted well, and made it (sometime) his profession. He wayted some yeares on the Countess of Kent. She gave her gent. 20 lib. per an. a-piece.

⁴ From Dr. Duke.

picture in his library over the chimney.) They both promised him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the king gave him lib.

He is of a middle stature, strong sett, high coloured, a head of sorrell haire, a severe and sound judgement: a good fellowe. He hath often sayd that way (e. g. Mr. Edw. Waller's) of quibbling with sence will hereafter growe as much out of fashion and be as ridicule⁵ as quibbling with words. 2.^d N. B. He hath been much troubled with the gowt, and particularly, 1679, he stirred not out of his chamber from October till Easter.

He⁶ dyed of a consumption Septemb. 25 (Anno Dⁿⁱ 1680, 70 circiter), and buried 27, according to his owne appointment in the churchyard of Covent Garden; sc. in the north part next the church at the east end. His feet touch the wall. His grave 2 yards distant from the pillaster of the dore, (by his desire) 6 foot deepe.

About 25 of his old acquaintance at his funeral: I myself being one.

HUDIBRAS UNPRINTED.

No Jesuite ever took in hand
 To plant a church in barren land;
 Or ever thought it worth his while
 A Swede or Russe to reconcile.
 For where there is not store of wealth,
 Souls are not worth the change of health.
 Spaine and America had designes
 To sell their Ghospell for their wines,
 For had the Mexicans been poore,
 No Spaniard twice had landed on their shore.
 'Twas Gold the Catholic Religion planted,
 Which, had they wanted Gold, they still had wanted.

⁵ [Sic. Edit.]

⁶ [Evidently written some time after the former part. E.]

He had made very sharp reflexions upon the court in his last part.

Writt my Lord (John⁷) Rosse's Answer to the Marquesse of Dorchester.

Memorandum. Satyricall witts disoblige whom they converse with, &c. consequently make to themselves many enemies and few friends, and this was his manner and case. He was of a leonine-coloured haire, sanguine, cholérique, middle sized, strong.

⁷ [In the hand-writing of Anthony à Wood. Edit.]



HUDIBRAS.





HUDIBRAS.

PART I. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,
The manner how he sally'd forth,
His arms and equipage are shown,
His horse's virtues and his own :
'Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.*

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why ;
When 'hard words, jealousies, and
fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk, 5

* A ridicule on Ronsarde and Davenant.

¹ VAR. 'Civil fury.'—To take in 'dudgeon' is inwardly to resent some injury or affront, and what is previous to actual fury.

² It may be justly said, 'They knew not why;' since, as Lord Clarendon observes, "The like peace and plenty, and universal tranquillity, was never enjoyed by any nation for ten years together, before those unhappy troubles began."

³ By 'hard words' he probably means the cant words used by the Presbyterians and sectaries of those times; such as Gospel-walking, Gospel-preaching, Soul-saving, Elect, Saints, the Godly, the Predestinate, and the like; which they applied to their own preachers and themselves.

For Dame Religion as for punk ;
 Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
 Though not a man of them knew wherefore ;
 When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ; 10
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist instead of a stick ;
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would 15
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry,
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade ; 20
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant ;
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle

^{11 12} Alluding to their vehement action in the pulpit, and their beating it with their fists, as if they were beating a drum.

¹³ Our author, to make his Knight appear more ridiculous, has dressed him in all kinds of fantastic colours, and put many characters together to finish him a perfect coxcomb.

¹⁴ The Knight (if Sir Samuel Luke was Mr. Butler's hero) was not only a Colonel in the Parliament army, but also Scoutmaster-general in the counties of Bedford, Surrey, &c. This gives us some light into his character and conduct ; for he is now entering upon his proper office, full of pretendedly pious and sanctified resolutions for the good of his country. His peregrinations are so consistent with his office and humour, that they are no longer to be called fabulous or improbable.

^{17 18} *i. e.* He kneeled to the king, when he knighted him, but seldom upon any other occasion.

²² 'Chartel' is a challenge to a duel.

²³ In this character of Hudibras all the abuses of human

That could as well bind o'er as swaddle ;
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25
 And styl'd of War, as well as Peace :
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water).
 But here our Authors make a doubt
 Whether he were more wise or stout : 30
 Some hold the one, and some the other,
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;
 Which made some take him for a tool 35
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras : 40
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write).
 But they're mistaken very much ;
 'Tis plain enough he was not such.
 We grant, although he had much wit, 45
 H' was very shy of using it,
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unless on holydays or so,
 As men their best apparel do. 50
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle :

learning are finely satirised: philosophy, logic, rhetoric, mathematics, metaphysics, and school-divinity.

Being rich in both, he never scant'd 55
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many that had not one word.
 For Hebrew roots, although they're found
 To flourish most in barren ground, 60
 He had such plenty as suffic'd
 To make some think him circumcis'd ;
 And truly so he was, perhaps,
 Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critic, 65
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic ;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute : 70
 He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl ;
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 75

^{55 56} This is the property of a pedantic coxcomb, who prates most learnedly amongst illiterate persons, and makes a mighty pother about books and languages, where he is sure to be admired, though not understood.

^{63 64} VAR. ' And truly so perhaps he was,
 'Tis many a pious Christian's case.'

⁷⁵ Such was Alderman Pennington, who sent a person to Newgate for singing (what he called) 'a malignant psalm.'

Lord Clarendon observes, "That after the declaration of No more addresses to the King, they who were not above the condition of ordinary constables six or seven years before, were now the justices of the peace." Dr. Bruno Ryves informs us, "That the town of Chelmsford in Essex, was governed, at the beginning of the Rebellion, by a tinker, two cobblers, two tailors, and two pedlers."

And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do. 80
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to show why, 85
 And tell what rules he did it by ;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90
 But, when he pleas'd to show 't, his speech,
 In loftiness of sound, was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect ;
 It was a party-colour'd dress 95
 Of patch'd and piebald languages ;
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on satin ;
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one 100
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,

⁷⁵ In the several counties, especially the Associated ones (Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire) which sided with the Parliament, committees were formed of such men as were for the Good Cause, as they called it, who had authority, from the members of the two Houses at Westminster, to fine and imprison whom they pleased.

Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.
 This he as volubly would vent, 105
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent :
 And truly, to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large ;
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ; 110
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em ;
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once 115
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.

In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater ; 120
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by sines and tangents straight
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,

¹⁰⁹ The Presbyterians coined a great number, such as Out-goings, Carryings-on, Nothingness, Workings-out, Gospel-walking-times, &c. which we shall meet with hereafter in the speeches of the Knight and Squire, and others, in this Poem; for which they are bantered by Sir John Birkenhead.

¹¹⁵ Demosthenes is here meant, who had a defect in his speech.

¹²⁰ An eminent Danish mathematician; and William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times.

And had read ev'ry text and gloss over ;
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith : 130
 Whatever sceptic could enquire for,
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;
 Knew more than forty of them do,
 As far as words and terms could go ;
 All which he understood by rote, 135
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 No matter whether right or wrong ;
 They might be either said or sung.
 His notions fitted things so well,
 'That which was which he could not tell, 140
 But oftentimes mistook the one
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.
 He could reduce all things to acts,
 And knew their natures by abstracts ;
 Where Entity and Quiddity, 145
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly ;
 Where truth in person does appear,
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.
 He knew what's what, and that's as high
 As metaphysic wit can fly : 150
 In school-divinity as able
 As he that hight Irrefragable ;

¹³¹ VAR. 'Inquere.'

¹⁴⁵ VAR. 'He'd tell where Entity and Quiddity.'

¹⁵² Alexander Hales was born in Gloucestershire, and flourished about the year 1236, at the time when what was called School-divinity was much in vogue ; in which science he was so deeply read, that he was called 'Doctor Irrefragabilis ;' that is, the 'Invincible Doctor,' whose arguments could not be resisted.

A second Thomas, or, at once
 To name them all, another Dunce :
 Profound in all the Nominal
 And Real ways beyond them all :

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¹⁵³ Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, studied at Cologne and at Paris. He new-modelled the school-divinity, and was therefore called the 'Angelic Doctor,' and 'Eagle' of divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XXII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

¹⁵¹ Johannes Dun Scotus was a very learned man, who lived about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scotch allege he was born at Dunse in the Merse, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called 'Dunscotus:' Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof, cite his epitaph;

Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at Cologne, Nov. 8, 1308. In the 'Supplement' to Dr. Cave's 'Historia Literaria,' he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures: that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and for being a very acute logician, was called 'Doctor Subtilis,' which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the 'Lathy Doctor.'

^{155 156} Gulielmus Ockham was founder of the Nominals, and Johannes Dun Scotus of the Reals.

For he a rope of sand could twist
 As tough as learned Sorbonist,
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
 That's empty when the moon is full ; 160
 Such as take lodgings in a head
 That's to be let unfurnished.
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,
 And after solve 'em in a trice ;
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165
 The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound
 And stab herself with doubts profound,
 Only to show with how small pain
 The sores of Faith are cur'd again ; 170
 Although by woful proof we find
 They always leave a scar behind.
 He knew the seat of Paradise,
 Could tell in what degree it lies,
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175
 Below the moon, or else above it ;
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
 Came from her closet in his side ;
 Whether the Devil tempted her
 By a High Dutch interpreter ; 180
 If either of them had a navel ;
 Who first made music malleable ;
 Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
 Had cloven feet, or none at all :
 All this, without a gloss or comment, 185

¹⁵⁷ ¹⁵⁸ VAR. ' And with as delicate a hand
 Could twist as tough a rope of sand.'

¹⁸¹ Several of the Ancients have supposed that Adam and
 Eve had no navels ; and, among the Moderns, the late learned
 Bishop Cumberland was of this opinion.

He could unriddle in a moment,
 In proper terms, such as men smatter
 When they throw out and miss the matter.

For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit: 190
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
 For he was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true Church Militant;
 Such as do build their faith upon 195
 The holy text of pike and gun;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox,
 By Apostolic blows and knocks; 200
 Call fire and sword, and desolation,
 A godly, thorough Reformation,
 Which always must be carry'd on,
 And still be doing, never done;
 As if Religion were intended 205

¹⁹³ ¹⁹⁴ Where Presbytery has been established, it has been usually effected by force of arms, like the religion of Mahomet: thus it was established at Geneva in Switzerland, Holland, Scotland, &c. In France, for some time, by that means, it obtained a toleration; much blood was shed to get it established in England: and once, during that Grand Rebellion, it seemed very near gaining an establishment here.

¹⁹⁵ ¹⁹⁶ Upon these Cornet Joyce built his faith, when he carried away the King, by force, from Holdenby: for, when his Majesty asked him for a sight of his instructions, Joyce said, he should see them presently; and so drawing up his troop in the inward court, "These, Sir," said the Cornet, "are my instructions."

¹⁹⁹ ²⁰⁰ Many instances of that kind are given by Dr. Walker, in his 'Sufferings of the Episcopal Clergy.'

For nothing else but to be mended :
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss ; 210
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick :
 That with more care keep holyday
 The wrong, than others the right way ;
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215
 By damning those they have no mind to :
 Still so perverse and opposite,
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite :
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for : 220
 Freewill they one way disavow,
 Another, nothing else allow :
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin :
 Rather than fail, they will defy 225
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with minc'd-pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard through the nose. 230
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,

²⁰⁷ The religion of the Presbyterians of those times consisted principally in an opposition to the Church of England, and in quarrelling with the most innocent customs then in use, as the eating Christmas-pies and plum-porridge at Christmas ; which they reputed sinful.

²¹³ ²¹⁴ They were so remarkably obstinate in this respect, that they kept a fast upon Christmas-day.

To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
 Thus was he gifted and accoutred,
 We mean on th'inside, not the outward:
 That next of all we shall discuss;
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus: 240
 His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face;
 In cut and die so like a tile,
 A sudden view it would beguile;
 The upper part whereof was whey, 245
 The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
 With grisly type did represent
 Declining age of government, 250

²³⁵ ²³⁶ Dr. Bruno Ryves gives a remarkable instance of a fanatical conscience in a captain, who was invited by a soldier to eat part of a goose with him; but refused, because, he said, it was stolen: but being to march away, he who would eat no stolen goose made no scruple to ride away upon a stolen mare; for, plundering Mrs. Bartlet of her mare, this hypocritical captain gave sufficient testimony to the world that the old Pharisee and the new Puritan have consciences of the self-same temper, "To strain out a gnat, and swallow a camel."

²⁴¹ Mr. Butler, in his description of Hudibras's beard, seems to have had an eye to Jaques's description of the Country Justice, in 'As you like it.' It may be asked, Why the Poet is so particular upon the Knight's beard, and gives it the preference to all his other accoutrements? The answer seems to be plain: the Knight had made a vow not to cut it till the Parliament had subdued the King: hence it became necessary to have it fully described.

And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
 Its own grave and the State's were made :
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
 In time to make a nation rue ;
 Though it contributed its own fall, 255
 To wait upon the public downfall :
 It was monastic, and did grow
 In holy orders by strict vow.
 Of rule as sullen and severe,
 As that of rigid Cordeliere : 260
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
 And martyrdom, with resolution ;
 T' oppose itself against the hate
 And vengeance of th' incensed state,
 In whose defiance it was worn, 265
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
 With red-hot irons to be tortured,
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd ;
 Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
 As long as Monarchy should last ; 270
 But when the State should hap to reel,
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
 And fall, as it was consecrate,
 A sacrifice to fall of state,
 Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters 275
 Did twist together with its whiskers,
 And twine so close, that Time should never,
 In life or death, their fortunes sever,
 But with his rusty sickle mow
 Both down together at a blow. 280
 So learned Taliacotius, from

²⁵⁷ VAR. It was 'canonic.'

²⁸¹ Gaspar Taliacotius was born at Bononia, A.D. 1553,

The brawny part of porter's bum,
 Cut supplemental noses, which
 Would last as long as parent breech,
 But when the date of Nock was out 285
 Off dropt the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, show'd
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :
 For as Æneas bore his sire
 Upon his shoulders through the fire, 290
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;
 Which now had almost got the upper-
 Hand of his head for want of crupper.

To poise this equally, he bore 295
 A paunch of the same bulk before,
 Which still he had a special care
 To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare,
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
 Such as a country-house affords ; 300
 With other victual, which anon
 We further shall dilate upon,
 When of his hose we come to treat,
 The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff, 305
 And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
 Whereby 'twas fitter for his use .

and was Professor of physic and surgery there. He died 1599. His statue stands in the anatomy theatre, holding a nose in its hand.—He wrote a treatise in Latin called 'Chirurgia Nota,' in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, &c. with the proper instruments and bandages. This book has passed through two editions. See 'Græfe de Rhinoplastice, sive arte curtum Nasum ad Vivum restituendi Commentatio,' 4to. Berolin. 1818.

Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen ; 310
To Old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own :
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food 315
For warriors that delight in blood.
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise ; 320
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly in defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood ;
And, till th' were storm'd and beaten out, 325
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast
And regions desolate they past, 330
Where belly-timber, above ground
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd there's not one word
Of their provision on record ;
Which made some confidently write, 335
They had no stomachs but to fight :
'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd : 340

Though 'twas no table some suppose,
 But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
 In which he carry'd as much meat
 As he and all the knights could eat,
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons, 345
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.
 But let that pass at present, lest
 We should forget where we digress'd,
 As learned authors use, to whom
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,
 Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
 With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
 And serve for fight and dinner both ;
 In it he melted lead for bullets 355
 To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
 The trenchant blade Toledo trusty
 For want of fighting was grown rusty, 360
 And ate into itself for lack
 Of somebody to hew and hack :
 The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;
 For of the lower end two handful 365
 It had devoured, 'twas so manful,
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
 As if it durst not show its face.
 In many desperate attempts
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370
 It had appear'd with courage bolder
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder :
 Oft had it ta'en possession,

And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had, his page, 375

That was but little for his age,

And therefore waited on him so

As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.

It was a serviceable dudgeon,

Either for fighting or for drudging: 380

When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,

It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;

Toast cheese or bacon; though it were

To bate a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:

'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth 385

Set leeks and onions, and so forth:

It had been 'prentice to a brewer,

Where this and more it did endure,

But left the trade as many more

Have lately done on the same score. 390

In th' holsters at his saddle-bow

Two aged pistols he did stow,

Among the surplus of such meat

As in his hose he could not get:

These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395

To forage when the cocks were bent,

And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,

As cleverly as th' ablest trap.

They were upon hard duty still,

And every night stood sentinel, 400

To guard the magazine i' th' hose

From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.

Thus clad and fortify'd Sir Knight

From peaceful home set forth to fight.

But first with nimble active force 405

He got on th' outside of his horse

For having but one stirrup ty'd
 T' his saddle on the further side,
 It was so short h' had much ado
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe; 410
 But after many strains and heaves,
 He got up to the saddle-caves,
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
 That he had almost tumbled over 415
 With his own weight, but did recover
 By laying hold on tail and mane,
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

But now we talk of mounting steed,
 Before we further do proceed, 420
 It doth behove us to say something
 Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
 With mouth of meal and eyes of wall,
 I would say eye, for h' had but one, 425
 As most agree, though some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his gait
 Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
 At spur or switch no more he skipt
 Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt, 430
 And yet so fiery, he would bound
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
 That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,
 Was not by half so tender hooft, 435
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft:
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his rider up;
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)

Would often do to set him down. 440
 We shall not need to say what lack
 Of leather was upon his back,
 For that was hidden under pad,
 And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
 His strutting ribs on both sides show'd 445
 Like furrows he himself had plough'd ;
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
 Which on his rider he would flirt, 450
 Still as his tender side he prickt,
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kickt :
 For Hudibras wore but one spur,
 As wisely knowing could he stir
 To active trot one side of's horse, 455
 The other would not hang an—arse.

A Squire he had whose name was Ralph,
 That in th' adventure went his half,
 Though writers, for more stately tone,
 Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one ; 460
 And when we can, with metre safe,
 We'll call him so ; if not, plain Ralph ;
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses) :
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465
 He had laid in, by birth a tailor.

⁴⁵⁷ Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') says, this famous Squire was one Isaac Robinson, a zealous butcher in Moorfields, who was always contriving some new querpocut in church government: but, in a 'Key' at the end of a burlesque poem of Mr. Butler's, 1706, in folio, p. 12, it is observed, "That Hudibras's Squire was one Pemble, a tailor, and one of the Committee of Sequestrators."

The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,
 Did leave it with a castle fair
 To his great ancestor, her heir ; 470
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
 Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
 Against the bloody Cannibal,
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
 This sturdy Squire, he had, as well 475
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
 Not with a counterfeited pass
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace :
 His knowledge was not far behind
 The Knight's, but of another kind, 480
 And he another way came by 't,
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-light ;
 A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
 Of study, industry, or brains.
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken ;
 Like commendation nine-pence crookt
 With—To and from my love—it lookt.
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth, 490
 And very wisely would lay forth
 No more upon it than 'twas worth ;

⁴⁶⁵ VAR. ' His wits were sent him.'

⁴⁸⁷ ⁴⁸⁸ Until the year 1696, when all money, not milled, was called in, a ninepenny piece of silver was as common as sixpences or shillings, and these ninepences were usually bent as sixpences commonly are now, which bending was called, To my love and from my love ; and such ninepences the ordinary fellows gave or sent to their sweethearts as tokens of love.

But as he got it freely, so
 He spent it frank and freely too :
 For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495
 Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.
 By means of this, with hem and cough,
 Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,
 He could deep mysteries unriddle,
 As easily as thread a needle : 500
 For as of vagabonds we say,
 That they are ne'er beside their way,
 Whate'er men speak by this new light,
 Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
 'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit, 505
 Which none see by but those that bear it ;
 A light that falls down from on high,
 For spiritual trades to cozen by ;
 An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches,
 And leads men into pools and ditches, 510
 To make them dip themselves, and sound
 For Christendom in dirty pond ;
 To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,
 And fish to catch regeneration.
 This light inspires and plays upon 515
 The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
 And speaks through hollow empty soul,
 As through a trunk or whisp'ring hole,
 Such language as no mortal ear
 But spirit'al eaves-dropper's can hear : 520
 So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
 Into small poets song infuse,
 Which they at second-hand rehearse,

⁵¹¹ Alluding to Ralpho's religion, who was probably an Anabaptist or Dipper.

Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.

Thus Ralph became infallible 525

As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair,
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal, 530

Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches ;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences ;

And much of *Terra Incognita*, 535

Th' intelligible world, could say ;

A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the Wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd : 540

He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen, understood ;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm ;
In Rosierueian lore as learned 545

As he that *Verè adeptus* earned :
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words ;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean ; 550

What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry 'Rope,' and 'Walk, knave, walk.'
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,

⁵⁴⁶ Alluding to the Philosophers' stone.

Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555
 For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
 They'd make them see in darkest night,
 Like owls, though purblind in the light.
 By help of these (as he profest)
 He had First Matter seen undrest : 560
 He took her naked, all alone,
 Before one rag of form was on.
 The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
 And seen quite through, or else he ly'd :
 Not that of pasteboard, which men shew 565
 For groats at fair of Barthol'mew ;
 But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
 Whence that and Reformation came,
 Both cousin-germans, and right able
 T' inveigle and draw in the rabble : 570
 But Reformation was, some say,
 O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.
 He could foretell whats'ever was

⁵⁷³ The rebellious clergy would in their prayers pretend to foretell things, to encourage people in their rebellion. I meet with the following instance in the prayers of Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk: "O my good Lord God, I praise Thee for discovering the last week, in the day-time, a vision, that there were two great armies about York, one of the malignant party about the King, the other party Parliament and professors: and the better side should have help from Heaven against the worst; about, or at which instant of time, we heard the soldiers at York had raised up a sconce against Hull, intending to plant fifteen pieces against Hull; against which fort Sir John Hotham, Keeper of Hull, by a garrison, discharged four great ordnance, and broke down their sconce, and killed divers Cavaliers in it.—Lord, I praise Thee for discovering this victory, at the instant of time that it was done, to my wife, which did then presently confirm her drooping heart, which the last week had been dejected three or four days, and no

By consequence to come to pass ;
 As death of great men, alterations, 575
 Diseases, battles, inundations :
 All this without th' eclipse o' th' sun,
 Or dreadful comet, he hath done
 By inward light, a way as good,
 And easy to be understood ; 580
 But with more lucky hit than those
 That use to make the stars depose,
 Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
 Upon themselves what others forge ;
 As if they were consenting to 585
 All mischiefs in the world men do,
 Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
 To rogueries, and then betray 'em.
 They'll search a planet's house, to know
 Who broke and robb'd a house below ; 590
 Examine Venus and the Moon,
 Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;
 And though they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods :
 They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak ;
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600
 They'll find i' th' physiognomies
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies,

arguments could comfort her against the dangerous times approaching ; but when she had prayed to be established in faith in Thee, then presently Thou didst, by this vision, strongly possess her soul that Thine and our enemies should be overcome."

Like him that took the doctor's bill ;
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill ;
 Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605
 And from positions to be guess'd on,
 As sure as if they knew the moment
 Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs, 610
 And tell what crisis does divine
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine ;
 In men, what gives or cures the itch,
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ; 615
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
 But not what wise, for only' of those
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose.
 No more than can the astrologians ;
 There they say right, and like true Trojans : 620
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
 The other course, of which we spoke.

Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd :
 Never did trusty squire with knight, 625
 Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
 Their arms and equipage did fit,
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit :
 Their valours, too, were of a rate ;
 And out they sally'd at the gate. 630

Few miles on horseback had they jogged
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged ;
 For they a sad adventure met,
 Of which anon we mean to treat.
 But ere we venture to unfold 335

Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned poets use,
 Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
 However critics count it sillier.

Than jugglers talking to familiar ; 640
 We think 'tis no great matter which,
 They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus do we accost :

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645
 Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
 And force them, though it was in spite
 Of Nature, and their stars, to write ;
 Who (as we find in sullen writs,
 And cross-grain'd works of modern wits) 650

With vanity, opinion, want,
 The wonder of the ignorant,
 The praises of the author, penn'd
 B' himself or wit-insuring friend,
 The itch of picture in the front, 655
 With bays and wicked rhyme upon 't,
 (All that is left o' th' Forked hill
 To make men scribble without skill)
 Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
 And teach all people to translate, 660
 Though out of languages in which
 They understand no part of speech ;
 Assist me but this once I 'mplore,
 And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665
 To those that dwell therein well known,

⁶⁶⁵ Brentford, which is eight miles west from London, is here probably meant, as may be gathered from Part II.

Therefore there needs no more be said here,
 We unto them refer our reader ;
 For brevity is very good,
 When w' are, or are not understood. 670
 To this town people did repair
 On days of market or of fair,
 And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
 In merriment did drudge and labour :
 But now a sport more formidable 675
 Had rak'd together village rabble ;
 'Twas an old way of recreating,
 Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting ;
 A bold advent'rous exercise,
 With ancient heroes in high prize ; 680
 For authors do affirm it came
 From Isthmian or Nemæan game ;
 Others derive it from the Bear
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
 And round about the pole does make 685
 A circle, like a bear at stake,
 That at the chain's end wheels about,
 And overturns the rabble-rout :

Cant. iii. v. 995, &c. where he tells the Knight what befell him there :

And though you overcame the Bear,
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle.

⁶⁸⁷ This game is ushered into the Poem with more solemnity than those celebrated ones in Homer and Virgil. As the Poem is only adorned with this game, and the Riding Skimmington, so it was incumbent on the Poet to be very particular and full in the description : and may we not venture to affirm, they are exactly suitable to the nature of these adventures ; and, consequently, to a Briton, preferable to those in Homer or Virgil.

For, after solemn proclamation
 In the bear's name (as is the fashion 690
 According to the law of arms,
 To keep men from inglorious harms)
 That none presume to come so near
 As forty foot of stake of bear,
 If any yet be so fool-hardy 695
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
 If they come wounded off, and lame,
 No honour's got by such a maim,
 Although the bear gain much, being bound
 In honour to make good his ground 700
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
 If any press upon him, who 'tis,
 But lets them know, at their own cost,
 That he intends to keep his post.
 This to prevent and other harms 705
 Which always wait on feats of arms,
 (For in the hurry of a fray
 'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,
 To keep the peace 'twixt Dog and Bear, 710
 As he believ'd he was bound to do
 In conscience and commission too;
 And therefore thus bespoke the Squire:
 We that are wisely mounted higher

⁶⁸⁹ ⁶⁹⁰ Alluding to the bull-running at Tutbury in Staffordshire; where solemn proclamation was made by the Steward, before the bull was turned loose; "That all manner of persons give way to the bull, none being to come near him by forty foot, any way to hinder the minstrels, but to attend his or their own safety, every one at his peril." Dr. Plot's 'Staffordshire.'

⁷¹⁴ This speech is set down as it was delivered by the

Than constables in eurule wit, 715
 When on tribunal bench we sit,
 Like speculators should foresee,
 From Pharos of authority,
 Portended mischiefs further than
 Low Proletarian tithing-men ; 720
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit
 That Dog and Bear are to dispute,
 For so of late men fighting name,
 Because they often prove the same
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725
 The last does *coincidere*);
Quantum in nobis, have thought good
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,
 And try if we by mediation
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730
 Can end the quarrel, and compose
 The bloody duel without blows.
 Are not our liberties, our lives,
 The laws, religion, and our wives,

Knight, in his own words; but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places where his own words could not be so well avoided.

⁷¹⁵ Had that remarkable motion in the House of Commons taken place, the constables might have vied with Sir Hudibras for an equality at least; "That it was necessary for the House of Commons to have a High Constable of their own, that will make no scruple of laying his Majesty by the heels:" but they proceeded not so far as to name any body, because Harry Martyn (out of tenderness of conscience in this particular) immediately quashed the motion, by saying the power was too great for any man.

Enough at once to lie at stake 735
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake ?
 But in that quarrel Dogs and Bears,
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,
 By evil counsel is fomented ; 740
 There is a Machiavelian plot
 (Though ev'ry nare olfact it not)
 And deep design in 't to divide
 The well-affected that confide,
 By setting brother against brother, 745
 To claw and curry one another.
 Have we not enemies *plus satis*,

⁷³⁶ This was the Solemn League and Covenant, which was first framed and taken by the Scottish Parliament, and by them sent to the Parliament of England, in order to unite the two nations more closely in religion. It was received and taken by both Houses, and by the City of London: and ordered to be read in all the churches throughout the kingdom; and every person was bound to give his consent, by holding up his hand, at the reading of it.

⁷³⁶ 'And the Cause's sake.' Sir William Dugdale informs us that Mr. Bond, preaching at the Savoy, told his auditors from the pulpit, "That they ought to contribute and pray, and do all they were able to bring in their brethren of Scotland for settling of God's cause: I say (quoth he) this is God's cause; and if our God hath any cause, this is it; and if this be not God's cause, then God is no God for me; but the Devil is got up into Heaven." Mr. Calamy, in his speech at Guildhall, 1643, says, "I may truly say, as the Martyr did, that if I had as many lives as hairs on my head, I would be willing to sacrifice all these lives in this cause;"

Which pluck'd down the King, the Church, and the Laws.
 To set up an idol, then nick-nam'd The Cause,
 Like Bell and the Dragon to gorge their own maws

as it is expressed in 'The Rump Carbonaded.'

That *cane et angue pejus* hate us?
 And shall we turn our fangs and claws
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 750
 That some occult design doth lie
 In bloody cynarctomachy,
 Is plain enough to him that knows
 How Saints lead Brothers by the nose.
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755
 But sure some mischief will come of it,
 Unless by providential wit,
 Or force, we averruncate it.
 For what design, what interest,
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760
 They fight for no espoused Cause,
 Frail Privilege, Fundamental Laws,
 Nor for a thorough Reformation,
 Nor Covenant nor Protestation,
 Nor Liberty of consciences, 765
 Nor Lords' and Commons' Ordinances;
 Nor for the Church, nor for Church-lands,
 To get them into their own hands;
 Nor evil Counsellors to bring
 To justice, that seduce the King; 770
 Nor for the worship of us men,

⁷⁶⁵ VAR. 'Nor for free Liberty of Conscience.' The word 'free' was left out in 1674; and Mr. Warburton thinks for the worse; 'free liberty' being a most beautiful and satirical periphrasis for licentiousness, which is the idea the Author here intended to give us.

⁷⁶⁶ The King being driven from the Parliament, no legal acts of Parliament could be made; therefore when the Lords and Commons had agreed upon any bill, they published it, and required obedience to it, under the title of An Ordinance of Lords and Commons, and sometimes, An Ordinance of Parliament.

Though we have done as much for them.
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for
 Their faith made internecine war ;
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom ;
 The Indians fought for the truth
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,
 And many, to defend that faith,
 Fought it out *mordicus* to death ; 780
 But no beast ever was so slight,
 For man, as for his god, to fight :
 They have more wit, alas ! and know
 Themselves and us better than so.
 But we, who only do infuse 785
 The rage in them like *boutè-feus*,
 'Tis our example that instils
 In them th' infection of our ills.
 For, as some late philosophers
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790
 With man take after him, as hogs
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs ;
 Just so, by our example, cattle
 Learn to give one another battle.
 We read in Nero's time, the Heathen, 795
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,
 They sew'd them in the skins of bears,
 And then set dogs about their ears ;
 From whence, no doubt, th' invention came
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily
 The point seems very plain to me ;
 It is an antichristian game,
 Unlawful both in thing and name.

First, for the name ; the word Bear-baiting 805

Is carnal, and of man's creating,
For certainly there's no such word

In all the Scripture on record ;
Therefore unlawful, and a sin :

And so is (secondly) the thing ; 810

A vile assembly 'tis, that can
No more be proved by Scripture than
Provincial, Classic, National,
Mere human creature-cobwebs all.

Thirdly, it is idolatrous ; 815

For when men run a-whoring thus
With their inventions, whatsoe'er

The thing be, whether Dog or Bear
It is idolatrous and Pagan,

No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat ;

Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate :

For though the thesis which thou lay'st
Be true *ad amussim*, as thou say'st ;

(For that Bear-baiting should appear 825

Jure divino lawfuller

Than Synods are, thou dost deny

Totidem verbis, so do I)

Yet there's a fallacy in this ;

For if by sly *homœosis*, 830

Tussis pro crepitu, an art

Under a cough to slur a f—t,

Thou wouldst sophistically imply

Both are unlawful,—I deny.

And I, quoth Ralpho, do not doubt 835

But Bear-baiting may be made out,

In gospel-times, as lawful as is

Provincial, or Parochial Classis ;
 And that both are so near of kin,
 And like in all, as well as sin, 840
 That put 'em in a bag, and shake 'em,
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,
 And not know which is which, unless
 You measure by their wickedness ;
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845
 O' th' two is worst, though I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,
 But art not able to keep touch ;
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,
Id est, to make a leek a cabbage : 850
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;
 For what can Synods have at all,
 With Bear that's analogical ?
 Or what relation has debating 855
 Of Church-affairs with Bear-baiting ?
 A just comparison still is
 Of things *ejusdem generis* ;
 And then what *genus* rightly doth
 Include and comprehend them both ? 860
 If animal, both of us may
 As justly pass for Bears as they ;
 For we are animals no less,
 Although of diff'rent specieses.
 But, Ralpho, this is no fit place, 865
 Nor time, to argue out the case ;

851 VAR. ' Thou canst at best but overstrain
 A paradox and thy own brain ;'
 and ' Thou'lt be at best but such a bull,' &c.

860 VAR. ' Comprehend them inclusive both.'

862 VAR. ' As likely.'

For now the field is not far off
Where we must give the world a proof
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit
Another manner of dispute : 870
A controversy that affords
Actions for arguments, not words ;
Which we must manage at a rate
Of prowess and conduct adequate
To what our place and fame doth promise, 875
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless
We're slurr'd and outed by success ;
Success, the mark no mortal wit,
Or surest hand, can always hit : 880
For whatso'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, w' are steer'd by Fate,
Which in success oft disinherits,
For spurious causes, noblest merits.
Great actions are not always true sons 885
Of great and mighty resolutions ;
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth
Events still equal to their worth ;
But sometimes fail, and in their stead
Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890
Yet we have no great cause to doubt,
Our actions still have borne us out ;
Which though they're known to be so ample,
We need not copy from example ;
We're not the only person durst 895
Attempt this province, nor the first.
In northern clime a val'rous knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in fight,
And wound a Fiddler : we have both
Of these the objects of our wroth, 900

And equal fame and glory from
 Th' attempt, or victory to come.
 'Tis sung there is a valiant Mamaluke,
 In foreign land yclep'd—
 To whom we have been oft compar'd 905
 For person, parts, address, and beard;
 Both equally reputed stout,
 And in the same cause both have fought:
 He oft in such attempts as these
 Came off with glory and success; 910
 Nor will we fail in th' execution,
 For want of equal resolution.
 Honour is like a widow, won
 With brisk attempt and putting on;
 With ent'ring manfully, and urging, 915
 Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

This said, as yerst the Phrygian knight,
 So ours, with rusty steel did smite
 His Trojan horse, and just as much
 He mended pace upon the touch; 920
 But from his empty stomach groan'd
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,
 And angry, answer'd from behind,
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.
 So have I seen, with armed heel, 925
 A wight bestride a Common-weal,
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd,
 The less the sullen jade has stirr'd.

⁹⁰⁴ The writers of the 'General Historical Dictionary,' vol. vi. p. 291, imagine, "That the chasm here is to be filled with the words, 'Sir Samuel Luke,' because the line before it is of ten syllables, and the measure of the verse generally used in this Poem is of eight."

PART I. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The catalogue and character
 Of th' enemies' best men of war,
 Whom in a bold harangue the Knight
 Defies and challenges to fight:
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,
 Conveys him to enchanted castle,
 There shuts him fast in wooden Bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher
 That had read Alexander Ross over,
 And swore the world, as he could prove,
 Was made of fighting and of love.
 Just so Romances are, for what else 5
 Is in them all but love and battles?
 O' th' first of these w' have no great matter
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter,
 In which to do the injured right
 We mean, in what concerns just fight. 10
 Certes our authors are to blame
 For to make some well-sounding name
 A pattern fit for modern knights
 To copy out in frays and fights,
 (Like those that a whole street do raze 15
 To build a palace in the place).
 They never care how many others
 They kill, without regard of mothers,
 Or wives, or children, so they can

Make up some fierce dead-doing man, 20
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors :
 So a wild Tartar, when he spies
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;
 As if just so much he enjoy'd,
 As in another is destroy'd :
 For when a giant's slain in fight,
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30
 It is a heavy case, no doubt,
 A man should have his brains beat out,
 Because he's tall and has large bones,
 As men kill beavers for their stones.
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35
 The naked truth of what befell,
 And as an equal friend to both
 The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
 With neither faction shall take part,
 But give to each his due desert, 40
 And never coin a formal lie on't
 To make the knight o'ercome the giant.
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,
 And now go on where we left off.
 They rode, but authors having not 45
 Determin'd whether pace or trot
 (That is to say, whether tollutation,
 As they do term 't, or succussation),
 We leave it, and go on, as now
 Suppose they did, no matter how ; 50
 Yet some, from subtle hints, have got
 Mysterious light it was a trot ;

But let that pass : they now begun
 To spur their living engines on :
 For as whipp'd tops and bandy'd balls, 55
 The learned hold, are animals ;
 So horses they affirm to be
 Mere engines made by geometry,
 And were invented first from engines,
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60
 So let them be, and, as I was saying,
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying
 Until they reach'd the fatal champain
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle,
 And fierce auxiliary men,
 That came to aid their brethren,
 Who now began to take the field,
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70
 For as our modern wits behold,
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,
 Much further off, much further he,
 Rais'd on his aged beast, could see ;
 Yet not sufficient to descry 75
 All postures of the enemy,
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
 T' observe their numbers and their order,
 That, when their motions he had known,
 He might know how to fit his own. 80
 Mean-while he stopp'd his willing steed,
 To fit himself for martial deed :
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,
 Either to give blows or to ward ;

71 VAR. 'From off.'

Courage and steel, both of great force, 85
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,
 Drawn out from life-preserving victual;
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard, 90
 And after many a painful pluck,
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck:
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose;
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95
 On stirrup-side he gaz'd about,
 Portending blood, like blazing star,
 The beacon of approaching war.
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed
 Than Hugo in the forest did; 100
 But far more in returning made,
 For now the foe he had survey'd,
 Rang'd, as to him they did appear,
 With van, main-battle, wings and rear.
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble, 105
 Crowdero march'd expert and able;

⁸⁵ ⁸⁶ VAR. 'Courage within, and steel without,
 To give and to receive a rout.'

⁹² VAR. 'He clear'd at length the rugged tuck.'

⁹⁹ ¹⁰⁰ VAR. 'The Squire advanc'd with greater speed
 Than could b' expected from his steed:'

¹⁰¹ ¹⁰² VAR. But 'with a great deal' more 'return'd,'
 For now the foe he had 'discern'd.'

¹⁰⁶ So called from 'croud,' a fiddle: This was one Jackson, a milliner, who lived in the New Exchange in the Strand. He had formerly been in the service of the Roundheads, and had lost a leg in it; this brought him to decay, so that he was obliged to scrape upon a fiddle, from one ale-house to

Instead of trumpet and of drum,
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar ; 110
 (For if a trumpet sound or drum beat
 Who has not a month's mind to combat ?)
 A squeaking engine he apply'd
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,
 Just where the hangman does dispose 115
 To special friends the knot of noose :
 For 'tis great grace when statesmen straight
 Despatch a friend, let others wait.
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,
 Which was but souse to chitterlings : 120
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,
 Are fit for music or for pudden ;
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind
 Of minstrelsy, by string or wind.
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 125
 With which he strung his fiddlestick,
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe
 For what on his own chin did grow :
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both
 A beard and tail of his own growth, 130
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd
 He made use only of his beard.
 In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth,
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king 135
 And ruler o'er the men of string

another, for his bread. Mr. Butler very judiciously places him at the head of his catalogue : for country diversions are generally attended with a fiddler or bagpiper.

(As once in Persia, 'tis said,
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd),
 He, bravely vent'ring at a crown,
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140
 And wounded sore; his leg then broke
 Had got a deputy of oak:
 For when a shin in fight is cropt,
 The knee with one of timber's propt,
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145
 And takes place, though the younger brother.
 Next march'd brave Orsin, famous for
 Wise conduct and success in war;
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,
 Now Marshal to the champion Bear. 150
 With truncheon tipp'd with iron head,
 The warrior to the lists he led;
 With solemn march and stately pace,
 But far more grave and solemn face;
 Grave as the emperor of Pegu, 155
 Or Spanish potentate, Don Diego.
 This leader was of knowledge great,
 Either for charge or for retreat;
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell,
 To fall back and retreat as well: 160
 So lawyers, lest the Bear defendant
 And plaintiff Dog should make an end on't,
 Do stave and tail with writs of Error,
 Reverse of Judgment, and Demurrer,
 To let them breathe awhile, and then 165

¹⁴⁷ VAR. 'Next follow'd.' Joshua Gosling, who kept bears at Paris-garden, in Southwark. However, says Sir Roger, he stood hard and fast for the Rump Parliament.

¹⁵⁹ ¹⁶⁰ VAR. 'Knew when t'engage his bear pell-mell,
 And when to bring him off as well.'

Cry Whoop and set them on agen.
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170
 Bred up, where discipline most rare is,
 In military garden Paris :
 For soldiers heretofore did grow
 In gardens just as weeds do now,
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions
 For licensing a new invention
 Th' had found out of an antique engine,
 To root out all the weeds that grow
 In public gardens, at a blow, 180
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,
 My friends, that is not to be done.
 Not done ! quoth Statesman ; Yes, an't please ye,
 When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.
 Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo : 185
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.
 A drum ! (quoth Phœbus) Troth, that's true,
 A pretty invention, quaint and new :
 But though of voice and instrument
 We are th' undoubted president, 190
 We such loud music do not profess,
 The Devil's master of that office,
 Where it must pass ; if't be a drum,
 He'll sign it with *Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.* ;

¹⁹⁴ The House of Commons, even before the Rump had murdered the King, and expelled the House of Lords, usurped many branches of the Royal prerogative, and particularly this for granting licences for new inventions.

To him apply yourselves, and he 195
 Will soon despatch you for his fee.
 They did so, but it prov'd so ill
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.
 But to resume what we discoursing
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin : 200
 That which so oft by sundry writers
 Has been apply'd t' almost all fighters,
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this
 Than any other warrior, (viz.)
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.
 He was of great descent, and high
 For splendour and antiquity,
 And from celestial origine
 Deriv'd himself in a right line 210
 Not as the ancient heroes did,
 Who, that their base births might be hid
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,
 And that they came in at the windore),
 Made Jupiter himself and others 215
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,
 To get on them a race of champions,
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons).
 Aretophylax, in northern sphere,
 Was his undoubted ancestor ; 220
 From him his great forefathers came,
 And in all ages bore his name.
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore,
 For by his side a pouch he wore
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225

²¹¹ This is one instance of the Author's making great things little, though his talent lay chiefly the other way.

That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder ;
 By skilful chemist with great cost
 Extracted from a rotten post ;
 But of a heav'nlier influence
 Than that which mountebanks dispense, 230
 Though by Promethean fire made ;
 As they do quack that drive that trade.
 For as, when slovens do amiss
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,
 The learned write a red-hot spit 235
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it
 Will convey mischief from the dung
 Unto the part that did the wrong,
 So this did healing ; and, as sure
 As that did mischief, this would cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd
 With learning, conduct, fortitude
 Incomparable ; and as the prince
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,
 A skilful leech is better far 245
 Than half a hundred men of war ;
 So he appear'd, and by his skill,
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,
 With visage formidably grim, 250
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;
 Clad in a mantle *de la guerre*
 Of rough impenetrable fur,
 And in his nose, like Indian king, 255
 He wore, for ornament, a ring ;
 About his neck a threefold gorget,

²³⁸ VAR. Unto the 'breech.'

As rough as trebled leathern target ;
 Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged : 260
 For as the teeth in beasts of prey
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth
 Which they do eat their victual with.
 He was by birth, some authors write, 265
 A Russian, some a Muscovite,
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
 Of whom we in Diurnals read,
 That serve to fill up pages here,
 As with their bodies ditches there. 270
 Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin ;
 And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
 And quarter himself upon his paws :
 And though his countrymen, the Huns, 275
 Did stew their meat between their bums
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;
 He was not half so nice as they,
 But ate it raw when 't came in 's way. 280
 He had trac'd countries far and near
 More than Le Blanc the traveller,
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,
 Of noble house a lady gay,
 And got on her a race of worthies 285
 As stout as any upon earth is.
 Full many a fight for him between
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been,
 Each striving to deserve the crown
 Of a sav'd citizen ; the one 290

To guard his Bear, the other fought
 To aid his Dog ; both made more stout
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood :
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows,
 Never got aught of him but blows,
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he
 Had lent, repaid with usury.

295

Yet Tagol was of courage stout,
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought ;
 Inur'd to labour, sweat and toil,
 And, like a champion, shone with oil :
 Right many a widow his keen blade,
 And many fatherless, had made ;
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow :
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

300

With greater troops of sheep h' had fought

Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote ;

310

And many a serpent of fell kind,

With wings before and stings behind,

Subdu'd ; as, poets say, long agoe

Bold Sir George Saint George did the Dragon.

Nor engine, nor device polemic,

315

Disease, nor doctor epidemic,

Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,

(Which whosoever took is dead since)

E'er sent so vast a colony

To both the under worlds as he ;

320

²⁰⁹ A butcher in Nowgate-market, who afterwards obtained a captain's commission for his rebellious bravery at Naseby, as Sir R. L'Estrange observes.

For he was of that noble trade
 That demi-gods and heroes made,
 Slaughter, and knocking on the head,
 The trade to which they all were bred ;
 And is, like others, glorious when 325
 'Tis great and large, but base, if mean :
 The former rides in triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,
 For daring to profane a thing
 So sacred with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came,
 Magnano great in martial fame ;
 Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,
 'Tis sung he got but little by 't :
 Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335
 Whose spoils upon his back he wore,
 As thick as Ajax' sevenfold shield,
 Which o'er his brazen arms he held :
 But brass was feeble to resist
 The fury of his armed fist, 340
 Nor could the hardest iron hold out
 Against his blows, but they would through 't.

In magic he was deeply read,
 As he that made the brazen-head ;
 Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345
 As English Merlin for his heart ;
 But far more skilful in the spheres,
 Than he was at the sieve and shears.
 He could transform himself in colour,

³³¹ Simeon Wait a tinker, as famous an Independent preacher as Burroughs, who, with equal blasphemy to his Lord of Hosts, would style Oliver Cromwell the Archangel giving battle to the Devil.

As like the Devil as a collier ; 350
 As like as hypocrites in show
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.

Of warlike engines he was author,
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355
 He was th' inventor of, and maker :
 The trumpet and the kettle-drum
 Did both from his invention come.
 He was the first that e'er did teach
 To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360

A lance he bore with iron pike,
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;
 And when their forces he had join'd,
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd, Trulla more bright 365
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight ;
 A bold virago, stout and tall,
 As Joan of France, or English Mall :
 Through perils both of wind and limb,
 Through thick and thin she follow'd him, 370
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,
 And never him or it forsook :
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize ;

³⁶⁵ The daughter of James Spenser, debauched by Magnano the tinker; so called because the tinker's wife or mistress was commonly called his 'trull.' See 'The Coxcomb,' a comedy.

³⁶⁸ Alluding probably to Mary Carlton, called 'Kentish Moll,' but more commonly 'The German Princess;' a person notorious at the time this First Part of Hudibras was published. She was transported to Jamaica, 1671, but returning from transportation too soon, she was hanged at Tyburn, Jan. 22, 1672-3.

At beating quarters up, or forage, 375
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage,
 And laid about in fight more busily
 Than th' Amazonian Dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,
 And say our authors are to blame, 380
 That (spite of all philosophers,
 Who hold no females stout but bears,
 And heretofore did so abhor

That women should pretend to war,
 They would not suffer the stout'st dame 385
 To swear by Hercules's name),

Make feeble ladies, in their works,
 To fight like termagants and Turks ;
 To lay their native arms aside,
 Their modesty, and ride astride ; 390

To run a-tilt at men, and wield
 Their naked tools in open field ;
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
 And she that would have been the mistress
 Of Gundibert, but he had grace, 395
 And rather took a country lass ;

They say 'tis false without all sense,
 But of pernicious consequence
 To government, which they suppose
 Can never be upheld in prose ; 400

Strip nature naked to the skin,
 You'll find about her no such thing :
 It may be so, yet what we tell
 Of Trulla that's improbable,
 Shall be depos'd by those have seen 't, 405
 Or, what's as good, produc'd in print ;
 And if they will not take our word,

We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,
 Of all his race the valiant'st ; 410
 Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,
 Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :
 He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
 The weak against the strongest side :
 Ill has he read that never hit 415
 On him in Muses' deathless writ.
 He had a weapon keen and fierce,
 That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,
 And cut it in a thousand pieces,
 Though tougher than the Knight of Greece his, 420
 With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor
 Was comrade in the ten-years' war :
 For when the restless Greeks sat down
 So many years before Troy town,
 And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425
 For well-sol'd boots no less than fights,
 They ow'd that glory only to
 His ancestor, that made them so.
 Fast friend he was to reformation,
 Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion ; 430
 Next rectifier of wry law,
 And would make three to cure one flaw.
 Learned he was, and could take note,

⁴⁰⁹ 'Cerdon.' A one-eyed cobbler, like his brother Colonel Hewson. The poet observes that his chief talent lay in preaching. Is it not then indecent, and beyond the rules of decorum, to introduce him into such rough company? No: it is probable he had but newly set up the trade of a teacher, and we may conclude that the poet did not think that he had so much sanctity as to debar him the pleasure of his beloved diversion of bear-baiting.

Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote :

But preaching was his chiefest talent,
Or argument, in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,

435

⁴³⁵ Mechanics of all sorts were then preachers, and some of them much followed and admired by the mob. "I am to tell thee, Christian Reader," says Dr. Featley, Preface to his 'Dipper Dipped,' wrote 1645, and published 1647, p. 1, "this new year of new changes, never heard of in former ages, namely, of stables turned into temples, and, I will beg leave to add, temples turned into stables (as was that of St. Paul's, and many more), stalls into quires, shop-boards into communion-tables, tubs into pulpits, aprons into linen ephods, and mechanics of the lowest rank into priests of the high places.—I wonder that our door-posts and walls sweat not, upon which such notes as these have been lately affixed; on such a day such a brewer's clerk exerciseth, such a tailor expoundeth, such a waterman teacheth.—If cooks, instead of mincing their meat, fall upon dividing of the Word; if tailors leap up from the shop-board into the pulpit, and patch up sermons out of stolen shreds; if not only of the lowest of the people, as in Jeroboam's time, priests are consecrated to the Most High God—do we marvel to see such confusion in the Church as there is?" They are humorously girded in a tract entitled, 'The Reformado precisely character'd, by a modern Churchwarden,' p. 11. "Here are felt-makers," says he, "who can roundly deal with the blockheads and neutral dimicasters of the world; cobblers who can give good rules for upright walking, and handle Scripture to a bristle; coachmen who know how to lash the beastly enormities, and curb the headstrong insolences of this brutish age, stoutly exhorting us to stand up for the truth, lest the wheel of destruction roundly overrun us. We have weavers that can sweetly inform us of the shuttle swiftness of the times, and practically tread out the vicissitude of all sublunary things, till the web of our life be cut off: and here are mechanics of my profession who can separate the pieces of salvation from those of damnation, measure out every man's portion, and cut it out by a thread, substantially pressing the points, till they have fashionably filled up their work with a well-bottomed conclusion."

Like ram or bull, at Conventicle :
 For disputants, like rams and bulls,
 Do fight with arms that spring from sculls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,
 Destin'd to blows by fatal star,
 Right expert in command of horse,
 But cruel, and without remorse.

That which of Centaur long ago 445
 Was said, and has been wrested to
 Some other knights, was true of this ;
 He and his horse were of a piece.

One spirit did inform them both,
 The self-same vigour, fury, wroth ; 450

Yet he was much the rougher part,
 And always had a harder heart,
 Although his horse had been of those
 That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes :
 Strange food for horse ! and yet, alas ! 455

It may be true, for flesh is grass.
 Sturdy he was, and no less able
 Than Hercules to clean a stable ;
 As great a drover, and as great
 A critic too, in hog or neat. 460

He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,
 Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother
 And provender, wherewith to feed
 Himself and his less cruel steed.

It was a question whether he 465
 Or 's horse were of a family
 More worshipful ; till antiquaries
 (After they'd almost por'd out their eyes)
 Did very learnedly decide

⁴⁴¹ 'Colon.' Ned Perry, an hostler.

The bus'ness on the horse's side, 470
 And prov'd not only horse, but cows,
 Nay pigs, were of the elder house:
 For beasts, when man was but a piece
 Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.

These worthies were the chief that led 475
 The combatants, each in the head
 Of his command, with arms and rage
 Ready and longing to engage.
 The num'rous rabble was drawn out
 Of sev'ral counties round about, 480
 From villages remote, and shires
 Of east and western hemispheres.

From foreign parishes and regions,
 Of different manners, speech, religions,
 Came men and mastiffs; some to fight 485
 For fame and honour, some for sight.
 And now the field of death, the lists,
 Were enter'd by antagonists,
 And blood was ready to be broach'd
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd 490
 With Squire and weapons to attack 'em;
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em:

What rage, O Citizens! what fury,
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry?
 What oestrum, what phrenetic mood, 495
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast,
 And unreveng'd walks Waller's ghost?
 What towns, what garrisons, might you
 With hazard of this blood subdue, 500

⁴⁹⁵ 'Oestrum' signifies the gad-bee or horse-fly.

⁴⁹⁷ Sir W. Waller was defeated at Devizes.

Which now y' are bent to throw away
 In vain untriumphable fray?
 Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow?
 The Cause, for which we fought and swore 505
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er?
 Then, because quarrels still are seen
 With oaths and swearings to begin,
 The Solemn League and Covenant
 Will seem a mere God-damme rant, 510
 And we that took it, and have fought,
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out:
 For as we make war for the King
 Against himself, the self-same thing,
 Some will not stick to swear, we do 515
 For God and for Religion too:
 For, if Bear-baiting we allow,
 What good can Reformation do?
 The blood and treasure that's laid out
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520
 Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,
 The prototype of Reformation,
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,
 Wore in their hats like wedding-garters,

503 504 Mr. Walker observes, "That all the cheating, covetous, ambitious persons of the land were united together under the title of the Godly, the Saints, and shared the fat of the land between them;" and he calls them the Saints who were canonized no-where but in the Devil's Calendar.

513 514 The Presbyterians, in all their wars against the king, maintained still that they fought for him; for they pretended to distinguish his political person from his natural one: his political person, they said, must be, and was with the Parliament, though his natural person was at war with them.

When 'twas resolved by their House 525
 Six Members' quarrel to espouse?
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,
 With zeal and noises formidable,
 And make all cries about the town
 Join throats to cry the Bishops down? 530
 Who having round begirt the palace,
 (As once a month they do the gallows),
 As Members gave the sign about,
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle 535
 Church-Discipline, for patching kettle;
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform;
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
 And trudg'd away to cry No Bishop; 540
 The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
 And 'ganst Ev'l Counsellors did cry;
 Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
 And fell to turn and patch the Church;
 Some cry'd the Covenant, instead 545
 Of pudding-pies and gingerbread;
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons House;
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
 A Gospel-preaching ministry; 550
 And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
 No Surplices nor Service-book:

⁵³⁰ "Good Lord!" says the 'True Informer,' p. 12, "what a deal of dirt was thrown in the Bishops' faces!—what infamous ballads were sung!—what a thick cloud of epidemical hatred hung suddenly over them! so far, that a dog with a black and white face was called a 'Bishop.'"

A strange harmonious inclination
 Of all degrees to Reformation.
 And is this all? Is this the end 555
 To which these carr'ings on did tend?
 Hath Public faith, like a young heir,
 For this tak'n up all sorts of ware,
 And run int' ev'ry tradesman's book,
 Till both turn bankrupts and are broke? 560
 Did Saints for this bring in their plate,
 And crowd as if they came too late?
 For, when they thought the cause had need on't,
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons?
 And into pikes and musqueteers
 Stamp beakers, cups and porringers?
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,
 Did start up living men as soon 570
 As in the furnace they were thrown,
 Just like the dragon's teeth being sown.
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,
 The Brethren's off'rings, consecrate,
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575
 The Saints fell prostrate, to adore it:
 So say the Wicked—and will you
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true
 By running after Dogs and Bears,
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580

⁵⁵² ⁵⁵⁴ Those flights, which seem most extravagant in our Poet, were really excelled by matter of fact. The Scots (in their 'Large Declaration,' 1637, p. 41) begin their petition against the Common Prayer-Book thus:—"We men, women, and children, and servants, having considered, &c." 'Foulis's Hist. of Wicked Plots.'

Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their tongues,
 And laid themselves out and their lungs ;
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,
 I' th' pow'r of Gospel-preaching Minister ?
 Have they invented tones to win
 The women, and make them draw in
 The men, as Indians with a female
 Tame elephant inveigle the male ?
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,

585

⁵⁸⁹ It was a common practice to inform God of the transactions of the times. " Oh ! my Good Lord God," says Mr. G. Swathe, ' Prayers,' p. 12, " I hear the King hath set up his standard at York against the Parliament and city of London.—Look Thou upon them, take their cause into Thine own hand ; appear Thou in the cause of Thy Saints, the cause in hand.—It is Thy cause, Lord. We know that the King is misled, deluded, and deceived by his Popish, Arminian, and temporising, rebellious, malignant faction and party," &c. " They would," says Dr. Echard, " in their prayers and sermons, tell God, that they would be willing to be at any charge and trouble for Him, and to do as it were any kindness for the Lord ; the Lord might now trust them, and rely upon them, they should not fail Him ; they should not be unmindful of His business ; His works should not stand still, nor His designs be neglected. They must needs say that they had formerly received some favours from God, and have been as it were beholden to the Almighty ; but they did not much question but they should find some opportunity of making some amends for the many good things, and (as I may so say) civilities which they had received from Him. Indeed, as for those that are weak in the Faith, and are yet but babes in Christ, it is fit that they should keep at some distance from God, should kneel before Him, and stand (as I may say) cap in hand to the Almighty : but as for those that are strong in all Gifts, and grown up in all Grace, and are come to a fulness and ripeness in the Lord Jesus, it is comely enough to take a great chair, and sit at the end of the table, and, with their cock'd hats on their heads, to say, God, we thought it not amiss to call upon Thee this evening, and let Thee know how affairs stand. We have been very watchful since we were last with Thee, and they are in a very hopeful condition.

Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590
 Discover'd th' Enemy's design,
 And which way best to countermine?
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,
 Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
 Told it the news o' th' last express, 595
 And after good or bad success
 Made prayers, not so like petitions
 As overtures and propositions
 (Such as the Army did present
 To their Creator, th' Parl'ament), 600
 In which they freely will confess
 They will not, cannot acquiesce,

We hope that Thou wilt not forget us; for we are very thoughtful of Thy concerns. We do somewhat long to hear from Thee; and if Thou pleasest to give us such a thing ('Victory'), we shall be (as I may so say) good to Thee in something else when it lies in our way." See a remarkable Scotch Prayer much to the same purpose, 'Scourge,' by Mr. Lewis, No XVI. p. 130, edit. 1717.

⁶⁰² Alluding probably to their profane expostulations with God from the pulpit. Mr. Vines, in St. Clement's Church, near Temple-bar, used the following words: "O Lord, Thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fasting. What dost Thou mean, O Lord, to fling into a ditch, and there to leave us?" And one Robinson, in his prayer at Southampton, Aug. 25, 1642, expressed himself in the following manner: "O God, O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is one God, it is Thou Thyself, O Father, Who does us more mischief than they all." They seemed to encourage this profanity in their public sermons. "Gather upon God," says Mr. R. Harris, 'Fast Sermon before the Commons,' "and hold Him to it, as Jacob did: press Him with His precepts, with His promises, with His hand, with His seal, with His oath, till we do *δυσωπειν*, as some Greek Fathers boldly speak; that is, if I may speak it reverently enough, put the Lord out of countenance; put Him, as you would say, to the blush, unless we be masters of our requests."

Unless the work be carry'd on
 In the same way they have begun,
 By setting Church and Commonweal 605
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,
 On which the Saints were all agog,
 And all this for a Bear and Dog?
 The Parl'ament drew up petitions
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610
 To well-affected persons down,
 In every city and great town,
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,
 Only to bring them back agen?
 For this did many, many a mile, 615
 Ride manfully in rank and file,
 With papers in their hats, that show'd
 As if they to the pill'ry rode?
 Have all these courses, these efforts,
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620
Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,
 And all t' advance the Cause's service;
 And shall all now be thrown away
 In petulant intestine fray?
 Shall we, that in the Cov'nant swore 625
 Each man of us to run before
 Another, still in Reformation
 Give Dogs and Bears a dispensation?
 How will Dissenting Brethren relish it?
 What will Malignants say? *Videlicet,* 630
 That each man swore to do his best
 To damn and perjure all the rest;
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,
 Which at this race is like to win most.
 They'll say our bus'ness to Reform 635

The Church and State, is but a worm ;
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,
 To an unknown Church discipline,
 What is it else but beforehand
 T' engage and after understand ? 640
 For when we swore to carry on
 The present Reformation,
 According to the purest mode
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,
 What did we else but make a vow 645
 To do we know not what, nor how ?
 For no three of us will agree
 Where, or what churches these should be :
 And is indeed the self-same case
 With those that swore *et ceteras* ; 650
 Or the French League, in which men vow'd
 To fight to the last drop of blood.
 These slanders will be thrown upon
 The Cause and work we carry on,
 If we permit men to run headlong 655
 T' exorbitances fit for Bedlam,
 Rather than gospel-walking times,
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.
 But we the matter so shall handle

⁶⁵¹ The Holy League in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original out of which the Solemn League and Covenant here was (with difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose ; for, after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend. And as our Covenanters swore every man to run one before another in the way of Reformation, so did the French, in the Holy League, to fight to the last drop of blood.

As to remove that odious scandal : 660
 In name of King and Parl'ament,
 I charge ye all, no more foment
 This feud, but keep the peace between
 Your brethren and your countrymen,
 And to those places straight repair 665
 Where your respective dwellings are.
 But to that purpose first surrender
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,
 Th' incendiary vile, that is chief
 Author and engineer of mischief ; 670
 That makes division between friends,
 For profane and malignant ends.
 He, and that engine of vile noise
 On which illegally he plays,
 Shall (*dictum factum*) both be brought 675
 To condign pun'shment, as they ought :
 This must be done, and I would fain see
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay ;

673—676 The threatening punishment to the Fiddle was much like the threats of the pragmatistical troopers to punish Ralph Dobbin's waggon, 'Plain Dealer,' vol. i. "I was driving," says he, "into a town upon the 29th of May, where my waggon was to dine. There came up in a great rage seven or eight of the troopers that were quartered there, and asked, 'What I bushed out my horses for?' I told them 'To drive flies away.' But they said, I was a Jacobite rascal, that my horses were guilty of high treason, and my waggon ought to be hanged. I answered, 'it was already drawn, and within a yard or two of being quartered; but as to being hanged, it was a compliment we had no occasion for, and therefore desired them to take it back again, and keep it in their own hands, till they had an opportunity to make use of it.' I had no sooner spoke these words, but they fell upon me like thunder, stript my cattle in a twinkling, and beat me black and blue with my own oak branches."

For then I'll take another course,
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680
 This said, he clapt his hand on sword,
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long supprest
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685
 Implacably as flame in furnace,

Thus answer'd him : Thou vermin wretched,
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched ;
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow
 On rump of justice as of cow ; 690

How dar'st thou with that sullen luggage
 O' th' self, old ir'n, and other baggage,
 With which thy steed of bones and leather
 Has broke his wind in halting hither,

How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695
 T' oppose thy lumber against us ?
 Could thine impertinence find out
 No work t' employ itself about,

Where thou, secure from wooden blow,
 Thy busy vanity might'st show ? 700
 Was no dispute a-foot between
 The caterwauling Brethren ?

No subtle question rais'd among
 Those out-o'-their wits and those i' th' wrong ?
 No prize between those combatants 705

683 684 It may be asked, Why Talgol was the first in answering the Knight, when it seems more incumbent upon the Bearward to make a defence? Probably Talgol might then be a Cavalier; for the character the Poet has given him doth not infer the contrary, and his answer carries strong indications to justify the conjecture.

694 VAR. 'Is lam'd, and tir'd in halting hither.'

O' th' times, the land and water saints,
 Where thou might'st stickle, without hazard
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard,
 And not for want of bus'ness come
 To us to be thus troublesome, 710
 To interrupt our better sort
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?
 Was there no felony, no bawd,
 Cut-purse, or burglary abroad?
 No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715
 To tie thee up from breaking loose?
 No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,
 For which thou statute might'st allege,
 To keep thee busy from foul evil
 And shame due to thee from the devil? 720
 Did no Committee sit, where he
 Might cut out journey-work for thee,
 And set th' a task, with subornation,
 To stitch up sale and sequestration;
 To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725
 All parties and the commonweal?
 Much better had it been for thee
 He 'ad kept thee where th' art us'd to be,
 Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,
 So he had never brought thee hither: 730
 But if th' hast brain enough in scull
 To keep itself in lodging whole,
 And not provoke the rage of stones
 And cudgels to thy hide and bones,
 Tremble, and vanish while thou may'st, 735
 Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.
 At this the knight grew high in wrath,

⁷³² VAR. 'To keep within its lodging.'

And, lifting hands and eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on stomach stout,
 From whence, at length, these words broke out :

Was I for this entitled Sir, 741
 And girt with trusty sword and spur,
 For fame and honour to wage battle,
 Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle ?
 Not all the pride that makes thee swell 745
 As big as thou dost blown-up veal ;
 Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,
 And sell thy carrion for good meat ;
 Not all thy magic to repair
 Decay'd old age in tough lean ware, 750
 Make nat'ral death appear thy work,
 And stop the gangrene in stale pork ;
 Not all the force that makes thee proud,
 Because by bullock ne'er withstood ;
 Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755
 And axes, made to hew down lives ;
 Shall save or help thee to evade
 The hand of Justice, or this blade,
 Which I, her sword-bearer, do carry,
 For civil deed and military. 760
 Nor shall these words of venom base,

⁷⁴¹ Hudibras shewed less patience upon this than Don Quixote did upon a like occasion, where he calmly distinguishes betwixt an affront and an injury. The Knight is irritated at the satirical answer of Talgol, and vents his rage in a manner exactly suited to his character; and when his passion was worked up to a height too great to be expressed in words, he immediately falls into action; but, alas! at this first entrance into it, he meets with an unlucky disappointment; an omen that the success would be as indifferent as the cause in which he was engaged.

⁷⁵¹ VAR. 'Turn death of nature to thy work.'

Which thou hast from their native place,
 Thy stomach, pump'd to fling on me,
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free ;
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em, 765
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em :
 Nor shall it e'er be said that wight
 With gauntlet blue and bases white,
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770
 With words far bitterer than wormwood,
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal,
 But men with hands, as thou shalt feel.
 This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775
 His gun-shot that in holsters watch'd,
 And, bending cock, he levell'd full
 Against th' outside of Talgol's scull,
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
 Nor henceforth cow or bullock murther : 780
 But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust

781—783 This, and another passage in this Canto, are the only places where Deities are introduced in this poem. As it was not intended for an Epic Poem, consequently none of the heroes in it needed supernatural assistance; how then comes Pallas to be ushered in here, and Mars afterwards? Probably to ridicule Homer and Virgil, whose heroes scarce perform any action (even the most feasible) without the sensible aid of a Deity; and to manifest that it was not the want of abilities, but choice, that made our Poet avoid such subterfuges, he has given us a sample of his judgment in this way of writing in the passage before us, which, taken in its naked meaning, is only—that the Knight's pistol was, for want of use, grown so rusty, that it would not fire; or, in other words, that the rust was the cause of his disappointment.

Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
 Mean-while fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785
 With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight :
 But he, with petronel upheav'd
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd ;
 The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790
 And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
 Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
 Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
 Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.
 But when his nut-brown sword was out,
 With stomach huge he laid about,
 Imprinting many a wound upon
 His mortal foe, the truncheon : 800
 The trusty cudgel did oppose
 Itself against dead-doing blows,
 To guard his leader from fell bane,
 And then reveng'd itself again.
 And though the sword (some understood) 805
 In force had much the odds of wood,
 'Twas nothing so ; both sides were balanc'd
 So equal, none knew which was valiant'st :
 For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,

784 VAR. 'Stand stiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a stock.'

786 VAR. 'Smote the Knight.'

787 788 VAR. 'And he with rusty pistol held . . .
 To take the blow on like a shield.'

797 VAR. 'But when his rugged sword was out.'

798 VAR. 'Courageously he laid about.'

Is so implacably enrag'd, 810
 Though iron hew and mangle sore,
 Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
 And now both knights were out of breath,
 Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death,
 Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815
 Expecting which should take, or kill.
 This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting
 Conquest should be so long a-getting,
 He drew up all his force into
 One body, and that into one blow: 820
 But Talgol wisely avoided it
 By cunning sleight; for, had it hit,
 The upper part of him the blow
 Had slit, as sure as that below.

Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825
 To aid his friend, began to fall on:
 Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
 A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
 Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
 This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830
 With many a stiff thwack, many a bang
 Hard crab-tree and old iron rang,
 While none that saw them could divine
 To which side conquest would incline:
 Until Magnano, who did envy, 835
 That two should with so many men vie,
 By subtle stratagem of brain
 Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
 For he, by foul hap, having found

825 VAR. ' But now fierce Colon 'gan draw on,
 To aid the distress'd champion;'

828 VAR. ' A fierce dispute.'

Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840
 In haste he drew his weapon out,
 And, having cropt them from the root,
 He clapt them underneath the tail
 Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.
 The angry beast did straight resent 845
 The wrong done to his fundament,
 Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
 As if h' had been beside his sense,
 Striving to disengage from thistle,
 That gall'd him sorely under his tail ; 850
 Instead of which, he threw the pack
 Of Squire and baggage from his back,
 And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
 He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
 As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855
 And sat on further side aslope.
 This Talgol viewing, who had now
 By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,
 He rally'd, and again fell to 't ;
 For catching foe by nearer foot, 860
 He lifted with such might and strength
 As would have hur'd him thrice his length,
 And dash'd his brains (if any) out :
 But Mars, that still protects the stout,
 In pudding-time came to his aid, 865

283

844 VAR. ' With prickles sharper than a nail.'

846 VAR. ' And feel regret on fundament.'

855 VAR. ' That stagger'd him.'

864 865 I would here observe the judgment of the Poet: Mars is introduced to the Knight's advantage, as Pallas has been before to his disappointment. It was reasonable that the God of War should come in to his assistance, since a goddess

And under him the Bear convey'd,
 The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
 The Knight with all his weight fell down.
 The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
 And head-long Knight, from bruise or wound; 870
 Like feather-bed betwixt a wall
 And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
 As Sancho on a blanket fell,
 And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
 In body, though his mighty spirit, 875
 B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
 The Bear was in a greater fright,
 Beat down and worsted by the Knight;
 He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
 To shake off bondage from his snout: 880
 His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
 His jaws of death he threw the foam;
 Fury in stranger postures threw him,
 And more than ever herald drew him.
 He tore the earth, which he had sav'd 885
 From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,
 And vex'd the more because the harms
 He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
 For men he always took to be
 His friends, and dogs the enemy; 890

had interested herself on the side of his enemies (agreeably to Homer and Virgil). Had the Knight directly fallen to the ground, he had been probably disabled from future action, and consequently the battle would too soon have been determined. Besides, we may observe a beautiful gradation to the honour of the hero: he falls upon the Bear, the Bear breaks loose, and the spectators run; so that the Knight's fall is the primary cause of this rout, and he might justly, as he afterwards did, ascribe the honour of the victory to himself.

Who never so much hurt had done him,
 As his own side did falling on him.
 It griev'd him to the guts that they,
 For whom he had fought so many a fray,
 And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895
 Should offer such inhuman wrong ;
 Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
 For which he flung down his commission,
 And laid about him, till his nose
 From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900
 Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
 Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
 And made way through th' amazed crew ;
 Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
 But took none ; for by hasty flight 905
 He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
 From whom he fled with as much haste
 And dread as he the rabble chas'd :
 In haste he fled, and so did they,
 Each and his fear a sev'ral way. 910
 Crowdero only kept the field,
 Not stirring from the place he held,
 Though beaten down, and wounded sore
 I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
 One side of him ; not that of bone, 915
 But much its better, th' wooden one.
 He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
 Upon the ground, like log of wood,
 With fright of fall, supposed wound,
 And loss of urine, in a swoond, 920

906 VAR. ' avoid the conqu'ring Knight.'

920 VAR. ' cast in swoond.'

In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
 That hurt i' the ankle lay by him,
 And, fitting it for sudden fight,
 Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
 For getting up on stump and huckle,
 He with the foe began to buckle,
 Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
 Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch
 Sole author of all detriment
 He and his Fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun
 T' adventure resurrection
 From heavy squelch, and had got up
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup),
 Looking about, beheld pernicious 935
 Approaching Knight from fell musician:
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
 When he was falling off his steed
 (As rats do from a falling house)
 To hide itself from rage of blows, 940
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
 The leg encounter'd twice and once.
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen 945
 When Ralpho thrust himself between;
 He took the blow upon his arm,

923 VAR. ' And listing it.'

924 VAR. ' to fall on Knight.'

935 936 VAR. ' Looking about, beheld the Bard
 To charge the Knight entranc'd prepar'd.'

944 ' The skin encounter'd,' &c.

947 VAR. ' on side and arm.'

To shield the Knight from further harm,
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950
 That down it fell, and with it bore
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,
 And setting conqu'ring foot upon
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy 955
 Made thee (thou whelp of Sin) to fancy
 Thyself and all that coward rabble
 T' encounter us in battle able?
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
 'Gainst arms, authority, and worship, 960
 And Hudibras or me provoke,
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
 And th' other half of thee as good
 To bear out blows as that of wood?
 Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965
 With all its rhet'rick, nor the jail,
 To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
 And ankle free from iron gin?
 Which now thou shalt—but first our care
 Must see how Hudibras does fare. 970

This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
 And set him on his bum upright.
 To rouse him from lethargic dump,
 He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
 Knock'd on his breast, as if't had been 975
 To raise the spirits lodg'd within:
 They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
 From inward room to window eye,
 And gently op'ning lid, the casement,

⁹⁴⁸ VAR. 'To shield the Knight entranc'd from harm.'

Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980
 This gladded Ralpho much to see,
 Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
 Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
 A self-denying conqueror ;
 As high, victorious, and great, 985
 As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
 If you will give yourself but leave
 To make out what y' already have ;
 That's victory. The foe, for dread
 Of your nine-worthiness, is fled, 990
 All save Crowdero, for whose sake
 You did th' espous'd Cause undertake ;
 And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
 To be dispos'd as you think meet,
 Either for life, or death, or sale, 995
 The gallows, or perpetual jail :
 For one wink of your pow'rful eye
 Must sentence him to live or die.
 His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
 Won in the service of the Churches ; 1000
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more, a Crowd :
 For though success did not confer
 Just title on the conqueror ;
 Though dispensations were not strong 1005
 Conclusions, whether right or wrong ;
 Although Outgoings did confirm,
 And Owning were but a mere term ;
 Yet as the wicked have no right

¹⁰⁰⁰ It was a principle maintained by the Rebels of those days, that dominion is founded on grace ; and, therefore, if a man wanted grace (in their opiniou), if he was not a saint

To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010
 The property is in the Saint,
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't:
 Of him they hold their luxuries,
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
 All which the Saints have title to,
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.
 What we take from 'em is no more
 Than what was ours by right before: 1020
 For we are their true landlords still,
 And they our tenants but at will.

At this the Knight began to rouse,
 And by degrees grow valorous:
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025
 Of all his foes remain but one,
 He snatch'd his weapon that lay near him
 And from the ground began to rear him,
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
 His fury mildly thus withstood:
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
 'Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
 To be the hangman's bus'ness sooner 1035
 Than from your hand to have the honour
 Of his destruction; I that am
 A Nothingness in deed and name,
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,

or a godly man, he had no right to any lands, goods, or chattels. The Saints, as the Squire says, had a right to all, and might take it, wherever they had a power to do it.

Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case : 1040
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
 Will you employ your conquering sword
 To break a fiddle, and your word?
 For though I fought and overcame, 1045
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name :
 For great commanders always own
 What's prosp'rous by the soldier done.
 To save, where you have pow'r to kill,
 Argues your pow'r above your will ; 1050
 And that your will and pow'r have less
 Than both might have of selfishness.
 This pow'r, which now alive, with dread
 He trembles at, if he were dead
 Would no more keep the slave in awe, 1055
 Than if you were a Knight of straw ;
 For Death would then be his conqueror,
 Not you, and free him from that terror.
 If danger from his life accrue,
 Or honour from his death, to you, 1060
 'Twere policy and honour too
 To do as you resolv'd to do :
 But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,
 To say it needs, or fears a crutch.
 Great conqu'rors greater glory gain 1065
 By foes in triumph led, than slain :
 The laurels that adorn their brows
 Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,
 And living foes : the greatest fame
 Of cripple slain can be but lame : 1070
 One half of him's already slain,
 The other is not worth your pain ;

Th' honour can but on one side light,
 As worship did, when y' were dubb'd Knight ;
 Wherefore I think it better far 1075
 To keep him prisoner of war,
 And let him fast in bonds abide,
 At court of justice to be try'd ;
 Where if h' appear so bold or crafty
 There may be danger in his safety, 1080
 If any member there dislike
 His face, or to his beard have pique,
 Or if his death will save or yield,
 Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd ;
 Though he has quarter, ne'ertheless 1085
 Y' have pow'r to hang him when you please ;
 This has been often done by some
 Of our great conqu'rors, you know whom ;
 And has by most of us been held
 Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090
 For words and promises, that yoke
 The conqueror, are quickly broke ;
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own
 Direction and advice put on.
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095
 By rules of military laws,

¹⁰⁸⁴ When the Rebels had taken a prisoner, though they gave him quarter, and promised to save his life, yet if any of them afterwards thought it not proper that he should be saved, it was only saying it was revealed to him that such a one should die, and they hanged him up, notwithstanding the promises before made. Dr. South observes of Harrison the Regicide, a butcher by profession, and preaching Colonel in the Parliament army, "That he was notable for having killed several after quarter given by others, using these words in doing it: 'Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently.'"

And only do what they call just,
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.
 This we among ourselves may speak ;
 But to the wicked or the weak 1100
 We must be cautious to declare
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

This said, the high outrageous mettle
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105
 Resolv'd to see the bus'ness done ;
 And therefore charged him first to bind
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,
 And to its former place and use
 The wooden member to reduce ; 1110
 But force it take an oath before,
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho despatch'd with speedy haste,
 And, having ty'd Crowdero fast,
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115
 To lead the captive of his sword
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,
 And them to further service brought.
 The Squire in state rode on before,
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120
 The trophy-Fiddle and the case,
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.
 The Knight himself did after ride,
 Leading Crowdero by his side ;
 And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind, 1125
 Like boat against the tide and wind.
 Thus grave and solemn they march on,
 Until quite through the town th' had gone,

¹¹²² VAR. 'Plac'd on his shoulder.'

At further end of which there stands
 An ancient castle, that commands 1130
 Th' adjacent parts ; in all the fabric
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick,
 But all of wood, by pow'rful spell
 Of magic made impregnable :
 There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1135
 Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,
 And yet men durance there abide,
 In dungeon scarce three inches wide :
 With roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140
 And yet so foul, that whoso is in
 Is to the middle-leg in prison ;
 In circle magical confin'd
 With walls of subtle air and wind,
 Which none are able to break thorough 1145
 Until they're freed by head of borough.
 Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
 And bold Squire from their steeds alight
 At th' outward wall, near which there stands
 A Bastile, built t' imprison hands ; 1150
 By strange enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser parts, and free the greater.
 For though the body may creep through,
 The hands in grate are fast enow ;
 And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155
 Is made by beadle exorcist,
 The body feels the spur and switch,

¹¹³⁰ This is an enigmatical description of a pair of stocks and whipping-post ; it is so pompous and sublime, that we are surpris'd so noble a structure could be raised from so ludicrous a subject.

As if 'twere ridden post by witch
At twenty miles an hour pace,
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160
On top of this there is a spire,
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire
The Fiddle, and its spoils, the case,
In manner of a trophy, place ;
That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165
And let Crowdero down thereat.
Crowdero making doleful face,
Like hermit poor in pensive place
To dungeon they the wretch commit,
And the survivor of his feet ; 1170
But th' other that had broke the peace,
And head of Knighthood, they release,
Though a delinquent false and forged,
Yet b'ing a stranger he's enlarged,
While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't :
So justice, while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

PART I. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,
 Surround the place: the Knight does sally,
 And is made pris'ner: then they seize
 Th' enchanted fort by storm, release
 Crowdero, and put the Squire in 's place;
 I should have first said Hudibras.

AY me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with after-claps!
 For though Dame Fortune seem to smile, 5
 And leer upon him for a while,
 She'll after shew him, in the nick
 Of all his glories, a dog-trick.
 This any man may sing or say
 I' th' ditty call'd, 'What if a Day?' 10
 For Hudibras, who thought h' had won
 The field, as certain as a gun,
 And having routed the whole troop,
 With victory was cock-a-hoop,
 Thinking h' had done enough to purchase 15
 Thanksgiving-day among the Churches,
 Wherein his mettle and brave worth
 Might be explain'd by holder-forth
 And register'd by fame eternal
 In deathless pages of Diurnal, 20

Found in few minutes, to his cost,
 He did but count without his host,
 And that a turnstile is more certain
 Than, in events of war, Dame Fortune.

For now the late faint-hearted rout, 25
 O'erthrown and scatter'd round about,
 Chas'd by the horror of their fear
 From bloody fray of Knight and Bear
 (All but the Dogs, who in pursuit
 Of the Knight's victory stood to 't, 30
 And most ignobly fought to get
 The honour of his blood and sweat),
 Seeing the coast was free and clear
 O' the conquer'd and the conqueror,
 Took heart again, and fac'd about 35
 As if they meant to stand it out:
 For by this time the routed Bear,
 Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,
 Finding their number grew too great
 For him to make a safe retreat, 40
 Like a bold chieftain fac'd about;
 But wisely doubting to hold out,
 Gave way to fortune, and with haste
 Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd,
 Retiring still, until he found 45
 H' had got the advantage of the ground,
 And then as valiantly made head
 To check the foe, and forthwith fled,
 Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick
 Of warrior stout and politic, 50
 Until, in spite of hot pursuit,

³⁶ VAR. 'Took heart of grace.'

³⁷ VAR. 'For now the half-defeated Bear.'

He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
On better terms, and stop the course
Of the proud foe. With all his force
He bravely charg'd, and for awhile 55
Forc'd their whole body to recoil ;
But still their numbers so increas'd,
He found himself at length oppress'd,
And all evasions so uncertain,
To save himself for better fortune, 60
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with honour in the field,
And sell his hide and carcase at
A price as high and desperate
As e'er he could. This resolution 65
He forthwith put in execution,
And bravely threw himself among
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng :
But what could single valour do
Against so numerous a foe ? 70
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such ;
But one against a multitude,
Is more than mortal can make good :
For while one party he oppos'd, 75
His rear was suddenly inclos'd,
And no room left him for retreat
Or fight against a foe so great.
For now the Mastiffs, charging home,
To blows and handy-gripes were come ; 80
While manfully himself he bore,
And setting his right foot before,
He rais'd himself, to shew how tall
His person was above them all.

This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85
 In th' enemy, that one should beard
 So many warriors, and so stout,
 As he had done, and stav'd it out,
 Disdaining to lay down his arms,
 And yield on honourable terms. 90
 Enraged thus, some in the rear
 Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,
 Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
 And, being down, still laid about :
 As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95
 Is said to fight upon his stumps.
 But all, alas! had been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 If Trulla and Cerdon in the nick
 To rescue him had not been quick : 100
 For Trulla, who was light of foot
 As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,
 (But not so light as to be borne
 Upon the ears of standing corn,
 Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105
 Than witches when their staves they liquor,
 As some report), was got among
 The foremost of the martial throng.

¹⁰² 'As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot.' Mr. Warburton is of opinion that 'long-filed' would be more proper; as the Parthians were ranged in long files, a disposition proper for their manner of fighting, which was by sudden retreats and sudden charges. Mr. Smith of Harleston, in Norfolk, thinks that the following alteration of the line would be an improvement :

'As long-field shafts, which Parthians shoot.'

'Long-field Parthians' is right, i. e. Parthians who shoot from a distance. ED.

There pitying the vanquish'd Bear,
 She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110
 Viewing the bloody fight; to whom,
 Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,
 And see stout Bruin, all alone,
 By numbers basely overthrown?
 Such feats already h' has achiev'd 115
 In story not to be believ'd,
 And 'twould to us be shame enough
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.

I would (quoth he) venture a limb
 To second thee, and rescue him; 120
 But then we must about it straight,
 Or else our aid will come too late:
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,
 And therefore cannot long hold out.
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125
 About their heads to clear the ground,
 And joining forces, laid about
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130

Mean-while th' approach'd the place where Bruin
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin:
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd,
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
 Until their Mastiffs loos'd their hold; 135
 And yet, alas! do what they could,
 The worsted Bear came off with store
 Of bloody wounds, but all before.
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140
 Made proof against dead-doing steel

All over, but the Pagan heel ;
 So did our champion's arms defend
 All of him but the other end,
 His head and ears, which in the martial 145
 Encounter lost a leathern parcel.
 For as an Austrian archduke once
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd ; 150
 But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side
 Like scriv'ner newly crucify'd,
 Or like the late corrected leathern
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155
 He wore in 's nose convey'd a string,
 With which she march'd before, and led
 The warrior to a grassy bed,
 As authors write, in a cool shade
 Which eglantine and roses made, 160
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream :
 There leaving him to his repose,
 Secured from pursuit of foes,
 And wanting nothing but a song 165
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,
 They both drew up, to march in quest
 Of his great leader and the rest. 170

For Orsin (who was more renown'd
 For stout maintaining of his ground,
 In standing fights, than for pursuit,
 As being not so quick of foot)

Was not long able to keep pace 175
 With others that pursu'd the chace,
 But found himself left far behind,
 Both out of heart and out of wind.
 Griev'd to behold his Bear pursued
 So basely by a multitude, 180
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,
 But numbers, of his coward foes,
 He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas,
 Forcing the valleys to repeat 185
 The accents of his sad regret :
 He beat his breast and tore his hair,
 For loss of his dear crony Bear,
 That Echo, from the hollow ground,
 His doleful wailings did resound 190
 More wistfully, by many times,
 That in small poets' splayfoot rhymes,
 That make her, in their ruthless stories,
 To answer to int'rrogatories,
 And most unconscionably depose 195
 To things of which she nothing knows ;
 And when she has said all she can say,
 'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
 Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin !
 Art thou fled to my— : Echo, Ruin. 200
 I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
 For fear : quoth Echo, Marry guep.
 Am I not here to take thy part ?

¹⁸⁹ ¹⁹⁰ This passage is beautiful, not only as it is a moving lamentation, and evidences our Poet to be master of the pathetic as well as the sublime style, but also as it comprehends a fine satire upon that false kind of wit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers.

Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?
 Have these bones rattled, and this head 205
 So often in thy quarrel bled?
 Nor did I ever winch or grudge it
 For thy dear sake: Quoth she, Mum budget.
 Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
 Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210
 To run from those th' hadst overcome
 Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.
 But what a vengeance makes thee fly
 From me too, as thine enemy?
 Or, if thou hast not thought of me, 215
 Nor what I have endured for thee,
 Yet shame and honour might prevail
 To keep thee thus from turning tail:
 For who would grutch to spend his blood in
 His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220
 This said, his grief to anger turn'd,
 Which in his manly stomach burn'd;
 Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place
 Of sorrow, now began to blaze:
 He vow'd the authors of his woe 225
 Should equal vengeance undergo,
 And with their bones and flesh pay dear
 For what he suffer'd, and his Bear.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And rage he hasted to proceed 230
 To action straight, and, giving o'er,
 To search for Bruin any more,
 He went in quest of Hudibras,
 To find him out where'er he was;
 And, if he were above ground, vow'd 235
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on
 This resolute adventure gone,
 When he encounter'd with that crew
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 340
 Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,
 Did equally their breasts inflame.
 'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras,
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout 245
 And resolute, as ever fought ;
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook
 The vile affront that paltry ass,
 And feeble scoundrel, Hudibras, 250
 With that more paltry ragamuffin,
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,
 Have put upon us, like tame cattle,
 As if th' had routed us in battle ?
 For my part, it shall ne'er be said 255
 I for the washing gave my head :
 Nor did I turn my back for fear
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my Bear,
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;
 For whether these fell wounds, or no, 260
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,
 Is more than all my skill can foretell ;
 Nor do I know what is become
 Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
 But if I can but find them out 265
 That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
 I'll make them rue their handiwork,

²⁵⁸ VAR. 'Of them, but losing of my Bear.'

And wish that they had rather dar'd
To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast
Great reason to do as thou say'st,
And so has ev'ry body here,
As well as thou hast, or thy Bear :

Others may do as they see good ; 275

But if this twig be made of wood
That will hold tack, I'll make the fur

Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur,
And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,
That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280

Thy Bear is safe and out of peril,
Though lugg'd indeed and wounded very ill ;

Myself and Trulla made a shift
To help him out at a dead lift,

And having brought him bravely off, 285

Have left him where he's safe enough :

There let him rest ; for if we stay,
The slaves may hap to get away.

This said, they all engag'd to join
Their forces in the same design, 290

And forthwith put themselves in search
Of Hudibras upon their march :

Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell ;

For such, Crowdero being fast 295

In dungeon shut, we left him last.

Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow

No-where so green as on his brow,

Laden with which, as well as tir'd 300

With conqu'ring toil, he now retir'd

Unto a neigh'bring castle by,

To rest his body, and apply
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;
 To mollify th' uneasy pang 305
 Of ev'ry honourable bang ;
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,
 He laid him down to take his rest.

But all in vain : h' had got a hurt,
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow's jointure-land
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels),
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, 315
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight.

The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gall him in the purtenance ;
 But time had somewhat 'swag'd his pain,
 After he found his suit in vain ; 320

For that proud dame, for whom his soul
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal,
 (That belly that so oft did ache
 And suffer griping for her sake,
 Till purging comfits and ants' eggs 325
 Had almost brought him off his legs),

Us'd him so like a base rascallion,
 That old Pyg—(what d' ye call him)—malion,
 That cut his mistress out of stone,
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330

She had a thousand jadish tricks,

315 316 VAR. ' As how he did, and aiming right,
 An arrow he let fly at Knight.'

Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,
 As insolent as strange and mad :
 She could love none but only such 335
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady ;
 Not love, if any lov'd her : hey-day !
 So cowards never use their might
 But against such as will not fight ; 340
 So some diseases have been found
 Only to seize upon the sound.
 He that gets her by heart must say her
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 345
 To compass what he durst not ask :
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;
 Her ignorance is his devotion :
 Like caitiff vile, that for misdeed
 Rides with his face to rump of steed, 350
 Or rowing scull, he's fain to love ;
 Look one way, and another move :
 Or like a tumbler that does play
 His game, and look another way
 Until he seize upon the coney ; 355
 Just so does he by matrimony.
 But all in vain ; her subtle snout
 Did quickly wind his meaning out,
 Which she return'd with too much scorn
 To be by man of honour borne : 360
 Yet much he bore, until the distress
 He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress
 Did stir his stomach, and the pain

He had endur'd from her disdain
Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365
That he resolv'd to wave his suit,
And either to renounce her quite
Or for a while play least in sight.
This resolution b'ing put on,
He kept some months, and more had done, 370
But being brought so nigh by Fate,
The vict'ry he achiev'd so late
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope
A door to discontinu'd hope,
That seem'd to promise he might win 375
His dame too, now his hand was in ;
And that his valour, and the honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.
These reasons made his mouth to water
With am'rous longings to be at her. 380

Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows
But this brave conquest o'er my foes
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,
As I but now have forc'd the troop?
If nothing can oppugn love, 385
And virtue envious ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both love and virtue too ?
But thou bring'st valour too, and wit,
Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390
Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,
Which women oft are taken in :
Then, Hudibras, why shouldst thou fear
To be, that art, a conqueror ?
Fortune th' audacious doth *juvare*, 395
But lets the timidous miscarry :

Then, while the honour thou hast got
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,
 Strike her up bravely thou hadst best,
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400

Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,
 More than his bangs, or fleas, from sleep:
 And as an owl, that in a barn
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes 405
 As if he slept, until he spies
 The little beast within his reach,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;
 So from his couch the Knight did start,
 To seize upon the widow's heart, 410
 Crying, with hasty tone and hoarse,
 Ralpho, despatch, to horse, to horse!
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,
 We left engag'd to seek him out,
 By speedy marches were advanc'd 415
 Up to the fort where he ensconc'd,
 And had all th' avenues possest
 About the place, from east to west.

That done, a while they made a halt
 To view the ground, and where t' assault: 420
 Then call'd a council, which was best,
 By siege or onslaught, to invest
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed
 By storm and onslaught to proceed.
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort 425
 They now drew up t' attack the fort;
 When Hudibras, about to enter
 Upon another-gates adventure,
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,

Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430
 Whether Dame Fortune, or the care
 Of angel bad, or tutelar,
 Did arm, or thrust him on a danger
 To which he was an utter stranger,
 That foresight might, or might not, blot 435
 The glory he had newly got,
 Or to his shame it might be said,
 They took him napping in his bed ;
 To them we leave it to expound
 That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid,
 And Ralpho that on which he rid,
 When, setting ope the postern gate,
 Which they thought best to sally at,
 The foe appear'd drawn up and drill'd, 445
 Ready to charge them in the field.
 This somewhat startled the bold Knight,
 Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :
 The bruises of his bones and flesh
 He thought began to smart afresh ; 450
 Till, recollecting wonted courage,
 His fear was soon converted to rage ;
 And thus he spoke : The coward foe,
 Whom we but now gave quarter to,
 Look, yonder's rallied, and appears 455
 As if they had outrun their fears.
 The glory we did lately get,
 The Fates command us to repeat ;
 And to their wills we must succomb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460

⁴³⁷ VAR. ' Might be said.'

⁴⁴⁴ VAR. ' To take the field, and sally at.'

This is the same numeric crew
 Which we so lately did subdue ;
 The self-same individuals that
 Did run, as mice do from a cat,
 When we courageously did wield 465
 Our martial weapons in the field,
 To tug for victory : and when
 We shall our shining blades agen
 Brandish in terror o'er our heads,
 They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470
 Fear is an ague, that forsakes
 And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes ;
 And they'll opine they feel the pain
 And blows they felt to-day, again.
 Then let us boldly charge them home 475
 And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,
 He call'd upon his mistress' name ;
 His pistol next he cock'd anew,
 And out his nutbrown whinyard drew, 480
 And, placing Ralpho in the front,
 Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,
 As expert warriors use : then ply'd
 With iron heel his courser's side,
 Conveying sympathetic speed 485
 From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage
 And speed, advancing to engage,
 Both parties now were drawn so close,
 Almost to come to handy blows : 490
 When Orsin first let fly a stone
 At Ralpho ; not so huge a one

⁴⁷² VAR. ' Haunts by turns.'

As that which Diomed did maul
 Æneas on the bum withal,
 Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495
 T' have sent him to another world,
 Whether above ground or below,
 Which Saints twice dipt are destin'd to.
 The danger startled the bold Squire,
 And made him some few steps retire ; 500
 But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,
 And rous'd his spirits half-dismay'd.
 He, wisely doubting lest the shot
 Of th' enemy, now growing hot,
 Might at a distance gall, press'd close 505
 To come pell-mell to handy-blows.
 And that he might their aim decline
 Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;
 But prudently forebore to fire,
 Till breast to breast he had got nigher, 510
 As expert warriors use to do
 When hand to hand they charge their foe.
 This order the advent'rous Knight,
 Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight ;
 When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle. 515
 And for the foe began to stickle :
 The more shame for her Goodyship,
 To give so near a friend the slip.
 For Colon, choosing out a stone,
 Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520
 His manly paunch with such a force
 As almost beat him off his horse.
 He loos'd his whinyard and the rein,

⁵²³ VAR. 'He loos'd his weapon'—and, 'He lost his whinyard.'

But, laying fast hold on the mane,
 Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose 525
 In death contracts his talons close,
 So did the Knight, and with one claw
 The tricker of his pistol draw.
 The gun went off; and as it was
 Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530
 In all his feats of arms, when least
 He dreamt of it, to prosper best,
 So now he far'd; the shot, let fly
 At random 'mong the enemy,
 Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535
 Upon his shoulder, in the passing
 Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,
 Who straight A surgeon, cry'd, A surgeon :
 He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
 Did Murder, Murder, Murder, yell. 540
 This startled their whole body so,
 That if the Knight had not let go
 His arms, but been in warlike plight,
 He'd won (the second time) the fight ;
 As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545
 He had inevitably done.
 But he, diverted with the care
 Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare
 To press th' advantage of his fortune,
 While danger did the rest dishearten. 550
 For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd
 In close encounter, they both wag'd

545—548 VAR. 'As Ralpho might, but he with care
 Of Hudibras his hurt forbare.'

548 VAR. 'Hudibras his wound.'

561 VAR. 'He had with Cerdon.'

The fight so well, 'twas hard to say
 Which side was like to get the day.
 And now the busy work of Death 555
 Had tir'd them so, th' agreed to breathe,
 Preparing to renew the fight,
 When the disaster of the Knight,
 And th' other party, did divert
 Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560
 Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,
 And Cerdon where Magnano was,
 Each striving to confirm his party
 With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565
 And let revenge and honour stir
 Your spirits up; once more fall on,
 The shatter'd foe begins to run:
 For if but half so well you knew
 To use your vict'ry as subdue, 570
 They durst not, after such a blow
 As you have given them, face us now,
 But from so formidable a soldier
 Had fled like crows when they smell powder.
 Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575
 Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft;
 But if you let them re-collect
 Their spirits, now dismay'd and checkt,
 You'll have a harder game to play
 Than yet y' have had, to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire, but was heard
 By Hudibras with small regard;
 His thoughts were fuller of the bang

⁵⁵³ VAR. 'So desperately.'

⁵⁶⁰ VAR. 'And force their sullen rage to part.'

He lately took, than Ralph's harangue :
 To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585
 Tells me thy counsel comes too late.
 The knotted blood within my hose,
 That from my wounded body flows,
 With mortal crisis doth portend
 My days to appropinque an end. 590
 I am for action now unfit
 Either of fortitude or wit,
 Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,
 Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.
 I am not apt upon a wound, 595
 Or trivial basting, to despond,
 Yet I'd be loth my days to curtal ;
 For if I thought my wounds not mortal,
 Or that w' had time enough as yet
 To make an honourable retreat, 600
 'Twere the best course : but if they find
 We fly, and leave our arms behind,
 For them to seize on, the dishonour
 And danger too is such, I'll sooner
 Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605
 To let them see I am no starter.
 In all the trade of war no feat
 Is nobler than a brave retreat :
 For those that run away and fly,
 Take place at least o' th' enemy. 610

This said, the Squire, with active speed,
 Dismounted from his bony steed,
 To seize the arms which, by mischance,
 Fell from the bold Knight in a trance :
 These being found out, and restor'd 615

⁵⁸⁷ VAR. 'The clotted blood.'

To Hudibras, their nat'ral lord,
 As a man may say, with might and main
 He hasted to get up again.
 Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,
 But by his weighty bum as oft 620
 He was pull'd back, till, having found
 Th' advantage of the rising ground,
 Thither he led his warlike steed,
 And, having plac'd him right, with speed
 Prepar'd again to scale the beast ; 625
 When Orsin, who had newly drest
 The bloody scar upon the shoulder
 Of Talgol with Promethean powder,
 And now was searching for the shot
 That laid Magnano on the spot, 630
 Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid,
 Preparing to climb up his horse-side :
 He left his cure, and, laying hold
 Upon his arms, with courage bold
 Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635
 The enemy begin to rally ;
 Let us that are unhurt and whole
 Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt
 He flew with fury to th' assault, 640
 Striving th' enemy to attack
 Before he reach'd his horse's back.
 Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
 O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,
 Wriggling his body to recover 645
 His seat, and cast his right leg over :

⁶¹⁷ VAR. 'The active Squire, with might and main,
 Prepar'd in haste to mount again.'

When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd
On horse and man so heavy a load,
The beast was startled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,
Or stout King Richard, on his back ;
Till stumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :
He thrust his hand into his hose,
And found, both by his eyes and nose,
'Twas only choler, and not blood,
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660
This, with the hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire :
Courageously he fac'd about,
And drew his other pistol out,
And now had half-way bent the cock ; 665
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,
That down it fell and did no harm ;
Then, stoutly pressing on with speed,
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670
The Knight his sword had only left,
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,
Or at the least cropp'd off a limb,
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.
He with his lance attack'd the Knight 675
Upon his quarters opposite :
But as a barque, that in foul weather,
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,

And knows not which to turn him to ; 680
So far'd the Knight between two foes,
And knew not which of them t' oppose :
Till Orsin, charging with his lance
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance
Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685
And laid him flat upon the ground.
At this the Knight began to cheer up,
And, raising up himself on stirrup,
Cry'd out, *Victoria!* lie thou there,
And I shall straight despatch another 690
To bear thee company in death ;
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe :
As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd
At th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695
And cure the hurt he gave before.
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about
To breathe himself, and next find out
Th' advantage of the ground, where best
He might the ruffled foe infest. 700
This b'ing resolv'd, he spurr'd his steed,
To run at Orsin with full speed,
While he was busy in the care
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware :
But he was quick, and had already 705
Unto the part apply'd remedy ;
And seeing th' enemy prepar'd,
Drew up and stood upon his guard ;
Then like a warrior right expert
And skilful in the martial art, 710
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,

Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
 And then (in order) to retire,
 Or, as occasion should invite, 715
 With forces join'd renew the fight.
 Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,
 Upon his bum himself advanc'd,
 Though sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er
 With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore : 720
 Right fain he would have got upon
 His feet again, to get him gone,
 When Hudibras to aid him came :
 Quoth he (and call'd him by his name),
 Courage, the day at length is ours, 725
 And we once more, as conquerors,
 Have both the field and honour won ;
 The foe is profligate and run :
 I mean all such as can, for some
 This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730
 And some lie sprawling on the ground,
 With many a gash and bloody wound.
 Cæsar himself could never say
 He got two vict'ries in a day
 As I have done, that can say, twice I 735
 In one day *veni, vidi, vici*.
 The foe's so numerous, that we
 Cannot so often *vincere*,
 And they *perire*, and yet enow
 Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740
 Then lest they rally, and once more
 Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,
 Get up and mount thy steed ; despatch,
 And let us both their motions watch.
 Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 45

In case for action, now be here ;
 Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd
 An arse, for fear of being bang'd.
 It was for you I got these harms,
 Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750
 The blows and drubs I have receiv'd
 Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd
 My limbs of strength : unless you stoop
 And reach your hand to pull me up,
 I shall lie here, and be a prey 755
 To those who now are run away.

That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras) :
 We read the Ancients held it was
 More honourable far *servare*
Civem than slay an adversary : 760
 The one we oft to-day have done,
 The other shall despatch anon ;
 And, though thou'rt of a diff'rent church,
 I will not leave thee in the lurch.

This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765
 And steer'd him gently t'wards the Squire,
 Then, bowing down his body, stretch'd
 His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;
 When Trulla, whom he did not mind,
 Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770
 She had been long in search about
 Magnano's wound, to find it out,
 But could find none, nor where the shot
 That had so startled him was got ;
 But, having found the worst was past, 775
 She fell to her own work at last,
 The pillage of the prisoners,
 Which in all feats of arms was hers :

And now to plunder Ralph she flew,
 When Hudibras his hard fate drew 730
 To succour him ; for as he bow'd
 To help him up, she laid a load
 Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,
 On th' other side, that down he fell.

Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she), or die ; 783

Thy life is mine, and liberty :
 But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,
 And dar'st presume to be so hardy
 To try thy fortune o'er afresh,
 I'll wave my title to thy flesh, 790

Thy arms and baggage, now my right,
 And, if thou hast the heart to try't,
 I'll lend thee back thyself awhile,
 And once more, for that carcase vile,
 Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795

Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,
 And I shall take thee at thy word :
 First let me rise and take my sword.
 That sword which has so oft this day
 Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800

And some to other worlds despatcht,
 Now, with a feeble spinster matcht,
 Will blush, with blood ignoble stain'd,
 By which no honour's to be gain'd.

But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805
 Consider, whilst thou may'st, what 'tis
 To interrupt a victor's course
 B' opposing such a trivial force :

For if with conquest I come off
 (And that I shall do sure enough), 810
 Quarter thou canst not have nor grace,

By law of arms, in such a case ;
 Both which I now do offer freely.
 I scorn (quoth she), thou coxcomb silly
 (Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815
 To show how much she prized his speech),
 Quarter or counsel from a foe ;
 It thou canst force me to it, do :
 But lest it should again be said,
 When I have once more won thy head, 820
 I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
 Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.
 This said, she to her tackle fell,
 And on the Knight let fall a peal
 Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825
 That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.
 Stand to 't, quoth she, or yield to mercy ;
 It is not fighting *arsie-versie*
 Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen
 More than the danger he was in, 830
 The blows he felt or was to feel,
 Although th' already made him reel.
 Honour, despite, revenge, and shame,
 At once into his stomach came ;
 Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835
 Above his head and rain'd a storm
 Of blows so terrible and thick,
 As if he meant to hash her quick.
 But she upon her truncheon took them,
 And by oblique diversion broke them, 840
 Waiting an opportunity
 To pay all back with usury,
 Which long she fail'd not of ; for now
 The Knight with one dead-doing blow

Resolving to decide the fight, 845
 And she with quick and cunning sleight
 Avoiding it, the force and weight
 He charg'd upon it was so great
 As almost sway'd him to the ground.
 No sooner she th' advantage found, 850
 But in she flew ; and, seconding
 With home-made thrust the heavy swing,
 She laid him flat upon his side,
 And, mounting on his trunk astride,
 Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855
 Of all thy vapouring, base scum :
 Say, will the law of arms allow
 I may have grace and quarter now ?
 Or wilt thou rather break thy word,
 And stain thine honour than thy sword ? 860
 A man of war to damn his soul,
 In basely breaking his parole !
 And when before the fight th' hadst vow'd
 To give no quarter in cold blood ;
 Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865
 To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,
 Why dost not put me to the sword,
 But cowardly fly from thy word ?
 Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;
 Thou and thy stars have cast me down : 870
 My laurels are transplanted now,
 And flourish on thy conqu'ring brow :
 My loss of honour's great enough,

657-866 VAR.

' Shall I have quarter now, you ruffin ?
 Or wilt thou be worse than thy huffing ?
 Thou said'st th' would'st kill me, marry would'st thou ?
 Why dost thou not, thou Jack-a-nods thou ? '

Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :
 Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875
 But cannot blur my lost renown :
 I am not now in Fortune's power ;
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 The ancient heroes were illustr'ous
 For being benign, and not blustrous 880
 Against a vanquish'd foe : their swords
 Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;
 And did in fight but cut work out
 T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserved, 885
 Base Slubberdegullion, to be serv'd
 As thou did'st vow to deal with me
 If thou hadst got the victory,
 Yet I shall rather act a part
 That suits my fame than thy desert : 890
 Thy arms, thy liberty, beside
 All that's on th' outside of thy hide,
 Are mine by military law,
 Of which I will not bate one straw ;
 The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895
 Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late
 For me to treat or stipulate ;
 What thou command'st I must obey !
 Yet those whom I expung'd to-day, 900
 Of thine own party, I let go,
 And gave them life and freedom too,
 Both Dogs and Bear, upon their parole,
 Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905
 Let one another run away,

Concerns not me ; but was 't not thou
 That gave Crowdero quarter too ?
 Crowdero whom, in irons bound,
 Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910
 Where still he lies, and with regret
 His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.
 But now thy carcass shall redeem,
 And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915
 And laid his weapons at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his gaberdine,
 And with it did himself resign.
 She took it, and forthwith divesting
 The mantle that she wore, said jesting, 920
 Take that, and wear it for my sake ;
 Then threw it o'er his sturdy back.

And as the French we conquer'd once
 Now give us laws for pantaloons,
 The length of breeches and the gathers, 925
 Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers ;
 Just so the proud insulting lass .
 Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yerst
 In hurry of the fight disperst, 930
 Arriv'd, when Trulla won the day,
 To share i' th' honour and the prey,
 And out of Hudibras his hide
 With vengeance to be satisfy'd ;
 Which now they were about to pour 935
 Upon him in a wooden show'r,
 But Trulla thrust herself between,
 And, striding o'er his back agen,
 She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,

And vow'd they should not break her word : 940
 Sh' had given him quarter, and her blood,
 Or theirs, should make that quarter good ;
 For she was bound by law of arms
 To see him safe from further harms.

In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945
 By Hudibras, as yet lay fast,
 Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,
 His great heart made perpetual moans ;
 Him she resolv'd that Hudibras
 Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopp'd their fury, and the basting
 Which towards Hudibras was hastening ;
 They thought it was but just and right
 That what she had achieved in fight
 She should dispose of how she pleas'd ; 955
 Crowdero ought to be releas'd,

Nor could that any way be done
 So well as this she pitch'd upon :
 For who a better could imagine ?
 This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960
 The Knight and Squire first they made
 Rise from the ground where they were laid,
 Then mounted both upon their horses,
 But with their faces to the arses.

Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965
 And Talgol that which Ralpho prest ;
 Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
 And Colon, waited as a guard on ;
 All us'ring Trulla in the rear,
 With th' arms of either prisoner. 970

In this proud order and array
 They put themselves upon their way,

Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,
 Where stout Crowdero' in durance lay still.
 Thither with greater speed than shows 975
 And triumph over conquer'd foes
 Do use t' allow, or than the Bears,
 Or pageants borne before lord-mayors,
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd,
 In order soldier-like contriv'd, 980
 Still marching in a warlike posture,
 As fit for battle as for muster.
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,
 And, bending 'gainst the fort their force,
 They all advanc'd, and round about 985
 Begirt the magical redoubt.
 Magnan' led up in this adventure,
 And made way for the rest to enter :
 For he was skilful in Black Art
 No less than he that built the fort, 990
 And with an iron mace laid flat
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,
 And in the wooden dungeon found
 Crowdero laid upon the ground :
 Him they release from durance base, 995
 Restor'd t' his Fiddle and his case,
 And liberty, his thirsty rage
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :
 For he no sooner was at large,
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge, 1000
 And in the self-same limbo put
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut ;
 Where leaving them in Hockley-i'-th'-hole,
 Their bangs and durance to condole,

¹⁰⁰³ VAR. ' t' the wretched hole.'

Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,
 In the same order and array
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
 But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010
 Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse
 And sayings of philosophers.
 Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,
 Is, *sui juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015
 Whate'er the other moiety feels.
 'Tis not restraint or liberty
 That makes men prisoners or free ;
 But perturbations that possess
 The mind or equanimities. 1020
 The whole world was not half so wide
 To Alexander, when he cry'd
 Because he had but one to subdue,
 As was a paltry narrow tub to
 Diogenes ; who is not said 1025
 (For aught that ever I could read)
 To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,
 Because h' had ne'er another tub.
 The Ancients make two sev'ral kinds
 Of prowess in heroic minds, 1030
 The active and the passive val'ant,
 Both which are *pari libra* gallant ;
 For both to give blows, and to carry,
 In fights are equi-necessary :
 But in defeats the passive stout 1035
 Are always found to stand it out
 Most desp'rately, and to outdo

The active 'gainst a conqu'ring foe.
 Though we with blacks and blues are suggil'd,
 Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgel'd, 1040
 He that is valiant and dares fight,
 Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by 't.
 Honour's a lease for lives to come,
 And cannot be extended from
 The legal tenant: 'tis a chattel 1045
 Not to be forfeited in battle.
 If he that in the field is slain
 Be in the bed of honour lain,
 He that is beaten may be said
 To lie in Honour's truckle-bed. 1050
 For as we see th' eclipsed sun
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,
 He shines in serene sky most bright ;
 So valour in a low estate 1055
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know
 We may by being beaten grow ;
 But none that see how here we sit
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060
 As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply

^{1061 1062} In those days there was always an hour-glass stood by the pulpit, in a frame of iron made on purpose for it, and fastened to the board on which the cushion lay, that it might be visible to the whole congregation; who, if the sermon did not hold till the glass was out (which was turned up as soon as the text was taken), would say that the preacher was lazy; and, if he held out much longer, would yawn and stretch, and by those signs signify to the preacher that they began to be weary of his discourse, and wanted to be dismissed. The iron frames of these hour-glasses still

Illumination can convey
 Into them what they have to say,
 But not how much ; so well enough 1065
 Know you to charge, but not draw off :
 For who, without a cap and bawble,
 Having subdued a Bear and rabble,
 And might with honour have come off,
 Would put it to a second proof ? 1070
 A politic exploit, right fit
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.
 Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon :
 When thou at anything would'st rail, 1075
 Thou mak'st Presbytery thy scale
 To take the height on 't, and explain
 To what degree it is profane.
 Whats'ever will not with—(thy what-d'-ye-call)
 Thy Light—jump right, thou call'st Synodical ; 1080
 As if Presbyt'ry were a standard
 To size whats'ever's to be slander'd.
 Dost not remember how this day
 Thou to my beard wast bold to say
 That thou could'st prove Bear-baiting, equal 1085
 With Synods, orthodox and legal ?
 Do, if thou can'st ; for I deny 't,
 And dare thee to 't with all thy light.

remain in some churches of our villages. If they liked his discourse, they would sometimes ask him for 'another glass.' ED.

¹⁰⁷² Ralpho looked upon their ill plight to be owing to his master's bad conduct ; and, to vent his resentment, he satirises him in the most affecting part of his character, his religion. This by degrees brings on the old arguments about Synods. The Poet, who thought he had not sufficiently lashed classical assemblies, very judiciously completes it, now there is full leisure for it.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no
 Hard matter for a man to do 1090
 That has but any guts in 's brains,
 And could believe it worth his pains :
 But since you dare and urge me to it,
 You 'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical Bear-gardens, 1095
 Where Elders, Deputies, Churchwardens,
 And other Members of the Court,
 Manage the Babylonish sport ;
 For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
 Do differ only in a mere word. 1100
 Both are but sev'ral Synagogues
 Of carnal men, and Bears and Dogs :
 Both antichristian assemblies,
 To mischief bent as far 's in them lies :
 Both stave and tail, with fierce contests, 1105
 The one with men, the other beasts.
 The diff'rence is, the one fights with
 The tongue, the other with the teeth ;
 And that they bait but Bears in this,
 In th' other, Souls and Consciences : 1110
 Where Saints themselves are brought to stake
 For Gospel-light and Conscience' sake ;
 Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,
 Instead of Mastiff Dogs and Curs ;
 Than whom they've less humanity, 1115
 For these at souls of men will fly.
 This to the prophet did appear,
 Who in a vision saw a Bear,
 Prefiguring the beastly rage
 Of Church-rule in this latter age ; 1120
 As is demonstrated at full
 By him that baited the Pope's Bull.

Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,
 That live by rapine; so do they.
 What are their Orders, Constitutions, 1125
 Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions,
 But sev'ral mystic chains they make,
 To tie poor Christians to the stake?
 And then set Heathen officers,
 Instead of dogs, about their ears. 1130
 For to prohibit and dispense,
 To find out, or to make offence;
 Of hell and heaven to dispose,
 To play with souls at fast and loose;
 To set what characters they please, 1135
 And mullets on sin or godliness;
 Reduce the Church to Gospel-order,
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder;
 To make Presbytery supreme,
 And Kings themselves submit to them; 1140
 And force all people, though against
 Their consciences, to turn Saints;
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,
 When Saints monopolists are made:
 When pious frauds and holy shifts 1145
 Are Dispensations and Gifts,
 There godliness becomes mere ware,
 And ev'ry Synod but a fair.
 Synods are whelps o' th' Inquisition,
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion, 1150
 And, growing up, became the sires
 Of Scribes, Commissioners, and Triers:
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,
 To cast a figure for men's light;
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155

The physiognomy of Grace ;
 And by the sound and twang of nose,
 If all be sound within disclose,
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,
 As men try pipkins by the ringing ; 1160
 By black caps underlaid with white
 Give certain guess at inward light,
 Which Serjeants at the Gospel wear,
 To make the Sp'ritual Calling clear.
 The handkerchief about the neck 1165
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,
 From whom the institution came,
 When Church and State they set on flame,
 And worn by them as badges then
 Of Spiritual Warfaring-men) 1170
 Judge rightly if Regeneration
 Be of the newest cut in fashion.
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,

¹¹⁵⁶ These Triers pretended to great skill in this respect ; and, if they disliked the beard or face of a man, they would, for that reason alone, refuse to admit him, when presented to a living, unless he had some powerful friend to support him. " The questions that these men put to the persons to be examined were not abilities and learning, but grace in their hearts, and that with so bold and saucy an inquisition, that some men's spirits trembled at the interrogatories ; they phrasing it so, as if (as was said at the Council of Trent) they had the Holy Ghost in a cloke-bag."

Their questions generally were these, or such like : When were you converted ? Where did you begin to feel the motions of the Spirit ? In what year ? in what month ? in what day ? about what hour of the day had you the secret call, or motion of the Spirit, to undertake and labour in the ministry ? What work of grace has God wrought upon your soul ? And a great many other questions about regeneration, predestination, and the like.

¹¹⁶⁶ ' Smectymnus ' was a club of holders-forth.

That grace is founded in dominion :
Great piety consists in pride ; 1175
To rule is to be sanctify'd :
To domineer, and to control,
Both o'er the body and the soul,
Is the most perfect discipline
Of Church-rule, and by right divine. 1180
Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were
More moderate than these by far :
For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their wives and children meat ;
But these will not be fobb'd off so, 1185
They must have wealth and power too ;
Or else with blood and desolation
They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.
Sure these themselves from primitive
And Heathen priesthood do derive, 1190
When Butchers were the only clerks,
Elders and Presbyters of Kirks ;
Whose directory was to kill,
And some believe it is so still.
The only diff'rence is that then 1195
They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.
For then to sacrifice a bullock,
Or, now and then, a child to Moloch,
They count a vile abomination,
But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200
Presbytery does but translate
The papacy to a free state :
A commonwealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry village is a See
As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205
A tithe-pig metropolitan ;

Where ev'ry Presbyter and Deacon
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon,
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed
 By's Holiness, the Church's head, 1210
 More haughty and severe in's place
 Than Gregory and Boniface.
 Such Church must, surely, be a monster
 With many heads: for if we conster
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215
 According to th' Apostle's mind,
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon
 With many heads did ride upon;
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe
 Of Deacon, Priest, Lay-elder, Scribe. 1220
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,
 Whose little finger is as heavy
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,
 And bishop-secular. This zealot
 Is of a mongrel diverse kind, 1225
 Clerick before and Lay behind;
 A lawless linsey-woolsey brother,
 Half of one order, half another;
 A creature of amphibious nature,
 On land a beast, a fish in water: 1230
 That always preys on grace or sin;
 A sheep without, a wolf within.
 This fierce inquisitor has chief
 Dominion over men's belief
 And manners; can pronounce a saint 1235
 Idolatrous, or ignorant,
 When superciliously he sifts
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts:
 For all men live and judge amiss

Whose talents jump not just with his ; 1210
 He'll lay on Gifts with hands, and place
 On dullest noddle Light and Grace,
 The manufacture of the Kirk,
 Whose pastors are but th' handywork
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1215
 Divinity in them by feeling ;
 From whence they start up Chosen Vessels,
 Made by contact, as men get measles.
 So Cardinals, they say, do grope
 At th' other end the new-made Pope. 1250
 Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras, Soft fire,
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,
Festina lentè, not too fast,
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255
 Are false and built upon mistake :
 And I shall bring you, with your pack
 Of fallacies, t' Elenchi back ;
 And put your arguments in mood
 And figure to be understood. 1260
 I'll force you by right ratiocination
 To leave your vitilitigation,
 And make you keep to th' question close
 And argue *dialecticās*.
 The question then, to state it first, 1265
 Is, which is better or which worst,
 Synods or Bears ? Bears I avow
 To be the worst, and Synods thou ;
 But to make good th' assertion,
 Thou say'st they 're really all one. 1270
 If so, not worst ; for if they're *idem*,
 Why then *tantundem dat tantidem*.

For if they are the same, by course
 Neither is better, neither worse.
 But I deny they are the same, 1275
 More than a maggot and I am.
 That both are *animalia*
 I grant, but not *rationalia* :
 For though they do agree in kind,
 Specific difference we find ; 1280
 And can no more make Bears of these,
 Than prove my horse is Socrates.
 That Synods are Bear-gardens, too,
 Thou dost affirm ; but I say No :
 And thus I prove it, in a word ; 1285
 Whats'ever Assembly's not empow'r'd
 To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain,
 Can be no Synod ; but Bear-garden
 Has no such pow'r ; *ergo*, 'tis none :
 And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are beside the quest'on
 Which thou didst raise the first contest on :
 For that was, Whether Bears are better
 Than Synod-men ? I say *Negatur*.
 That Bears are beasts, and Synods men, 1295
 Is held by all : they're better then ;
 For Bears and Dogs on four legs go,
 As beasts ; but Synod-men on two.
 'Tis true they all have teeth and nails ;
 But prove that Synod-men have tails ; 1300
 Or that a rugged shaggy fur
 Grows o'er the hide of Presbyter ;
 Or that his snout and spacious ears
 Do hold proportion with a Bear's.
 A Bear's a savage beast, of all 1305
 Most ugly and unnatural ;

Whelp'd without form, until the dam
 Has lickt it into shape and frame :
 But all thy light can ne'er evict,
 That ever Synod-man was lickt, 1310
 Or brought to any other fashion
 Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost further yet in this
 Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,
 Thou would'st have Presbyters to go 1315
 For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too :
 A strange chimera of beasts and men,
 Made up of pieces het'rogene ;
 Such as in Nature never met
In eodem subjecto yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all
 Supposures hypothetical,
 That do but beg ; and we may choose
 Either to grant them or refuse.
 Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325
 And where thou stol'st from other men,
 (Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
 Are all but plagiary shifts),
 And is the same that Ranter said,
 Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330
 And tore a handful of my beard :

¹³²⁹ The Ranters were a vile sect that sprung up in those times. Alexander Ross observes, "That they held that God, devil, angels, heaven and hell, &c., were fictions and fables ; that Moses, John Baptist, and Christ, were impostors ; and what Christ and the Apostles acquainted the world with, as to matter of religion, perished with them ; that preaching and praying are useless, and that preaching is but publick lying ; that there is an end of all ministry and administrations, and people are to be taught immediately from God," &c.

The self-same cavils then I heard,
 When, b'ing in hot dispute about
 This controversy, we fell out :
 And what thou know'st I answer'd then 1335
 Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse
 Of human learning you produce ;
 Learning, that cobweb of the brain,
 Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340
 A trade of knowledge as replete
 As others are with fraud and cheat ;
 An art t' encumber Gifts and Wit,
 And render both for nothing fit ;

¹³³⁹ Ralpho was as great an enemy to human learning as Jack Cade and his fellow rebels. Cade's words to Lord Say, before he ordered his head to be cut off: "I am the besom that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art; thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused Printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a Papermill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

It was the opinion of those tinkers, tailors, &c., that governed Chelmsford at the beginning of the Rebellion, "That learning had always been an enemy to the Gospel and that it were a happy thing if there were no universities, and that all books were burned except the Bible."

"I tell you (says a writer of those times) wicked books do as much wound us as the swords of our adversaries; for this manner of learning is superfluous and costly: many tongues and languages are only confusion, and only wit, reason, understanding, and scholarship, are the main means that oppose us, and hinder our cause; therefore, if ever we have the fortune to get the upperhand—we will down with all law and learning, and have no other rule but the Carpenter's, nor any writing or reading but the Score and the Tally."

Makes Light unactive, dull and troubled, 1345
 Like little David in Saul's doublet :

A cheat that scholars put upon
 Other men's reason and their own ;
 A fort of error, to ensconce
 Absurdity and ignorance, 1350

That renders all the avenues
 To truth impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things, in debate,
 By art perplex and intricate ;
 For nothing goes for Sense or Light, 1355

That will not with old rules jump right ;
 As if rules were not in the schools
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.

This Pagan, Heathenish, invention
 Is good for nothing but contention : 1360

For as in sword-and-buckler fight
 All blows do on the target light,
 So, when men argue, the great'st part
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365
 And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast
 Outrun the constable at last :
 For thou art fallen on a new
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370

But to the former opposite,
 And contrary as black to white :
 Mere *disparata* ; that concerning
 Presbytery, this human learning ;
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375
 But in thy rambling fancy met.

But I shall take a fit occasion

T' evince thee by' ratiocination,
 Some other time in place more proper
 Than this we're in; therefore let's stop here 1380
 And rest our weary'd bones a while,
 Already tir'd with other toil.

PART II. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
 Being cast illegally in prison,
 Love brings his action on the case,
 And lays it upon Hudibras.
 How he receives the Lady's visit,
 And cunningly solicits his suit,
 Which she defers; yet, on parole,
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now, t' observe Romantique method,
 Let bloody steel a while be sheathed,
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds
 Of Bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,

Arg. ¹² VAR.

'The Knight being clapp'd by th' heels in prison,
 The last unhappy expedition.'

Arg. ⁵ VAR. 'How he reviv's,' &c.

¹ The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the Fourth Book of his *Æneid* in the very same manner, 'At regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured, like cases in law, by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

² VAR. 'Let rusty steel,' and 'To trusty steel.'

Exchang'd to love's more gentle style, 5
 To let our reader breathe a while.
 In which, that we may be as brief as
 Is possible, by way of preface.
 Is 't not enough to make one strange,
 That some men's fancy should ne'er change, 10
 But make all people do and say
 The same things still the self-same way?
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,
 They're forthwith cur'd of their capriches.
 Some always thrive in their amours,
 By pulling plaisters off their sores 20
 As cripples do to get an alms,
 Just so do they, and win their dames.
 Some force whole regions, in despite
 O' geography, to change their site;
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25
 And that which was before come after.
 But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight
 We whilom left the captiv'd Knight

⁵⁻⁸ VAR. 'And unto love turn we our style,
 To let our readers breathe a while,
 By this time tir'd with th' horrid sounds
 Of blows, and cuts, and blood, and wounds.'

¹⁰ VAR. 'That a man's fancy.'

³² VAR. 'We lately.'

And pensive Squire, both bruise'd in body,
 And conjur'd into safe custody.
 Tir'd with dispute, and speaking Latin, 35
 As well as basting and Bear-baiting,
 And desperate of any course
 To free himself by wit or force,
 His only solace was, that now
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40
 That either it must quickly end,
 Or turn about again, and mend ;
 In which he found th' event, no less
 Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45
 (But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
 That like a thin cameleon boards
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears
 Like hanging sleeves, lin'd through with ears, 50
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
 Made good by deep mythologist :
 With these she through the welkin flies,
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55
 And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
 Diurnals writ for regulation
 Of lying, to inform the nation,
 And by their public use to bring down
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60
 About her neck a packet-mail,

⁴⁸ The beauty of this consists in the double meaning. The first alludes to Fame's living on Report: the second is an insinuation, that if a report is narrowly inquired into, and traced up to the original author, it is made to contradict itself.

Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale ;
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
 Of hailstones big as pullets' eggs, 65
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
 A blazing star seen in the west,
 By six or seven men at least.
 Two trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary tones : 70
 But whether both with the same wind,
 Or one before and one behind,
 We know not, only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;
 And therefore vulgar authors name 75
 Th' one Good, the other Evil Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well
 What mischief Hudibras befell ;
 And straight the spiteful tidings bears
 Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears. 80
 Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud
 To see bawds carted through the crowd,
 Or funerals, with stately pomp,
 March slowly on in solemn dump,
 As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85
 As well as sides, was like to crack.
 She vow'd she would go see the sight,
 And visit the distressed Knight ;
 To do the office of a neighbour,
 And be a gossip at his labour ; 90
 And from his wooden jail, the stocks,

⁷⁷ VAR. ' Twattling gossip.'

⁹¹ VAR. ' That is to see him deliver'd safe
 Of's wooden burden, and Squire Raph.'

To set at large his fetter-locks ;
 And by exchange, parole, or ransom,
 To free him from th' enchanted mansion.*

This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95
 And usher, implements abroad
 Which ladies wear, beside a slender
 Young waiting damsel to attend her.
 All which appearing, on she went
 To find the Knight, in limbo pent ; 100
 And 'twas not long before she found
 Him and his stout Squire in the pound,
 Both coupled in enchanted tether
 By further leg behind together.
 For as he sat upon his rump, 105
 His head, like one in doleful dump,
 Between his knees, his hands apply'd
 Unto his ears on either side,
 And by him in another hole
 Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ; 110
 She came upon him in his wooden
 Magician's circle on the sudden,
 As spirits do t' a conjurer
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115
 But straight he fell into a fever,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace
 To be seen by her in such a place ;

¹¹¹ ¹¹² There was never certainly a pleasanter scene imagined than this before us ; it is the most diverting incident in the whole Poem. The unlucky and unexpected visit of the Lady, the attitude and surprise of the Knight, the confusion and blushes of the lover, and the satirical raillery of a mistress, are represented in lively colours, and conspire to make this interview wonderfully pleasing.

Which made him hang his head, and scowl,
 And wink, and goggle like an owl: 120
 He felt his brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him.

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,
 That here are ty'd in chains and scourg'd 125
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd:
 Look, there are two of them appear
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130
 With saucer eyes, and horns; and some
 Have heard the devil beat a drum;
 But, if our eyes are not false glasses
 That give a wrong account of faces,
 That beard and I should be acquainted 135
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted;
 For, though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if 't had lately been in combat,
 It did belong to a worthy Knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by 't. 140

When Hudibras the Lady heard
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with such respect and honour
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,
 He thought it best to set as good 145
 A face upon it as he could;
 And thus he spoke: Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right;
 The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
 The same numerically true; 150

¹⁴² VAR. 'To take kind notice of his beard.'

Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
But its proprietor himself.

O heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?

I do begin to fear 'tis you ;
Not by your individual whiskers, 155

But by your dialect and discourse,

That never spoke to man or beast

In notions vulgarly exprest :

But what malignant star, alas !

Has brought you both to this sad pass ? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,

Which I am less afflicted for,

Than to be seen with beard and face

By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165

For being honourably maim'd :

If he that is in battle conquer'd

Have any title to his own beard,

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,

It docs your visage more adorn 170

Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd,

And cut square by the Russian standard.

A torn beard 's like a tatter'd ensign ;

That 's bravest which there are most rents in.

That petticoat about your shoulders 175

Does not so well become a soldier's ;

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,

Although i' th' rear your beard the van led ;

And those uneasy bruises make

My heart for company to ache, 180

To see so worshipful a friend

I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

¹⁶⁴ VAR. 'In such elenctique case.'

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd Pain
 Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)
 Not bad *simpliciter*, nor good, 185
 But merely as 'tis understood.
 Sense is deceitful, and may feign
 As well in counterfeiting pain
 As other gross phenomenas,
 In which it oft mistakes the case. 190
 But since th' immortal intellect
 (That's free from error and defect,
 Whose objects still persist the same)
 Is free from outward bruise or maim,
 Which nought external can expose 195
 To gross material bangs or blows,
 It follows we can ne'er be sure
 Whether we pain or not endure ;
 And just so far are sore and griev'd
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200
 Some have been wounded with conceit,
 And died of mere opinion straight ;
 Others, though wounded sore in reason,
 Felt no contusion nor discretion.
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat 205
 That mice (as histories relate)
 Ate grots and labyrinths to dwell in
 His postique parts, without his feeling ;
 Then how is 't possible a kick
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick ? 210
 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain
 For one that's basted to feel pain,
 Because the pangs his bones endure
 Contribute nothing to the cure ;
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215

With pain no med'cine can assuage

Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish
That takes a basting for a blemish ;

For what's more hon'rab'le than scars,
Or skin to tatters rent in wars ?

220

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;

And yet have met, after long running, 225
With some whom they have taught that cunning.

The furthest way about t' o'ercome

In th' end does prove the nearest home.

By laws of learned duellists,

They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230

And think one beating may for once

Suffice, are cowards and pultrons ;

But if they dare engage t' a second,

They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235

Our princes worship, with a blow.

King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic

And testy courtiers with a kick.

The Negus, when some mighty lord

Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240

And pardon'd for some great offence

With which he's willing to dispense,

First has him laid upon his belly,

Then beaten back and side t' a jelly :

²³² VAR. 'Poltrons.'

²³⁹ A king of Ethiopia.

²⁴¹ ²⁴² VAR. 'To his good grace for some offence
Forfeit before, and pardon'd since.'

That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245
And gives thanks for the princely blows ;
Departs not meanly proud, and boasting
Of his magnificent rib-roasting.

The beaten soldier proves most manful
That, like his sword, endures the anvil ; 250

And justly 's held more formidable,
The more his valour 's malleable :

But he that fears a bastinado
Will run away from his own shadow.

And though I'm now in durance fast 255

By our own party basely cast,
Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,
And worse than by the en'my us'd ;

In close *catasta* shut, past hope
Of wit or valour to elope ; 260

As beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' earth, still grow more reverend,

And cannons shoot the higher pitches
The lower we let down their breeches,

I'll make this low dejected fate 265
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, You've almost made me' in love
With that which did my pity move.

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights : 270

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,
Like east and west, become the same :

No Indian prince has to his palace
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.

But, if a beating seem so brave, 275

What glories must a whipping have ?
Such great achievements cannot fail

To cast salt on a woman's tail :
 For if I thought your nat'ral talent
 Of passive courage were so gallant, 290
 As you strain hard to have it thought,
 I could grow amorous and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,
 He prick'd up 's ears, and strok'd his beard ;
 Thought he, This is the lucky hour, 295
 Wines work when vines are in the flow'r :
 This crisis then I'll set my rest on,
 And put her boldly to the quest'on.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt
 Shall be to all the world made out ; 290
 How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit
 And magnanimity I bear it :
 And if you doubt it to be true,
 I'll stake myself down against you ;
 And if I fail in love or troth, 295
 Be you the winner and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers
 Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;
 And, though I prais'd your valour, yet
 I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300
 Which if you have, you must needs know
 What I have told you before now,
 And you b' experiment have prov'd ;
 I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'Tis a caprich 305
 Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;
 So cheats to play with those still aim
 That do not understand the game.
 Love in your heart as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns 310

To warm the dead, and vainly light
 Those only that see nothing by 't.
 Have you not power to entertain,
 And render love for love again?
 As no man can draw in his breath 315
 At once, and force out air beneath.
 Or do you love yourself so much,
 To bear all rivals else a grutch?
 What fate can lay a greater curse.
 Than you upon yourself would force? 320
 For Wedlock without love, some say,
 Is but a lock without a key.
 It is a kind of rape to marry
 One that neglects or cares not for ye:
 For what doth make it ravishment 325
 But b'ing against the mind's consent?
 A rape that is the more inhuman,
 For being acted by a woman.
 Why are you fair, but to entice us
 To love you, that you may despise us? 330
 But though you cannot love, you say,
 Out of your own fanatic way,
 Why should you not at least allow
 Those that love you to do so too?
 For, as you fly me, and pursue 335
 Love more averse, so I do you;
 And am by your own doctrine taught
 To practise what you call a fault.
 Quoth she, If what you say be true,
 You must fly me as I do you; 340
 But 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In love and preaching, that must sway.

³³² VAR. 'Fanatique.' Qy. 'Fantastic?'

Quoth he, To bid me not to love
 Is to forbid my pulse to move,
 My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345
 Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup.
 Command me to piss out the moon,
 And 'twill as easily be done.
 Love's pow'r's too great to be withstood
 By feeble human flesh and blood. 350
 'Twas he that brought upon his knees
 The hec'ring kill-cow Hercules,
 Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
 T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;
 Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355
 T' a feeble distaff and a spindle :
 'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants
 To their own sisters and their aunts ;
 Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
 To play with pages at leap-frog : 360
 'Twas he that gave our Senate purges,
 And fluxt the House of many a burgess ;
 Made those that represent the nation
 Submit, and suffer amputation ;
 And all the Grandees o' th' Cabal 365
 Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.
 He mounted Synod-men and rode 'em
 To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom ;
 Made 'em curvet like Spanish Jenets,
 And take the ring at Madam ——'s. 370

³⁷⁰ " Stennet was the person whose name was dashed," says Sir Roger L'Estrange, ' Key to Hudibras. " Her husband was by profession a broom-man and lay-elder. She followed the laudible employment of bawding, and managed several intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters whose purity consisted chiefly in the whiteness of their linen."

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do
 More than the devil could tempt him to,
 In cold and frosty weather grow
 Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;
 And though she were of rigid temper, 275
 With melting flames accost and tempt her ;
 Which after in enjoyment quenching,
 He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, If love have these effects,
 Why is it not forbid our sex ? 380
 Why is 't not damn'd and interdicted
 For diabolical and wicked ?
 And sung, as out of tune, against,
 As Turk and Pope are by the Saints ?
 I find I've greater reason for it, 385
 Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects
 Spring from your heathenish neglects
 Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns
 Upon yourselves with equal scorns, 390
 And those who worthy lovers slight,
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite :
 This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
 To take a town-bull for her sweet ;
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395
 To be the rival of a cow :
 Others to prostitute their great hearts
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts :
 Some with the devil himself in league grow,
 By 's representative a Negro. 400

'Twas this made Vestal maids love-sick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick :
 Some by their fathers and their brothers

To be made mistresses and mothers.
 'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405
 On lacquies and *varlets des chambres* ;
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,
 And makes them stoop to dirty grooms ;
 To slight the world, and to disparage
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,
 Yet such as I should rather bear
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove
 Their faith and secrecy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415
 For secrecy in love as treason.
 Love is a burglarer, a felon,
 That at the windore-eye does steal in
 To rob the heart, and with his prey
 Steals out again a closer way, 420
 Which whosoever can discover,
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer.
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles
 In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,
 Which sooty chemists stop in holes 425
 When out of wood they extract coals ;
 So lovers should their passions choke,
 That though they burn, they may not smoke.
 'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole
 And dragg'd beasts backward into 's hole ; 430
 So love does lovers, and us men
 Draws by the tails into his den,
 That no impression may discover
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.

⁴⁰⁵ VAR. ' Valets des chambres.'

⁴¹⁵ VAR. ' Window eye.'

But if you doubt I should reveal 435
 What you intrust me under seal,
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous
 As your own secretary, Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close
 In hiding what your aims propose : 440
 Love-passions are like parables,
 By which men still mean something else :
 Though love be all the world's pretence,
 Money's the mythologic sense,
 The real substance of the shadow 445
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,
 And how to quit you your own way :
 He that will win his dame must do
 As Love does when he bends his bow ; 450
 With one hand thrust the lady from,
 And with the other pull her home.

I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great
 Provocative to am'rous heat :
 It is all philtres and high diet 455
 That makes love rampant and to fly out :
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon
 At their own weapons are outdone : 460
 That makes knights-errant fall in trances,
 And lay about 'em in romances :
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
 That men divine and sacred call ;
 For what is worth in anything 465
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?
 Or what but riches is there known

Which man can solely call his own,
 In which no creature goes his half,
 Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470
 I do confess, with goods and land,
 I'd have a wife at second-hand ;
 And such you are : nor is 't your person
 My stomach 's set so sharp and fierce on,
 But 'tis (your better part) your riches 475
 That my enamour'd heart bewitches :
 Let me your fortune but possess,
 And settle your person how you please ;
 Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil,
 You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better
 Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,
 Or any feat of qualm or sowning,
 But hanging of yourself or drowning ;
 Your only way with me to break 485
 Your mind, is breaking of your neck :
 For as when merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like nine-pins, they strike others down,
 So that would break my heart ; which done,
 My tempting fortune is your own. 490
 These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover
 Will damn himself over and over,
 And greater matters undertake,
 For a less worthy mistress' sake :
 Yet they're the only ways to prove 495
 Th' unfeign'd realities of love ;
 For he that hangs, or beats out 's brains,
 The devil 's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way 's too rough

For mere experiment and proof; 500
 It is no jesting trivial matter
 To swing i' th' air, or dive in water,
 And like a water-witch try love;
 That's to destroy, and not to prove :
 As if a man should be dissected, 505
 To find what part is disaffected :
 Your better way is to make over,
 In trust, your fortune to your lover.
 Trust is a trial ; if it break,
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck : 510
 Beside, th' experiment 's more certain ;
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune :
 The soldier does it ev'ry day
 (Eight to the week) for sixpence pay ;
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515
 To share with knaves in cheating fools ;
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.
 This is the way I advise you to ;
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520
 Quoth she, I should be loth to run
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none ;
 Which must be done, unless some deed
 Of yours aforesaid do precede :
 Give but yourself one gentle swing 525
 For trial, and I'll cut the string ;
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,
 Or two or three, against a wall,
 To show you are a man of mettle,
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530
 Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,

Nor (like the Indian's scull) so tough
 That, authors say, 'twas musket proof;
 As it had need to be, to enter 535
 As yet on any new adventure.

You see what bangs it has endur'd,
 That would, before new feats, be cur'd :
 But if that's all you stand upon,
 Here strike me, Luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone
 As you suppose; two words t' a bargain:
 That may be done, and time enough,
 When you have given downright proof:
 And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545

I have to love, nor coy dislike;
 'Tis no implicit nice aversion
 T' your conversation, mien, or person;
 But a just fear lest you should prove
 False and perfidious in love: 550

For, if I thought you could be true,
 I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith as adamant
 As chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
 True as Apollo ever spoke, 555

Or oracle from heart of oak:
 And if you'll give my flame but vent,
 Now in close hugger-mugger pent,
 And shine upon me but benignly

With that one and that other pigsney, 560
 The sun and day shall sooner part

Than love and you shake off my heart;
 The sun, that shall no more dispense
 His own, but your bright influence.

I'll carve your name on barks of trees 565

With true-love-knots and flourishes,
 That shall infuse eternal spring
 And everlasting flourishing ;
 Drink ev'ry letter on 't in stum,
 And make it brisk Champagne become. 570
 Where'er you tread, your foot shall set
 The primrose and the violet ;
 All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
 Shall borrow from your breath their odours ;
 Nature her charter shall renew, 575
 And take all lives of things from you ;
 The world depend upon your eye,
 And, when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our loves shall still survive,
 New worlds and Natures to outlive, 580
 And like to heralds' moons remain
 All crescents, without change or wane.
 Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;
 Sir Knight, you take your aim amiss ;
 For you will find it a hard chapter 585
 To catch me with poetic rapture,
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Doth shew itself, and not your heart ;
 Nor will you raise in mine combustion
 By dint of high heroic fustian. 590
 She that with poetry is won
 Is but a desk to write upon ;
 And what men say of her they mean
 No more than on the thing they lean.
 Some with Arabian spices strive 595
 T' embalm her cruelly alive ;
 Or season her, as French cooks use
 Their *haut-gouts, bouilles, or ragouts*

Use her so barbarously ill
 To grind her lips upon a mill, 600
 Until the *facet doublet* doth
 Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth ;
 Her mouth, compar'd t' an oyster's, with
 A row of pearl in 't 'stead of teeth.
 Others make posies of her cheeks, 605
 Where red and whitest colours mix ;
 In which the lily and the rose
 For Indian lake and ceruse goes.
 The sun and moon, by her bright eyes
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies, 610
 Are but black patches that she wears,
 Cut into suns, and moons, and stars ;
 By which astrologers, as well
 As those in heav'n above, can tell
 What strange events they do foreshow 615
 Unto her under-world below.
 Her voice the music of the spheres,
 So loud it deafens mortals' ears,
 As wise philosophers have thought,
 And that's the cause we hear it not. 620
 'This has been done by some, who those
 Th' ador'd in rhyme, would kick in prose ;
 And in those ribands would have hung,
 Of which melodiously they sung.
 That have the hard fate to write best 625
 Of those still that deserve it least :
 It matters not how false or forc'd,
 So the best things be said o' th' worst ;
 It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
 Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630
 Whether it be a swan or goose

They level at: so shepherds use
 To set the same mark on the hip
 Both of their sound and rotten sheep:
 For wits that carry low or wide, 635
 Must be aim'd higher, or beside
 The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh
 But when they take their aim awry.
 But I do wonder you should choose
 This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640
 As one cut out to pass your tricks on,
 With fulhams of poetic fiction.
 I rather hop'd I should no more
 Hear from you o' th' gallanting score;
 For hard dry bastings us'd to prove 645
 The readiest remedies of love,
 Next a dry diet: but if those fail,
 Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,
 In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,
 Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock; 650
 Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,
 If that may serve you for a cooler
 T' allay your mettle, all agog
 Upon a wife, the heavier clog:
 Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655
 That for a bruis'd or broken pate
 Has freed you from those knobs that grow
 Much harder on the marry'd brow.
 But if no dread can cool your courage
 From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage; 660
 Yet give me quarter, and advance
 To nobler aims your puissance;
 Level at beauty and at wit,

⁶⁴² A cant word for false dice.

The fairest mark is easiest hit.

Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand
 In that already with your command ;
 For where does beauty and high wit,
 But in your Constellation, meet ?

665

Quoth she, What does a match imply
 But likeness and equality ?

670

I know you cannot think me fit
 To be th' yokefellow of your wit ;
 Nor take one of so mean deserts
 To be the partner of your parts ;
 A grace which, if I could believe,
 Y've not the conscience to receive.

675

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,
 Is misinform'd : I'll state the case.

A man may be a legal donor
 Of any thing whereof he 's owner,
 And may confer it where he lists,
 I' the judgment of all casuists :

680

Then wit, and parts, and valour, may
 Be ali'nated and made away
 By those that are proprietors,
 As I may give or sell my horse.

685

Quoth she, I grant the case is true
 And proper 'twixt your horse and you :
 But whether I may take, as well
 As you may give away or sell ?

690

Buyers, you know, are bid beware ;
 And worse than thieves receivers are.
 How shall I answer Hue and Cry
 For a Roan-gelding, twelve hands high,
 All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof,
 A sorrel mane ? Can I bring proof

695

Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold for,
And in the open market toll'd for?

Or, should I take you for a stray,
You must be kept a year and day 700

(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found ;

And in the mean time I must pay
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705
T' enervate this objection,

And prove myself, by topic clear,
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd
To be the cause of loss of beard, 710

That does (like embryo in the womb)
Abortive on the chin become :

'This first a woman did invent
In envy of man's ornament,

Semiramis of Babylon, 715
Who first of all cut men o' th' stone

To mar their beards, and laid foundation
Of sow-geldering operation.

Look on this beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either? 720

Next it appears I am no horse,
That I can argue and discourse,

Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.

Quoth she, That nothing will avail ;
For some philosophers of late here, 725

Write men have four legs by Nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go

Erroneously upon but two ;
As 'twas in Germany made good

B' a boy that lost himself in a wood, 730
 And growing down t' a man, was wont
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,
 We cannot say they're true or false,
 Till you explain yourself and show 735
 B' experiment 'tis so or no.

Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,
 I'll give you sat'sfactory account ;
 So you will promise, if you lose,
 To settle all and be my spouse. 740

That never shall be done (quoth she)
 To one that wants a tail, by me ;
 For tails by Nature sure were meant,
 As well as beards, for ornament ;
 And though the vulgar count them homely, 745
 In men or beast they are so comely,
 So gentee, alamode, and handsome,
 I'll never marry man that wants one :
 And till you can demonstrate plain
 You have one equal to your mane, 750
 I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,
 Which makes him have so strong a breath 755
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;
 Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms
 Than yours on any other terms.

Quoth he, What Nature can afford
 I shall produce, upon my word ; 760
 And if she ever gave that boon
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;

I mean by postulate illation,
When you shall offer just occasion :
But since y' have yet deny'd to give 765
My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,
But made it sink down to my heel,
Let that at least your pity feel ;
And, for the suff'rings of your martyr,
Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770
And, by discharge or mainprize, grant
Deliv'ry from this base restraint.
Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg
Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;
And if I knew which way to do 't 775
(Your honour safe) I'd let you out.
That dames by jail-delivery
Of errant knights have been set free,
When by enchantment they have been,
And sometimes for it too, laid in ; 780
Is that which knights are bound to do
By order, oath, and honour too.
For what are they renown'd and famous else,
But aiding of distressed damosels ?
But for a lady, no ways errant, 785
To free a knight, we have no warrant
In any authentical romance,
Or classic author yet of France ;
And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient custom for a freak, 790
Or innovation introduce
In place of things of antique use,
To free your heels by any course
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs :
Which, if I should consent unto, 795

It is not in my pow'r to do ;
 For 'tis a service must be done ye
 With solemn previous ecremony,
 Which always has been us'd t' untie
 The charms of those who here do lie. 800
 For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's temple had no door
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay,
 So from this dungeon there 's no way
 To honour'd freedom, but by passing 805
 That other virtuous school of lashing ;
 Where knights are kept in narrow lists
 With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists,
 In which they for a while are tenants,
 And for their ladies suffer penance. 810
 Whipping, that 's Virtue's governess,
 Tut'ress of arts and sciences,
 That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,
 And puts new life into dull matter,
 That lays foundation for renown 815
 And all the honours of the gown.
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'rabl discharge :
 Then, in their robes, the penitentials
 Are straight presented with credentials, 820
 And in their way attended on
 By magistrates of ev'ry town ;
 And, all respect and charges paid,
 They're to their ancient seats convey'd.
 Now, if you'll venture, for my sake, 825
 To try the toughness of your back,
 And suffer (as the rest have done)
 The laying of a whipping on,

(And may you prosper in your suit,
As you with equal vigour do 't), 830

I here engage myself to loose ye,
And free your heels from caperdewsie.

But since our sex's modesty
Will not allow I should be by,
Bring me on oath a fair account, 835

And honour too, when you have don 't ;
And I'll admit you to the place
You claim as due in my good grace.

If matrimony and hanging go
By dest'ny, why not whipping too ? 840

What med'cine else can cure the fits
Of lovers when they lose their wits ?

Love is a boy by poets styl'd,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.

A Persian emp'ror whipp'd his grannam, 845
The sea, his mother Venus came on ;

And hence some rev'rend men approve
Of rosemary in making love.

As skilful coopers hoop their tubs
With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850

Why may not whipping have as good
A grace, perform'd in time and mood,

With comely movement, and by art
Raise passion in a lady's heart ?

It is an easier way to make 855
Love by, than that which many take.

Who would not rather suffer whipping,
Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon ?

Make wicked verses, treats, and faces

⁸³¹ VAR. 'I here engage to be your bayl,
And free you from th' unknighly jayl.'

And spell names over with beer-glasses ? 860
 Be under vows to hang and die
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie ?
 With China-oranges and tarts,
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts ?
 Bribe chambermaids with love and money 865
 To break no roguish jests upon ye ?
 For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,
 With painted perfumes, hazard noses ?
 Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
 Do penance in a paper lantern ? 870
 All this you may compound for now,
 By suff'ring what I offer you ;
 Which is no more than has been done
 By knights for ladies long agoe.
 Did not the great La Mancha do so 875
 For the Infanta Del Toboso ?
 Did not th' illustrious Bassa make
 Himself a slave for Misse's sake,
 And with bull's pizzle, for her love,
 Was taw'd as gentle as a glove ? 880
 Was not young Florio sent (to cool
 His flame for Biancafiore) to school,
 Where pedant made his pathic bum
 For her sake suffer martyrdom ?
 Did not a certain lady whip, 885
 Of late, her husband's own lordship ?
 And, though a grandee of the House,
 Claw'd him with fundamental blows ;
 Ty'd him stark-naked to a bedpost,
 And fir'd his hide as if sh' had rid post ; 890
 And after in the Sessions court,
 Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for 't ?

This swear you will perform, and then
 I'll set you from th' enchanted den,
 And the Magician's circle, clear. 895

Quoth he, I do profess and swear,
 And will perform what you enjoin,
 Or may I never see you mine.

Amen, (quoth she), then turn'd about,
 And bid her Squire let him out. 900

But ere an artist could be found
 T' undo the charms another bound,
 The sun grew low and left the skies,
 Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905
 That hides her face by day from sight
 (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade),
 And in the lantern of the night

With shining horns hung out her light; 910
 For darkness is the proper sphere
 Where all false glories use t' appear.

The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.

His whipping penance, till the morn
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,
 And not to carry on a work
 Of such importance in the dark, 920

With erring haste, but rather stay,
 And do 't in th' open face of day;
 And in the mean-time go in quest
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

894 VAR. 'I'll free you.'

PART II. CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire in hot dispute,
 Within an ace of falling out,
 Are parted with a sudden fright
 Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;
 With which adventuring to stickle,
 They're sent away in nasty pickle.

TIS strange how some men's tempers suit
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute;
 That for their own opinions stand fast,
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast;
 That keep their consciences in cases, 5
 As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
 To play a fit for argument;
 Make true and false, unjust and just,
 Of no use but to be discust; 10
 Dispute, and set a paradox
 Like a straight boot upon the stocks,
 And stretch it more unmercifully
 Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.
 So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church,
 Beat out their brains in fight and study
 To prove that virtue is a body,
 That *bonum* is an animal

² VAR. 'Brandee.'

¹⁴ VAR. 'Montaign and Lully.'

Made good with stout polemic brawl ; 20
 In which some hundreds on the place
 Were slain outright, and many a face
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;
 Each striving to make good his own,
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since in the lap
 Of Thetis taken out his nap, 30
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
 From black to red began to turn ;
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aching
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night, and waking,
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,
 Resolving to despatch the deed
 He vow'd to do, with trusty speed.
 But first with knocking loud, and bawling,
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling ; 40
 And after many circumstances,
 Which vulgar authors in romances
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,
 To make impertinent description,
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45
 And to the Castle bent their course,
 In which he to the Dame before
 To suffer whipping-duty swore.
 Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,

⁴⁹ VAR. 'Whipping duly swore.'

And with a serious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new scruple in his head,
Which first he scratch'd and after said :

Whether it be direct infringing 55
An oath, if I should wave this swinging,
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,
And so b' equivocation swear ;
Or whether 't be a lesser sin
To be forsworn than act the thing, 60
Are deep and subtle points, which must,
T' inform my conscience, be discust ;
In which to err a tittle may
To errors infinite make way :
And therefore I desire to know 65
Thy judgment ere we further go.

Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin it,
I shall enlarge upon the point ;
And, for my own part, do not doubt
Th' affirmative may be made out. 70
But first, to state the case aright,
For best advantage of our light :
And thus 'tis : Whether 't be a sin

⁵⁵ ⁵⁶ This dialogue between Hudibras and Ralph sets before us the hypocrisy and villany of all parties of the Rebels with regard to oaths ; what equivocations and evasions they made use of to account for the many perjuries they were daily guilty of, and the several oaths they readily took, and as readily broke, merely as they found it suited their interest, as appears from v. 107, &c. and v. 377, &c. of this Canto, and Part III. Canto III. v. 547, &c. Archbishop Bramhall says, "That the hypocrites of those times, though they magnified the obligation of an oath, yet in their own case dispensed with all oaths, civil, military, and religious. We are now told," says he, "that the oaths we have taken are not to be examined according to the interpretation of men: No! How then?—Surely according to the interpretation of devils."

To claw and curry your own skin,
 Greater or less than to forbear, 75
 And that you are forsworn forswear.
 But first o' th' first: The inward man,
 And outward, like a clan and clan,
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,
 And one another clapper-clawing: 80
 Not that they really cuff or fence,
 But in a spiritual mystic sense ;
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble
 In literal fray, 's abominable.
 'Tis Heathenish, in frequent use 85
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,
 To offer sacrifice of Bridewells,
 Like modern Indians to their idols ;
 And mongrel Christians of our times,
 That expiate less with greater crimes, 90
 And call the foul abomination
 Contrition and mortification.
 Is't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked
 With sinful members of the Wicked ;
 Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95
 Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;
 But we must claw ourselves with shameful
 And Heathen stripes, by their example ?
 Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
 Is impious, because they did it. 100
 This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd
 A heinous sin. Now to the second :
 That saints may claim a dispensation
 To swear and forswear on occasion,
 I doubt not but it will appear 105
 With pregnant light ; the point is clear.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind;
 Too feeble implements to bind;
 And hold with deeds proportion, so
 As shadows to a substance do. 110
 Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit
 The weaker vessel should submit.
 Although your Church be opposite
 To ours as Blackfriars are to White,
 In rule and order, yet I grant 115
 You are a Reformado saint;
 And what the saints do claim as due,
 You may pretend a title to.
 But saints, whom oaths and vows oblige,
 Know little of their privilege; 120
 Further (I mean) than carrying on
 Some self-advantage of their own.
 For if the devil, to serve his turn,
 Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,
 When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125
 I think there's little reason why:
 Else h' has a greater power than they
 Which 'twere impiety to say.
 We're not commanded to forbear,
 Indefinitely, at all to swear; 130
 But to swear idly, and in vain,
 Without self-interest or gain.
 For breaking of an oath, and lying,
 Is but a kind of self-denying,
 A saint-like virtue; and from hence 135
 Some have broke oaths by Providence:

¹³⁶ When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed capitally against the King, Cromwell stood up and told them, "That if any man moved this with design, he

Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
 Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word;
 And this the constant rule and practice
 Of all our late apostles' acts is. 140
 Was not the Cause at first begun
 With perjury, and carried on?
 Was there an oath the Godly took,
 But in due time and place they broke?
 Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145
 Before our plate, to have them burst,
 And cast in fitter models for
 The present use of Church and War?
 Did not our Worthies of the House,
 Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150
 For, having freed us first from both
 Th' Allegiance and Suprem'ey oath,
 Did they not next compel the nation
 To take, and break the Protestation?
 To swear, and after to recant, 155
 The Solemn League and Covenant?
 To take th' Engagement, and disclaim it;
 Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?
 Did they not swear, at first, to fight
 For the King's safety, and his right; 160
 And after march'd to find him out,
 And charg'd him home with horse and foot;

should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he should pray to God to bless their counsels." And when he kept the king close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, contrary to vows and protestations, he affirmed "The Spirit would not let him keep his word." And when, contrary to the public faith, they murdered him, they pretended they could not resist the motions of the Spirit.

But yet still had the confidence
 To swear it was in his defence?
 Did they not swear to live and die 165
 With Essex, and straight laid him by?
 If that were all, for some have sworn
 As false as they, if they did no more.
 Did they not swear to maintain Law,
 In which that swearing made a flaw? 170
 For Protestant religion vow,
 That did that vowing disallow?
 For Privilege of Parliament,
 In which that swearing made a rent?
 And since, of all the three, not one 175
 Is left in being, 'tis well known.
 Did they not swear, in express words,
 To prop and back the House of Lords;
 And after turn'd out the whole houseful
 Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180
 So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,
 Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
 Vow'd that the Redcoats would disband,
 Ay, marry would they, at their command;
 And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185
 Till th' Army turn'd them out of door.
 This tells us plainly what they thought,
 That oaths and swearing go for nought,
 And that by them th' were only meant
 To serve for an expedient. 190
 What was the Public Faith found out for,
 But to slur men of what they fought for?
 The Public Faith, which ev'ry one
 Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
 And if that go for nothing, why 195

Should Private Faith have such a tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,
To keep the Good and Just in awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a pinfold. 200
A Saint's of th' heav'nly realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as owner,
It follows, though the thing be forg'ry 205
And false, t' affirm it is no perj'ry,
But a mere ceremony, and a breach
Of nothing but a form of speech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took
Than mere saluting of the Book. 210
Suppose the Scriptures are of force,
They're but commissions of course;
And Saints have freedom to digress,
And vary from 'em, as they please;
Or misinterpret them by private 215
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.
Then why should we ourselves abridge,
And curtail our own privilege?
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear
Their light within 'em,) will not swear; 220
Their Gospel is an Accidence,
By which they construe Conscience,
And hold no sin so deeply red,
As that of breaking Priscian's head
(The head and founder of their order, 225
That stirring hats held worse than murder).
These, thinking they're obliged to troth
In swearing, will not take an oath:

Like mules, who if they've not their will
 To keep their own pace stand stock-still : 230
 But they are weak, and little know
 What free-born Consciencences may do.
 'Tis the temptation of the devil
 That makes all human actions evil :
 For Saints may do the same things by 235
 The Spirit, in sincerity,
 Which other men are tempted to,
 And at the devil's instance do ;
 And yet the actions be contrary,
 Just as the Saints and Wicked vary. 240
 For, as on land there is no beast
 But in some fish at sea's exprest,
 So in the Wicked there's no vice
 Of which the Saints have not a spice ;
 And yet that thing that's pious in 245
 The one, in th' other is a sin.
 Is 't not ridiculous and nonsense
 A saint should be a slave to Conscience ;
 That ought to be above such fancies,
 As far as above Ordinances ? 250
 She's of the Wicked, as I guess
 B' her looks, her language, and her dress :
 And though like constables we search
 For false wares one another's Church ;
 Yet all of us hold this for true, 255
 No faith is to the Wicked due.
 For truth is precious and divine ;
 Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.
 Quoth Hudibras, All this is true :
 Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260
 Those mysteries and revelations ;
 And therefore topical evasions

Of subtle turns and shifts of sense,
 Serve best with th' Wicked for pretence :
 Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265
 And Presbyterians, for excuse
 Against the Protestants, when th' happen
 To find their Churches taken napping.
 As thus: A breach of Oath is duple,
 And either way admits a scruple, 270
 And may be *ex parte* of the maker
 More criminal, than the injured taker ;
 For he that strains too far a vow
 Will break it, like an o'erbent bow :
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it ; 275
 Not he that for Convenience took it.
 A broken oath is, *quatenus* oath,
 As sound t' all purposes of'troth ;
 As broken laws are ne'er the worse :
 Nay, till they're broken have no force. 280
 What's justice to a man, or laws,
 That never comes within their claws ?
 They have no pow'r but to admonish ;
 Cannot control, coerce, or punish,
 Until they're broken, and then touch 285
 Those only that do make 'em such.
 Beside, no engagement is allow'd
 By men in prison made for good ;
 For when they're set at liberty
 They're from th' engagement too set free. 290
 The Rabbins write, When any Jew
 Did make to God or man a vow
 Which afterwards he found untoward
 And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,
 Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295

Might free him from the obligation :
 And have not two Saints pow'r to use
 A greater privilege than three Jews ?
 The court of Conscience, which in man
 Should be supreme and sovereign, 300
 Is 't fit should be subordinate
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,
 And have less power than the lesser,
 To deal with perjury at pleasure ?
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305
 Allow'd, at fancy of pie-powder ?
 Tell all it does, or does not know,
 For swearing *ex officio* ?
 Be fore'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
 And pigs unring'd, at *vis. franc.* pledge ? 310
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,
 Priests, witches, eaves-droppers, and nuisance ?
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half-full ?
 And have no pow'r at all, nor shift, 315
 To help itself at a dead lift ?
 Why should not Conscience have vacation
 As well as other Courts o' th' nation ;
 Have equal power to adjourn,
 Appoint appearance and return ; 320
 And make as nice distinctions serve
 To split a case, as those that carve,
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints ?
 Why should not tricks as slight, do points ?
 Is not th' High-court of Justice sworn 325
 To judge that law that serves their turn ?
 Make their own jealousies high treason,
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on ?

Cannot the learned Counsel there
 Make laws in any shape appear? 330
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,
 When they make pictures to destroy;
 And vex 'em into any form
 That fits their purpose to do harm?
 Rack 'em until they do confess, 335
 Impeach of treason whom they please,
 And most perfidiously condemn
 Those that engag'd their lives for them;
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,
 But what they ought by Oath and Conscience? 340
 Can they not juggle, and with slight
 Conveyance play with wrong and right;
 And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
 As Lapland witches bottled air?
 Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge, 345
 The same case sev'ral ways adjudge;
 As seamen with the self-same gale,
 Will several diff'rent courses sail?
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,
 And overflows the level grounds, 350
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;
 So, when tyrannical usurpation
 Invades the freedom of a nation,
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended. 355
 To keep it out, are made defend it.
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear
 What makes best for him in his answer?
 Is not the winding up witnesses,
 And nicking, more than half the bus'ness? 360

345 VAR. 'Grutch.'

353 VAR. 'tyrannic.'

For witnesses, like watches, go
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow ;
 And, where in Conscience they're strait-lac'd,
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Do not your Juries give their verdict 365

As if they felt the cause, not heard it ?

And, as they please, make matter o' fact

Run all on one side as they're pack't ?

Nature has made man's breast no windores,

To publish what he does within doors ; 370

Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,

Unless his own rash folly blab it.

If Oaths can do a man no good

In his own bus'ness, why they should,

In other matters, do him hurt ; 375

I think there 's little reason for 't.

He that imposes an Oath, makes it ;

Not he that for Convenience takes it :

Then how can any man be said

To break an Oath he never made ? 380

These reasons may perhaps look oddly

To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly ;

But if they will not serve to clear

My Honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble 385

That finds philosophers such trouble,

Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly,

And wits are crackt to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word

To swear by only in a Lord : 390

In other men 'tis but a huff

To vapour with, instead of proof ;

That, like a wen, looks big and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395
It has the world's opinion still.

But as men are not wise that run
The slightest hazard they may shun,
There may a medium be found out
To clear to all the world the doubt; 400
And that is, if a man may do 't,
By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear
(Quoth Ralph), it may hold up and clear.
That sinners may supply the place 405
Of suff'ring Saints, is a plain case.

Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes.
Our Brethren of New England use
Choice Malefactors to excuse, 410

And hand the Guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the Churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a Cobbler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Use, 415
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.

This precious Brother having slain
In times of peace an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal
(Because he was an Infidel), 420

The mighty Tottipotymoy
Sent to our Elders an Envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force 425
Between both Churches, his and ours;

For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.
 But they, maturely having weigh'd
 They had no more but him o' th' trade 430
 (A man that serv'd them in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobble),
 Resolv'd to spare him ; yet, to do
 The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
 Impartial justice, in his stead did 435
 Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.
 Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd ?
 And in your room another whipp'd ?
 For all philosophers, but the Sceptic,
 Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440

It is enough, quoth Hudibras,
 Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case ;
 And canst, in conscience, not refuse
 From thy own Doctrine to raise Use :
 I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445
 Be tender-conscienc'd of thy back :
 Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,
 And give thy outward-fellow a firking ;
 For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,
 All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ;
 For in all scruples of this nature
 No man includes himself, nor turns
 The point upon his own concerns.
 As no man of his own self catches 455
 The itch or amorous French achès ;
 So no man does himself convince,
 By his own doctrine, of his sins :
 And though all cry down self, none means

His own self in a literal sense. 460

Besides, it is not only foppish,
But vile, idolatrous, and Popish,
For one man out of his own skin
To firk and whip another's sin ;
As pedants out of schoolboys' breeches 465
Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,
And sinful too, because in vain ;
For we must take our oaths upon it
You did the deed, when I have done it. 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon ;
Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you ;
For when with your consent 'tis done, 475
The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain
(I see) to argue 'gainst the grain ;
Or, like the stars, incline men to
What they're averse themselves to do : 480
For when disputes are weary'd out,
'Tis int'rest still resolves the doubt.

But since no reason can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your duty ;
For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485
As, ere we part, I shall evince it ;
And curry (if you stand out), whether
You will or no, your stubborn leather.

Canst thou refuse to bear thy part
I' th' public Work, base as thou art ? 490
To higgler thus for a few blows,
To gain thy Knight an op'lent spouse,

Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase
Merely for th' int'rest of the Churches?

And when he has it in his claws 495

Will not be hide-bound to the Cause;

Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon

If thou despatch it without grudging:

If not, resolve, before we go,

That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best (quoth Ralpho), as the Ancients

Say wisely, Have a care o' th' main chance,

And Look before you ere you leap;

For As you sow, y'are like to reap:

And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505

I should make bold to turn agen;

Nor am I doubtful of the issue

In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is't fitting for a man of honour

To whip the Saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510

A Knight t' usurp the Beadle's office,

For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?

But I advise you (not for fear,

But for your own sake) to forbear;

And for the Churches, which may chance 515

From hence to spring a variance,

And raise among themselves new scruples,

Whom common danger hardly couples.

Remember how in arms and politics

We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520

Trepann'd your party with intrigue,

And took your Grandees down a peg;

New-modell'd th' army, and cashier'd

All that to Legion Smee adher'd;

Made a mere utensil o' your Church, 525

And after left it in the lurch,
 A scaffold to build up our own,
 And when w' had done with 't pull'd it down ;
 Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
 And snapp'd their Canons with a Why-not ; 530
 (Grave Synod-men, that were rever'd
 For solid face and depth of beard) ;
 Their Classic model prov'd a maggot,
 Their Direct'ry an Indian pagod ;
 And drown'd their Discipline like a kitten, 535
 On which th' had been so long a-sitting ;
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat
 Grown out of date and obsolete,
 And all the Saints of the first grass
 As castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540

At this the Knight grew high in chafe,
 And, staring furiously on Ralph,
 He trembled and look'd pale with ire,
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, 545
 And for so many moons lain by 't,
 And when all other means did fail
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of alè ?
 (Not but they thought me worth a ransom
 Much more consid'able and handsome, 550
 But for their own sakes, and for fear
 They were not safe when I was there),
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,
 An upstart Sect'ry and a Mongrel,
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555
 Of our own Church, like wens or tumours,

⁵²⁹ VAR. ' O'er-reach'd.' ' Capoch'd' signifies hooded, or blindfolded.

And, like a maggot in a sore,
 Would that which gave it life devour ;
 It never shall be done or said.
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold
 With equal readiness, prepar'd
 To draw and stand upon his guard :
 When both were parted on the sudden 565
 With hideous clamour and a loud one,
 As if all sorts of noise had been
 Contracted into one loud din ;
 Or that some member to be chosen
 Had got the odds above a thousand, 570
 And by the greatness of his noise
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.
 This strange surprisal put the Knight
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575
 Impetuous rancour, to join battle,
 Both thought it was the wisest course
 To wave the fight and mount to horse,
 And to secure by swift retreating
 Themselves from danger of worse beating : 580
 Yet neither of them would disparage,
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage,
 Which made them stoutly keep their ground,
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.
 And now the cause of all their fear 585
 By slow degrees approach'd so near
 They might distinguish diff'rent noise
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,

⁵⁸⁷ VAR. ' They might discern respective noise.'

And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590
 But when the sight appear'd in view,
 They found it was an antique shew;
 A triumph that for pomp and state
 Did proudest Romans emulate.
 For as the Aldermen of Rome, 595
 Their foes at training overcome
 (And not enlarging territory,
 As some mistaken write in story),
 Being mounted in their best array
 Upon a car—and who but they?— 600
 And follow'd with a world of tall lads
 That merry ditties troll'd and ballads,
 Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
 Crying, Hey for our town! through the Borough;
 So when this triumph drew so nigh 605
 They might particulars descry,
 They never saw two things so pat
 In all respects as this and that.
 First, he that led the cavalcate
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610
 On which he blew as strong a level
 As well-feed lawyer on his brev'ate
 When over one another's heads
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Sweads.
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615
 From trebles down to double base;
 And after them, upon a nag
 That might pass for a forehand stag,

596 VAR. ' For foes.'

609 610 VAR. ' cavalcade,' ' flagellet.'

614 VAR. ' Swedes.'

A cornet rode, and on his staff
 A smock display'd did proudly wave : 620
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,
 Sound filthier than from the gut,
 And make a viler noise than swine 625
 In windy weather when they whine.
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,
 Full fraught with that which for good manners
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630
 And busily upon the crowd
 At random round about bestow'd.
 Then, mounted on a horned horse,
 One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
 Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635
 He held revers'd, the point turn'd downward.
 Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,
 The conqu'ror's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the champion
 A petticoat display'd, and rampant ; 640
 Near whom the Amazon triumphant
 Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on t
 Sat, face to tail and bum to bum,
 The warrior whilom overcome,
 Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645
 Which as he rode she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder
 Chastis'd the reformado soldier.
 Before the Dame and round about
 March'd whiffers and staffers on foot, 650
 With lacquies, grooms, valets, and pages,

In fit and proper equipages ;
 Of whom some torches bore, some links,
 Before the proud virago-minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don, 655
 Like Nero's Sporus or Pope Joan ;
 And at fit periods the whole rout
 Set up their throats with clam'rous shout.
 The Knight transported, and the Squire,
 Put up their weapons and their ire ; 660
 And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder
 On such sights with judicious wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His an'madversions, for his heart.
 Quoth he, In all my life till now 665
 I ne'er saw so profane a show :
 It is a Paganish invention
 Which Heathen writers often mention ;
 And he who made it had read Goodwin,
 Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine, 670
 With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows
 That best describe those ancient shows,
 And has observ'd all fit decorums
 We find describ'd by old historians.
 For as a Roman conqueror 675
 That put an end to foreign war,
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,
 Bore a slave with him in his chariot ;
 So this insulting female brave
 Carries behind her here a slave : 680
 And as the Ancients long ago,
 When they in field defy'd the foe,
 Hung out their mantles *della guerre*,
 So her proud Standard-bearer here

Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.

Next links and torches, heretofore
 Still borne before the emperor :

And, as in antique triumph eggs
 Were borne for mystical intrigues, 690

'There 's one with truncheon, like a ladle,
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;

And still at random as he goes
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.

Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695
 For all th' antiquity you smatter

Is but a riding us'd of course

When the grey mare 's the better horse ;

When o'er the breeches greedy women
 Fight to extend their vast dominion, 700

And in the cause impatient Grizel

Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,

And brought him under Covert-baron,

To turn her vassal with a murrain ; 705

When wives their sexes shift, like hares,

And ride their husbands, like night-mares,

And they in mortal battle vanquish'd

Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,
 And by the right of war, like gills, 710

Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels :

For when men by their wives are cow'd,

Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentenee

Impertinently, and against sense :

'Tis not the least disparagement 715
 To be defeated by th' event,
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;

That does not make a man the worse,
Although his shoulders with battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some tune. 720
A tailor's prentice has no hard
Measure, that 's bang'd with a true yard ;
But to turn tail or run away,
And without blows give up the day,
Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725
That 's no man's fortune, but his fault ;
And renders men of honour less
Than all th' adversity of success :
And only unto such this shew
Of horns and petticoats is due. 730
There is a lesser profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation :
For as ovation was allow'd
For conquest purchas'd without blood,
So men decree those lesser shows 735
For vict'ry gotten without blows,
By dint of sharp hard words, which some
Give battle with and overcome :
These mounted in a chair-curule,
Which Moderns call a Cucking-stool, 740
March proudly to the river's side,
And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;
Like dukes of Venice, who are said
The Adriatic sea to wed,
And have a gentler wife than those 745
For whom the state decrees those shows.
But both are Heathenish, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome,
And by the Saints should be withstood,
As antichristian and lewd ; 750

And we as such should now contribute
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd
T' attack the leader, and still prest 753
Till they approach'd him breast to breast.
Then Hudibras with face and hand
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this devil's procession
With men of orthodox profession ? 760
'Tis ethnique and idolatrous,
From Heathenism deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Bab'lon ride
Upon her horned Beast astride
Like this proud Dame, who either is 765
A type of her, or she of this ?
Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be us'd in Gospel sunshine ?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery ; 770
Of running after self-inventions
Of wicked and profane intentions ;
To scandalize that sex for scolding,
To whom the Saints are so beholden.
Women, who were our first apostles, 775
Without whose aid w' had all been lost else ;

⁷⁷⁵ The women were zealous contributors to the Good Cause, as they called it. Mr. James Howel observes, "That unusual voluntary collections were made both in town and country; the seamstress brought in her silver thimble, the chambermaid her bodkin, the cook her silver spoon, into the common treasury of war.—And some sort of females were freer in their contributions, so far as to part with their rings and earrings, as if some golden calf were to be molten and set up to be idolized."

Women, that left no stone unturn'd
 In which the Cause might be concern'd ;
 Brought in their children's spoons and whistles
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ; 780
 Their husbands, cullies, and sweethearts,
 To take the Saints' and Churches' parts ;
 Drew several Gifted Brethren in,
 That for the Bishops would have been,
 And fix'd 'em constant to the party 785
 With motives powerful and hearty ;
 Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts
 T' administer unto their Gifts
 All they could rap, and rend, and pilfer,
 To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790
 Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and spent
 With holding forth for Parl'ament ;
 Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal
 With marrow puddings many a meal ;
 Enabled them, with store of meat, 795
 On controverted points to eat ;
 And cramm'd 'em till their guts did ache
 With caudle, custard, and plum-cake.
 What have they done or what left undone
 That might advance the Cause at London ? 800
 March'd rank and file with drum and ensign,
 T' intrench the City for defence in ;
 Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,
 To put the Enemy to stands :
 From ladies down to oyster wenches 805
 Labour'd like pioneers in trenches,
 Fall'n to their pickaxes and tools,
 And help'd the men to dig like moles.

Have not the handmaids of the City
 Chose of their Members a Committee, 810
 For raising of a common purse,
 Out of their wages, to raise horse?
 And do they not as triers sit,
 To judge what officers are fit?
 Have they—At that an egg let fly 815
 Hit him directly o'er the eye,
 And, running down his cheek, besmear'd
 With orange-tawny slime his beard;
 But beard and slime being of one hue,
 The wound the less appear'd in view. 820
 Then he that on the panniers rode
 Let fly on th' other side a load,
 And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
 In Ralpho's face another volley.
 The Knight was startled with the smell, 825
 And for his sword began to feel;
 And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,
 Grasp'd his, when one that bore a link
 O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,
 Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830
 And straight another with his flambeau
 Gave Ralpho o'er the eyes a damn'd blow.
 The beasts began to kick and fling,
 And forc'd the rout to make a ring;

813 814 "The House considered, in the next place, that divers weak persons have crept into places beyond their abilities; and, to the end that men of greater parts may be put into their rooms, they appointed the Lady Middlesex, Mrs. Dunch, the Lady Foster, and the Lady Anne Waller, by reason of their great experience in soldiery in the kingdom, to be a Committee of Triers for the business." See "The Parliament of Ladies," p. 6.

Through which they quickly broke their way, 835
 And brought them off from further fray.

And though disorder'd in retreat,
 Each of them stoutly kept his seat :
 For quitting both their swords and reins,
 They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,
 And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841

With spurring put their cattle to 't ;
 And till all four were out of wind,
 And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
 After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845
 Their spirits spent with fight and flying,
 And Hudibras recruited force
 Of lungs for action or discourse :

Quoth he, That man is sure to lose
 That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850
 For where no honour 's to be gain'd,
 'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd.

'Twas ill for us we had to do
 With so dishon'rabable a foe :
 For though the law of arms doth bar 855
 The use of venom'd shot in war,

Yet by the nauseous smell and noisome,
 Their case-shot savour strong of poison,
 And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth
 Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860

Else when we put it to the push,
 They had not giv'n us such a brush.
 But as those pultrons that fling dirt
 Do but defile but cannot hurt ;

So all the honour they have won, 865
 Or we have lost, is much at one.
 'Twas well we made so resolute

A brave retreat without pursuit,
 For if we had not, we had sped
 Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870
 Than which the ancients held no state
 Of man's life more unfortunate.
 But if this bold adventure e'er
 Do chance to reach the widow's ear,
 It may, being destin'd to assert 875
 Her sex's honour, reach her heart :
 And as such homely treats (they say)
 Portend good fortune, so this may.
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt
 Was destined to the empire for 't ; 880
 And from a scavenger did come
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :
 And why may not this foul address
 Presage in love the same success ?
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds, 885
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds ;
 And after (as we first design'd)
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

⁸⁶⁸ VAR. 'T' avoid pursuit.'

PART II. CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight, with various doubts possess'd,
 To win the Lady goes in quest
 Of Sidrophel the Rosycrucian,
 To know the Dest'nies' resolution:
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic
 About the science astrologic;
 Till, falling from dispute to fight,
 The Conj'rer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat;
 As lookers-on feel most delight
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight,
 And still, the less they understand, 5
 The more they admire his sleight of hand.

Some with a noise and greasy light
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by night,
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10

Some with a med'cine and receipt
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait;
 And though it be a two-foot trout,
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.

Others believe no voice t' an organ 15
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,
 Until with subtle cobweb-cheats
 They're catch'd in knotted law like nets:
 In which, when once they are imbrangled,

The more they stir the more they're tangled ; 20
 And while their purses can dispute,
 There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate
 The cabinet-designs of Fate,
 Apply to wizards to forsee 25
 What shall and what shall never be ;
 And, as those vultures do forebode,
 Believe events prove bad or good :
 A flam more senseless than the roguery
 Of old aurospicy and aug'ry, 30
 That out of garbages of cattle
 Presag'd th' events of truce or battle ;
 From flight of birds, or chickens' pecking,
 Success of great'st attempts would reckon :
 Though cheats, yet more intelligible 35
 Than those that with the stars do fribble.
 This Hudibras by proof found true,
 As in due time and place we'll shew.

For he, with beard and face made clean,
 Being mounted on his steed agen, 40
 (And Ralpho got a-cock-horse too
 Upon his beast, with much ado),
 Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,
 T' acquit himself and pay his vows :
 When various thoughts began to bustle, 45
 And with his inward man to justle.
 He thought what danger might accrue,
 If she should find he swore untrue ;
 Or if his Squire or he should fail,
 And not be punctual in their tale, 50
 It might at once the ruin prove

²⁵ VAR. 'Run after wizards.'

Both of his honour, faith, and love.
But if he should forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his vow ;
And that he durst not now for shame 55
Appear in court to try his claim :
This was the penn'worth of his thought,
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures
I ne'er was set so on the tenters, 60
Or taken tardy with dilemma
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable doubt
Besets my puzzled wits about :
For though the Dame has been my bail, 65
To free me from enchanted jail,
Yet as a dog, committed close
For some offence, by chance breaks loose,
And quits his clog ; but all in vain,
He still draws after him his chain : 70
So, though my ankle she has quitted,
My heart continues still committed ;
And, like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,
Although at large, I am bound over ;
And when I shall appear in court 75
To plead my cause and answer for 't,
Unless the judge do partial prove,
What will become of me and love ?
For, if in our account we vary,
Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80
Or if she put me to strict proof,
And make me pull my doublet off
To shew, by evident record
Writ on my skin, I've kept my word,

How can I e'er expect to have her, 85
 Having demurr'd unto her favour?
 But, faith and love and honour lost,
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post?
 Beside, that stripping may prevent
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90
 And justify I have a tail,
 And that way too my proof may fail.
 Oh, that I could enucleate,
 And solve the problems of my fate!
 Or find by necromantic art 95
 How far the dest'nies take my part!
 For if I were not more than certain
 To win and wear her and her fortune,
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship: 100
 For though an oath obliges not
 Where any thing is to be got
 (As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane
 And sinful when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell 106
 A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
 That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,
 And sage opinions of the Moon sells;
 To whom all people, far and near,
 On deep importances repair: 110
 When brass and pewter hap to stray,
 And linen slinks out o' the way;
 When geese and pullen are seduc'd,

¹⁰⁶ William Lilly, the famous astrologer of those times, who in his yearly almanacks foretold victories for the Parliament with as much certainty as the preachers did in their sermons.

And sows of sucking pigs are chous'd ;
 When cattle feel indisposition, 115
 And need th' opinion of physician ;
 When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,
 And chickens languish of the pip ;
 When yeast and outward means do fail,
 And have no pow'r to work on ale ; 120
 When butter does refuse to come,
 And love proves cross and humoursome ;
 To him with questions, and with urine,
 They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125
 I've heard of, and should like it well,
 If thou canst prove the Saints have freedom
 To go to sore'ners when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There 's no doubt of that ;
 Those principles I quoted late 130
 Prove that the Godly may allege
 For anything their privilege,
 And to the dev'l himself may go
 If they have motives thereunto :
 For, as there is a war between 135
 The dev'l and them, it is no sin
 If they by subtle stratagem
 Make use of him, as he does them.
 Has not this present Parl'ament
 A ledger to the devil sent, 140
 Fully empower'd to treat about
 Finding revolted witches out ?
 And has not he, within a year,
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire ?
 Some only for not being drown'd, 145
 And some for sitting above ground,

Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches ;
 And some for putting knavish tricks
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150
 Or pigs that suddenly deceast
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd ;
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,
 And made a rod for his own breech.
 Did not the dev'l appear to Martin 155
 Luther in Germany, for certain ;
 And would have gull'd him with a trick,
 But Mart. was too, too politic ?
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge,
 At Antwerp, their cathedral church ? 160
 Sing catches to the Saints at Mascon,
 And tell them all they came to ask him ?
 Appear in divers shapes to Kelly ?
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly ?
 Meet with the Parl'ament's Committee, 165
 At Woodstock, on a pers'nal treaty ?
 At Sarum take a cavalier,
 I' th' Cause's service, prisoner ;
 As Withers in immortal rhyme
 Has register'd to aftertime ? 170
 Do not our great Reformers use
 This Sidrophel to forbode news ;
 To write of victories next year,
 And castles taken, yet i' th' air ?
 Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175
 Sunk, two years hence, the last eclipse ?
 A total o'erthrow giv'n the King

¹⁶⁹ This Withers was a Puritanical officer in the Parliament army, and a great pretender to poetry, as appears from his poems enumerated by A. Wood.

In Cornwall, horse and foot, next Spring ?
 And has not he point-blank foretold
 Whats'e'er the Close Committee would ? 180
 Made Mars and Saturn for the Cause,
 The Moon for fundamental laws ?
 The Ram, the Bull, and Goat, declare
 Against the Book of Common Pray'r ?
 The Scorpion take the Protestation, 185
 And Bear engage for Reformation ?
 Made all the Royal stars recant,
 Compound, and take the Covenant ?
 Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear.
 The Saints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190
 As thou hast prov'd it by their practice :
 No argument like matter of fact is ;
 And we are best of all led to
 Men's principles by what they do.
 Then let us straight advance in quest 195
 Of this profound gymnosophist,
 And, as the fates and he advise,
 Pursue or wave this enterprise.
 This said, he turn'd about his steed,
 And eftsoons on th' adventure rid ; 200
 Where leave we him and Ralph a while,
 And to th' conj'rer turn our style,
 To let our reader understand
 What's useful of him beforehand.
 He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205
 Optics, philosophy, and statics,
 Magic, horoscopy, astrology,
 And was old dog at physiology ;
 But as a dog that turns the spit
 Bestirs himself, and plies his feet 210

To climb the wheel, but all in vain,
 His own weight brings him down again,
 And still he's in the self-same place
 Where at his setting out he was ;
 So in the circle of the arts 215
 Did he advance his nat'ral parts,
 Till falling back still, for retreat,
 He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat.
 For as those fowls that live in water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter ; 220
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His understanding still was clear ;
 Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,
 Since old Hodge Bacon, and Bob Grosted.
 Th' intelligible world he knew, 225
 And all men dream on't to be true,
 That in this world there's not a wart
 That has not there a counterpart ;
 Nor can there on the face of ground
 An individual beard be found 230
 That has not in that foreign nation
 A fellow of the self-same fashion ;

²⁴ Roger Bacon, commonly called 'Friar Bacon,' lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjuror, and had the sottish story of the Brazen Head fathered upon him by the ignorant Monks of those days.

Ib. Bishop Grosted was Bishop of Lincoln, 20th Henry III. A.D. 1235. "He was suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime he was deprived by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome." But this is a mistake; for the Pope's antipathy to him was occasioned by his frankly expostulating with him (both personally and by letter) on his encroachments upon the English church and monarchy. He was persecuted by Pope Innocent, but it is not certain that he was deprived, though Bale thinks he was.

So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,
 As those are in th' inferior world.
 H' had read Dee's prefaces before 235
 The Dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er ;
 And all th' intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,
 Lascus and th' Emperor, would tell ye :
 But with the moon was more familiar
 Than e'er was almanack well-willer ; 240
 Her secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there ;
 Knew when she was in fittest mood
 For cutting corns or letting blood ;
 When for anointing scabs or itches, 245
 Or to the bum applying leeches ;
 When sows and bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what sign best cyder 's made ;
 Whether the wane be, or increase,
 Best to set garlic or sow pease ; 250
 Who first found out the man i' th' moon,
 That to the Ancients was unknown ;
 How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
 Are in the planetary spheres ;
 Their airy empire, and command ; 255
 Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land ;
 What factions they've, and what they drive at
 In public vogue, or what in private ;
 With what designs and interests
 Each party manages contests. 260
 He made an instrument to know

²³⁵ Dee was a Welshman, and educated at Oxford, where he commenced Doctor, and afterwards travelled into foreign parts in quest of chemistry, &c.

²³⁸ Albertus Lascus, Lasky, or Alasco, Prince Palatine of Poland, concerned with Dee and Kelly.

If the moon shine at full or no ;
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight
 Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;
 Tell what her d'iameter to an inch is, 265
 And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
 It would demonstrate that the man in
 The moon's a sea Mediterranean ;
 And that it is no dog nor bitch
 That stands behind him at his breech, 270
 But a huge Caspian sea or lake,
 With arms, which men for legs mistake ;
 How large a gulf his tail composes,
 And what a goodly bay his nose is ;
 How many German leagues by th' scale 275
 Cape Snout 's from Promontory Tail.
 He made a planetary gin,
 Which rats would run their own heads in,
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon. 280
 With lustrings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat ;
 Quote moles and spots on any place
 O' th' body, by the index face ;
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;
 Cure warts and corns with application
 Of med'eines to th' imagination ;
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare
 With rhymes the toothache and catarrh ; 290
 Chase evil spirits away by dint
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow flint ;
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;

And fire a mine in China here 295
 With sympathetic gunpowder.
 He knew what's ever 's to be known,
 But much more than he knew would own.
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300
 What figur'd slates are best to make
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;
 What bowling-stones, in running race
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;
 Whether a pulse beat in the black 305
 List of a dappled louse's back ;
 If systole or diastole move
 Quickest when he's in wrath, or love ;
 When two of them do run a race,
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 310
 How many scores a flea will jump
 Of his own length from head to rump,
 Which Socrates and Chærephon
 In vain assay'd so long ago ;
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;
 How many diff'rent specieses
 Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;
 And which are next of kin to those
 Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320
 Or those not seen, but understood,
 That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,
 That him in place of zany serv'd,
 Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325

³²⁵ ' Whachum,' journeyman to Sidrophel, who was one
 ' Tom Jones,' a foolish Welshman. In a key to a poem of

Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;
 To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,
 Wide as meridians in maps ;
 To squander paper and spare ink,
 Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330
 From this, by merited degrees,
 He'd to more high advancement rise,
 To be an under conjurer,
 Or journeyman astrologer :
 His bus'ness was to pump and wheedle, 335
 And men with their own keys unriddle ;
 To make them to themselves give answers,
 For which they pay the necromancers ;
 To fetch and carry intelligence
 Of whom, and what, and where, and whence, 340
 And all discoveries disperse
 Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;
 What cut-purses have left with them
 For the right owners to redeem,
 And what they dare not vent, find out, 345
 To gain themselves and th' art repute ;
 Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,
 Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,
 Of thieves ascendant in the cart,
 And find out all by rules of art : 350
 Which way a serving-man, that's run
 With clothes or money away, is gone ;
 Who pick'd a fob at Holding-forth,
 And where a watch for half the worth

Mr. Butler's, Whachum is said to be one ' Richard Green,'
 who published a pamphlet of about five sheets of base ribaldry,
 and called ' Hudibras in a snare.' It was printed about the
 year 1667.

May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355
 Restor'd at conscionable rate.
 Beside all this he serv'd his master
 In quality of poetaster,
 And rhymes appropriate could make
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ; 360
 When terms begin and end could tell,
 With their returns, in doggerel ;
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
 And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365
 And when be temp'rate if they will ;
 When use, and when abstain from, vice,
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.
 And as in prison mean rogues beat
 Hemp for the service of the great, 370
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains
 T' advance his master's fame and gains ;
 And, like the devil's oracles,
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,
 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page 375
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.
 He would an elegy compose
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose ;
 In lyric numbers write an ode on
 His mistress eating a black pudden ; 380
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,
 It puft him with poetic rapture :
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
 That, circled with his long-ear'd guests, 385
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts :
 A carman's horse could not pass by,

But stood ty'd up to poetry ;
 No porter's burthen pass'd along,
 But serv'd for burthen to his song : 300
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears ;
 All trades run in as to the sight
 Of monsters, or their dear delight
 The gallow-tree, when cutting purse 395
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,
 Which none does hear but would have hung
 T' have been the theme of such a song.
 Those two together long had liv'd
 In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400
 Where neither tree nor house could bar
 The free detection of a star ;
 And nigh an ancient obelisk
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,
 On which was written, not in words, 405
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,
 Many rare pithy saws concerning
 The worth of astrologic learning :
 From top of this there hung a rope,
 To which he fasten'd telescope, 410
 The spectacles with which the stars
 He reads in smallest characters.
 It happen'd as a boy one night
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,

⁴⁰⁴ Mr. Butler alludes to one 'Fisk,' of whom Lilly observes, that he was a licentiate in physic, and born near Framlingham in Suffolk ; was bred at a country-school, and designed for the university, but went not thither, studying physic and astrology at home, which afterwards he practised at Colchester ; after which he came to London, and practised there.

The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415
That, like a bird of Paradise,
Or herald's martlet, has no legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;
His train was six yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a light, 420
Enclos'd in lantern made of paper,
That far off like a star did appear :
This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,
And, with amazement staring wide,
Bless us ! quoth he, What dreadful wonder 425
Is that appears in heaven yonder ?
A comet, and without a beard !
Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?
I'm certain 'tis not in the scroll
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430
With which, like Indian plantations,
The learned stock the constellations ;
Nor those that drawn for signs have bin
To th' houses where the planets inn.
It must be supernatural, 435
Unless it be the cannon-ball
That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious height
That learn'd philosophers maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again, 440
But in the airy region yet
Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :
For if it be above the shade
That by the earth's round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far 445
Appear no bullet, but a star.
This said, he to his engine flew,

Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right
 Against the glow-worm-tail of kite, 450
 Then peeping through, Bless us! (quoth he)
 It is a planet now, I see ;
 And, if I err not, by his proper
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,
 It should be Saturn : yes, 'tis clear 455
 'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there ?
 He's got between the Dragon's tail
 And farther leg behind o' th' Whale ;
 Pray Heav'n divert the fatal omen,
 For 'tis a prodigy not common, 460
 And can no less than the world's end,
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.
 With that he fell again to pry
 Through perspective more wistfully,
 When, by mischance, the fatal string, 465
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it ;
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
 Portent is this, to see a star fall !
 It threatens Nature, and the doom
 Will not be long before it come !
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough 475
 The day of judgment's not far off ;
 As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,

⁴⁷⁷ William Sedgwick, a whimsical enthusiast, sometimes a Presbyterian, sometimes an Independent, and at other times an Anabaptist ; sometimes a prophet, and pretended to

And some of us find out by magic :
 Then since the time we have to live
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480
 To make our best advantage of it,
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing, 485
 Was now in prospect of the mansion ;
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum (quoth he), Look yonder, some
 To try or use our art are come : 490

The one's the learned Knight ; seek out,
 And pump 'em what they come about.

Whachum advanc'd with all submiss'ness
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :

He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495
 From leathern Bare-bones did alight ;

And taking from his hand the bridle,
 Approach'd, the dark Squire to unriddle.

He gave him first the time o' the day,
 And welcom'd him as he might say : 500

He ask'd him whence they came, and whither
 Their bus'ness lay?—Quoth Ralpho, Hither.—

foretell things, out of the pulpit, to the destruction of ignorant people ; at other times pretended to revelations ; and, upon pretence of a vision that Doomsday was at hand, he retired to the house of Sir Francis Russel, in Cambridgeshire ; and finding several gentlemen at bowls, called upon them to prepare for their dissolution ; telling them that he had lately received a revelation that Doomsday would be some day the week following. Upon which they ever after called him ' Doomsday Sedgwick.'

Did you not lose—Quoth Ralpho, Nay—
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way.
 Your knight—Quoth Ralpho, is a lover, 505
 And pains intol' rable doth suffer ;
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards. —
 What time—Quoth Ralpho, Sir, too long ;
 Three years it off and on has hung.— 510
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis.—
 Quoth Ralpho, Between seven and eight 'tis.—
 Why then (quoth Whachum) my small art
 Tells me the dame has a hard heart,
 Or great estate.—Quoth Ralph, A jointer, 515
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.—
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,
 Before he fell upon the matter ;
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,
 To give him suitable reception ; 520
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,
 Till Whachum put him in the way ;
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,
 And what he came to know, drew near, 525
 'To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,
 Which he prevented thus: What was 't,
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd ?
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530
 In opposition with Mars,
 And no benign and friendly stars
 T' allay the effect. Quoth Wizard, So !
 In Virgo ? Ha ! Quoth Whachum, No.
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it ? 535

One tenth of 's circle to a minute.

'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse

This rudeness I am forc'd to use ;

It is a scheme and face of heaven,

As th' aspects are dispos'd this even,

540

I was contemplating upon

When you arriv'd ; but now I've done.

Quoth Hudibras, If I appear

Unseasonable in coming here

At such a time, to interrupt

545

Your speculations, which I hop'd

Assistance from, and came to use,

'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.

By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel,

The stars your coming did foretell ;

550

I did expect you here, and knew,

Before you spake, your bus'ness too.

Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,

And I shall credit whatsoe'er

You tell me after, on your word,

555

Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,

Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,

And for three years has rid your wit

And passion without drawing bit ;

560

And now your bus'ness is to know

If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right,

But how the devil you come by 't

I can't imagine ; for the stars

565

I'm sure can tell no more than a horse ;

Nor can their aspects (though you pore

Your eyes out on them) tell you more

Than th' oracle of sieve and shears
 That turns as certain as the spheres : 570
 But if the devil 's of your counsel
 Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;
 And 'tis on his account I come,
 To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575
 Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
 I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
 Your bus'ness is but to inform ;
 But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
 You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580
 For I assure you, for my part,
 I only deal by rules of art,
 Such as are lawful, and judge by
 Conclusions of astrology ;
 But for the devil know nothing by him, 585
 But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
 I understand your metonymy ;
 Your words of second-hand intention,
 When things by wrongful names you mention ; 590
 The mystic sense of all your terms,
 That are indeed but magic charms
 To raise the devil, and mean one thing,
 And that is downright conjuring ;
 And in itself's more warrantable 595
 Than cheat, or canting to a rabble,
 Or putting tricks upon the moon,
 Which by confed'racy are done.
 Your ancient conjurers were wont
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600
 And to their incantations stoop ;

They scorn'd to pore through telescope,
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell 605
 Perhaps as learnedly and well
 As you yourself. Then, friend, I doubt
 You go the farthest way about.
 Your modern Indian magician
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610
 And straight resolves all questions by 't,
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.
 The Rosyerucian way 's more sure
 To bring the devil to the lure ;
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615
 To catch intelligences in.
 Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam ;
 Others with characters and words
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds ; 620
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,
 Engrav'd in planetary nicks,
 With their own influences will fetch 'em
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em :
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625
 All questions ere they let them go.
 Bumbastus kept a devil's bird
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,
 That taught him all the cunning pranks

⁶¹⁸ St. Dunstan was made Archbishop of Canterbury anno 961. His skill in the liberal arts and sciences (qualifications much above the genius of the age he lived in) gained him first the name of a Conjuror, and then of a Saint; he is revered as such by the Romanists, who keep a holiday in honour of him yearly, on the 19th of May.

Of past and future mountebanks. 630
 Kelly did all his feats upon
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone,
 Where, playing with him at bo-peep,
 He solv'd all problems, ne'er so deep.
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug 635
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,
 That was his tutor, and the cur
 Read to th' occult philosopher,
 And taught him subtly to maintain
 All other sciences are vain. 640

To this quoth Sidrophello, Sir,
 Agrippa was no conjurer,
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;
 Nor was the dog a cacodæmon,
 But a true dog, that would shew tricks. 645
 For th' Emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;
 Would fetch and carry, was more civil
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;
 And whatsoe'er he 's said to do,
 He went the self-same way we go. 650

⁶³¹ This Kelly was chief seer, or, as Lilly calls him, Speculator, to Dr. Dee; was born at Worcester, and bred an apothecary, and was a good proficient in chemistry, and pretended to have the grand elixir, or philosopher's stone, which Lilly tells us he made, or at least received ready made from a Friar in Germany, on the confines of the Emperor's dominions. He pretended to see apparitions in a crystal or beryl looking-glass (or a round stone like a crystal). Alasco, Palatine of Poland; Pucel, a learned Florentine; and Prince Rosemberg of Germany, the Emperor's Viceroy in Bohemia; were long of the society with him and Dr. Dee, and often present at their apparitions, as was once the King of Poland himself. But Lilly observes that he was so wicked that the angels would not appear to him willingly, nor be obedient to him.

As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,
 What they pretend to is no more
 Than Trismegistus did before,
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster,
 And Apollonius their master,
 To whom they do confess they owe
 All that they do, and all they know.

655

Quoth Hudibras, Alas! what is 't 'us
 Whether 'twere said by Trismegistus,
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic?
 'Tis not antiquity, nor author,
 That makes truth truth, although time's daughter;
 'Twas he that put her in the pit
 Before he pull'd her out of it;
 And as he eats his sons, just so
 He feeds upon his daughters too.
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old,
 To be descended of a race
 Of ancient kings in a small space,

660

665

670

⁶⁶⁹ ⁶⁷⁰ Such gentry were Thomas Pury, the elder, first a weaver in Gloucester, then an ignorant solicitor; John Blackston, a poor shopkeeper of Newcastle; John Birch, formerly a carrier, afterwards Colonel; Richard Salway, Colonel, formerly a grocer's man; Thomas Rainsborough, a skipper of Lynn, Colonel and Vice-Admiral of England; Colonel Thomas Scot, a brewer's clerk; Colonel Philip Skippon, originally a waggoner to Sir Francis Vere; Colonel John Jones, a serving-man; Colonel Barkstead, a pitiful thimble and bodkin goldsmith; Colonel Pride, a founding and drayman; Colonel Hewson, a one-eyed cobbler; and Colonel Harrison, a butcher. These and hundreds more affected to be thought gentlemen, and lorded it over persons of the first rank and quality.

That we should all opinions hold
Authentic that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 67.
Of prudence to cry down an art,
And what it may perform deny
Because you understand not why ;
(As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick
To damn our whole art for eccentric) ; 680
For who knows all that knowledge contains ?
Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,
But on their sides or rising's seat ;
So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.
Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685

Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs
Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And some that have writ almanacks ? 690

The Median Emp'ror dream'd his daughter
Had piss'd all Asia under water,
And that a vine, sprung from her haunches,
O'erspread his empire with its branches ;
And did not soothsayers expound it 695
As after by th' event he found it ?

When Cæsar in the senate fell,
Did not the sun eclips'd foretell,
And in resentment of his slaughter
Look'd pale for almost a year after ? 700

Augustus having, b' oversight,
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.
Are there not myriads of this sort 705

Which stories of all times report ?
 Is it not ominous in all countries
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees ?
 The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen, 710
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
 (Our Synod calls Humiliations),
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert
 From doing town or country hurt.
 And if an owl have so much pow'r, 715
 Why should not planets have much more,
 That in a region far above
 Inferior fowls of the air move,
 And should see further, and foreknow
 More than their augury below ? 720
 Though that once serv'd the polity
 Of mighty states to govern by ;
 And this is what we take in hand
 By pow'rful Art to understand ;
 Which, how we have perform'd, all ages 725
 Can speak th' events of our presages.
 Have we not lately in the moon
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown ?
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus
 And Magellan could never compass ? 730
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,
 And cattle grazing on 'em there ?
 Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope
 That I, without a telescope,
 Can find your tricks out, and descry 735
 Where you tell truth and where you lie :
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon,

And held the sun was but a piece
 Of red-hot ir'n as big as Greece ; 740
 Believ'd the heav'ns were made of stone,
 Because the sun had voided one ;
 And, rather than he would recant
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us 745
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,
 Or whether they have tails or horns ?
 What trade from thence can you advance
 But what we nearer have from France ? 750
 What can our travellers bring home
 That is not to be learnt at Rome ?
 What politics or strange opinions
 That are not in our own dominions ?
 What science can be brought from thence 755
 In which we do not here commence ?
 What revelations or religions
 That are not in our native regions ?
 Are sweating-lanterns or screen-fans
 Made better there than th' are in France ? 760
 Or do they teach to sing and play
 O' th' guitar there a newer way ?
 Can they make plays there that shall fit
 The public humour with less wit ?
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765
 Or fight with more ingenious blows ?
 Or does the man i' th' moon look big,
 And wear a huger periwig ?
 Shew in his gait or face more tricks
 Than our own native lunatics ? 770
 But if w' outdo him here at home,

What good of your design can come?
As wind i' th' hypocondries pent
Is but a blast if downward sent,
But if it upward chance to fly 775
Becomes new light and prophecy;
So when your speculations tend
Above their just and useful end,
Although they promise strange and great
Discoveries of things far set, 780
They are but idle dreams and fancies,
And savour strongly of the ganzas.
Tell me but what's the natural cause
Why on a sign no painter draws
The full-moon ever, but the half? 785
Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,
And dogs howl when she shines in water?
And I shall freely give my vote
You may know something more remote. 790

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,
And, staring round with owl-like eyes,
He put his face into a posture
Of sapience, and began to bluster;
For having three times shook his head, 795
To stir his wit up, thus he said:
Art has no mortal enemies
Next ignorance, but owls and geese;
Those consecrated geese in orders
That to thè Capitol were warders, 800
And, being then upon patrol,
With noise alone beat off the Gaul;
Or those Athenian sceptic owls
That will not credit their own souls,

Or any science understand 805
 Beyond the reach of eye or hand,
 But, meas'ring all things by their own
 Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known ;
 Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-
 Houses cry down all philosophy, 810
 And will not know upon what ground
 In Nature we our doctrine found,
 Although with pregnant evidence
 We can demonstrate it to sense,
 As I just now have done to you, 815
 Foretelling what you came to know.
 Were the stars only made to light
 Robbers and burglars by night?
 To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820
 Or giving one another pledges
 Of matrimony under hedges ?
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets
 Cutting from malefactors snippets,
 Or from the pill'ry tips of ears 825
 Of rebel saints and perjurers ?
 Only to stand by and look on,
 But not know what is said or done ?
 Is there a constellation there
 That was not born and bred up here, 830
 And therefore cannot be to learn
 In any inferior concern ?
 Were they not, during all their lives,
 Most of them pirates, whores, and thieves ?
 And is it like they have not still 835
 In their old practices some skill ?
 Is there a planet that by birth

Does not derive its house from earth,
 And therefore probably must know
 What is and hath been done below? 840
 Who made the Balance, or whence came
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
 Did not we here the Argo rig,
 Make Berenice's periwig?
 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?
 And therefore, as they came from hence,
 With us may hold intelligence.
 Plato deny'd the world can be
 Govern'd without geometry, 850
 (For money b'ing the common scale
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,
 In all th' affairs of church and state
 'Tis both the balance and the weight);
 Then much less can it be without 855
 Divine astrology made out,
 That puts the other down in worth
 As far as heaven's above the earth.

These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
 Are something more significant 860
 Than any that the learned use
 Upon this subject to produce;
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory
 T' establish and keep up your factory.
 Th' Egyptians say, the sun has twice 865
 Shifted his setting and his rise;
 Twice has he risen in the west,
 As many times set in the east:
 But whether that be true or no
 The devil any of you know. 870

Some hold the heavens, like a top
 Are kept by circulation up,
 And, were 't not for their wheeling round,
 They'd instantly fall to the ground ;
 As sage Empedocles of old, 875
 And, from him, modern authors hold.
 Plato believ'd the sun and moon
 Below all other planets run.
 Some Mercury, some Venus, sea
 Above the sun himself in height. 880
 The learned Scaliger complain'd,
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,
 The sun had left its ancient road,
 And nearer to the éarth is come 885
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home ;
 Swore 'twas a most notorious flam,
 And he that had so little shame
 To vent such fopperies abroad
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890
 Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
 That he deserv'd the rod much more
 That durst upon a truth give doom
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
 Cardan believ'd great states depend 895
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end,
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the sun,
 Strow'd mighty empires up and down ;
 Which others say must needs be false,
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900

875 VAR. ' And, 'twere not.'

894 VAR. ' He knew no more,' &c.

Some say the Zodiac constellations
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations
 Above a sign, and prove the same
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram ;
 Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd, 905
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd :
 Then how can their effects still hold
 To be the same they were of old ?
 This, though the art were true, would make
 Our modern soothsayers mistake, 910
 And is one cause they tell more lies
 In figures and nativities
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers
 In so many hundred thousand years ;
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915
 For want of Accidence and Latin,
 Like Idus and Calendæ, Englisht
 The Quarter-days, by skilful linguist :
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat ; 920
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing
 Of things before they are in being ;
 To swallow gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
 And count their chickens ere they're hatch'd ;
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925
 And give them back their own accompt ;
 But still the best to him that gives
 The best price for 't, or best believes.
 Some towns, some cities, some, for brevity,

⁹⁰¹ VAR. ' Some say the stars i' th' Zodiac
 Are more than a whole sign gone back
 Since Ptolemy ; and prove the same
 In Taurus now, then in the Ram.'

Have cast the 'versal world's nativity, 930
 And made the infant-stars confess,
 Like fools or children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden fates
 Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;
 Some running-nags and fighting-cocks ; 935
 Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox ;
 Some take a measure of the lives
 Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives,
 Make opposition, trine, and quartile,
 Tell who is barren and who fertile. 940
 As if the planet's first aspect
 The tender infant did infect
 In soul and body, and instil
 All future good and future ill ;
 Which, in their dark fatal'ties lurking, 945
 At destin'd periods fall a-working,
 And break out, like the hidden seeds
 Of long diseases, into deeds,
 In friendships, enmities, and strife,
 And all th' emergencies of life : 950
 No sooner does he peep into
 The world but he has done his do,
 Catch'd all diseases, took all physic
 That cures or kills a man that is sick,
 Marry'd his punctual dose of wives, 955
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
 There's but the twinkling of a star
 Between a man of peace and war,
 A thief and justice, fool and knave,
 A huffing officer and a slave, 960
 A crafty lawyer and pick-pocket,

956 VAR. 'Cookolded.

A great philosopher and a blockhead,
 A formal preacher and a player,
 A learn'd physician and man-slayer ;
 As if men from the stars did suck 965
 Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,
 Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,
 Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice,
 And draw, with the first air they breathe,
 Battle and murder, sudden death. 970
 Are not these fine commodities
 To be imported from the skies,
 And vend'd here among the rabble
 For staple goods and warrantable ?
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975
 In th' other world to be restored.

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know
 You wrong the art and artists too,
 Since arguments are lost on those
 That do our principles oppose, 980
 I will (although I've done 't before)
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,
 And draw a figure that shall tell you
 What you perhaps forget befell you,
 By way of horary inspection, 985
 Which some account our worst erection.

With that he circles draws and squares,
 With ciphers, astral characters,
 Then looks 'em o'er to understand 'em,
 Although set down hab-nab at random. 990

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set
 Discovers how in fight you met
 At Kingston with a May-pole idol,
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side well ;

And, though you overcame the Bear, 995
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair,
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive
 You are no conj'rer : by your leave : 1000
 That paltry story is untrue,
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true ! quoth he ; Howe'er you vapour,
 I can what I affirm make appear ;
 Whachum shall justify 't t' your face, 1005
 And prove he was upon the place :
 He play'd the saltinbancho's part,
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art ;
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,
 Chous'd and caldes'd you like a blockhead, 1010
 And what you lost I can produce,
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe
 That argument 's demonstrative ;
 Ralpho, bear witness, and go fetch us 1015
 A constable to seize the wretches :
 For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,
 Impostors, jugglers, counterfeits,
 I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,
 Of felony, and at the Sessions,
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,
 That the vibration of this pendulum
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025
 Unanimous opinion ;

¹⁰¹⁰ VAR. 'Caldes'd.' Put the fortune-teller on him.

A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt
To find friends that will bear me out ; 1030
Nor have I hazarded my art
And neck so long on the State's part
To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer
By such a braggadocio huffer.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras, this sword 1035
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer
To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,
Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045
To shun the danger that might come on 't,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum two to one.
This being resolv'd, he spy'd by chance
Behind the door an iron lance, 1050
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd ;
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass
To make his way through Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055
With which he vow'd to do his work ;
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard :
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,

And in right manfully he rusht ; 1060
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
 Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,
 And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch, 1065
 As quick as lightning, in the breech,
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd.
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070
 Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine
 You are my prisoners, base vermin :
 Could they not tell you so, as well
 As what I came to know foretell ?
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075
 That in your own concerns are blind.
 Your lives are now at my dispose,
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows ;
 But who his honour would defile
 To take or sell two lives so vile ? 1080
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage
 Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.
 This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.
 First he expounded both his pockets,
 And found a watch, with rings and lockets,
 Which had been left with him t' erect
 A figure for, and so detect ; 1090
 A copper-plate, with almanacks
 Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks

Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',
 And blank schemes to discover nimmers;
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095
 And several constellation-stones,
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,
 That over mortals had strange powers
 To make them thrive in law or trade,
 And stab or poison to evade, 1100
 In wit or wisdom to improve,
 And be victorious in love.
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile,
 His plunder was not worth the while.
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105
 To pay for curing of his rump.
 But Sidrophel, as full of tricks
 As Rota-men of politics,
 Straight cast about to overreach
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110
 And make him glad at least to quit
 His victory, and fly the pit,
 Before the secular prince of darkness
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcass :
 And as a fox, with hot pursuit 1115
 Chas'd through a warren, casts about
 To save his credit, and among
 Dead vermin on a gallows hung,
 And while the dogs run underneath,

¹⁰⁹³ John Booker was born in Manchester, and was a famous astrologer in the time of the civil wars. He was a great acquaintance of Lilly's; and so was this Sarah Jimmers, whom Lilly calls 'Sarah Shelhorn,' a great speculatrix. He owns he was very familiar with her ('quod nota'), so that it is no wonder that the Knight found several of their knick-knacks in Sidrophel's cabinet.

Escap'd (by counterfeiting death), 1120
 Not out of cunning, but a train
 Of atoms justling in his brain,
 As learn'd philosophers give out ;
 So Sidrophello cast about,
 And fell t' his wonted trade again 1125
 To feign himself in earnest slain.
 First stretch'd out one leg, then another,
 And, seeming in his breast to smother
 A broken sigh ; quoth he, Where am I ?
 Alive or dead ? or which way came I 1130
 Through so immense a space so soon ?
 But now I thought myself i' th' moon,
 And that a monster, with huge whiskers
 More formidable than a Switzer's,
 My body through and through had drill'd, 1135
 And Whachum by my side had kill'd ;
 Had cross-examin'd both our hose,
 And plunder'd all we had to lose :
 Look ! there he is ! I see him now,
 And feel the place I am run through ! 1140
 And there lies Whachum by my side
 Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd !
 Oh ! oh !—With that he fetch'd a groan,
 And fell again into a swoon,
 Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath, 1145
 And to the life outacted death,
 That Hudibras, to all appearing,
 Believ'd him to be dead as herring.
 He held it now no longer safe
 To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150
 But rather leave him in the lurch :
 Thought he, He has abus'd our Church,

Refus'd to give himself one firke
 To carry on the Public Work ;
 Despis'd our Synod-men like dirt, 1155
 And made their discipline his sport ;
 Divulg'd the secrets of their Classes,
 And their Conventions prov'd high-places ;
 Disparag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,
 And set at nought their cheese and bacon ; 1160
 Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
 Their rev'rend Parsons to my beard ;
 For all which scandals to be quit
 At once this juncture falls out fit.
 I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165
 And tempt my fury if he dare :
 He must at least hold up his hand,
 By twelve freeholders to be scann'd,
 Who, by their skill in palmistry,
 Will quickly read his destiny, 1170
 And make him glad to read his lesson,
 Or take a turn for 't at the Session,
 Unless his Light and gifts prove truer
 Than ever yet they did, I'm sure :
 For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175
 'Tis more than he can hope to do ;
 And that will disengage my conscience
 Of th' obligation, in his own sense.
 I'll make him now by force abide,
 What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180
 To give my honour satisfaction,
 And right the Brethren in the action.
 This being resolv'd, with equal speed
 And conduct he approach'd his steed,
 And, with activity unwont, 1185

Assay'd the lofty beast to mount ;
 Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey
 To get from th' enemy and Ralph free ;
 Left danger, fears, and foes behind,
 And beat, at least three lengths, the wind.

1190

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE*

OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Crispinus. . . .

WELL, Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain
 To tamper with your crazy brain,
 Without trepanning of your scull
 As often as the moon's at full,
 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er,
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more ;
 For where your case can be no worse

5

* This Epistle was published ten years after the Third Canto of the Second Part, to which it is now annexed, namely, in the year 1674; and is said in a key to a Burlesque Poem of Mr. Butler's, published 1706, p. 13, to have been occasioned by Sir Paul Neal, a conceited virtuoso, and member of the Royal Society, who constantly affirmed that Mr. Butler was not the author of Hudibras, which gave rise to this Epistle; and by some he has been taken for the real Sidrophel of the poem. This was the gentleman, who, I am told, made a great discovery of an elephant in the moon, which, upon examination, proved to be no other than a mouse which had mistaken its way, and got into his telescope. See 'The Elephant in the Moon,' vol. ii.

The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
 Is 't possible that you, whose ears
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10
 And might (with equal reason) either
 For merit or extent of leather,
 With William Pryn's, before they were
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
 Should yet be deaf against a noise 15
 So roaring as the public voice ?
 That speaks your virtues free and loud,
 And openly in every crowd,
 As loud as one that sings his part
 T' a wheelbarrow or turnip-cart, 20
 Or your new nick-nam'd old invention
 To cry green hastings with an engine,
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound) ;
 And 'cause your folly 's now no news, 25
 But overgrown and out of use,
 Persuade yourself there 's no such matter,
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature ;
 When Folly, as it grows in years,
 The more extravagant appears ; 30
 For who but you could be possest
 With so much ignorance and beast,
 That neither all men's scorn and hate,
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture,
 But (like a reprobate) what course
 Soever us'd, grow worse and worse ?
 Can no transfusion of the blood,
 That makes fools cattle, do you good ? 40

Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel curs,
 Put you into a way at least
 To make yourself a better beast?
 Can all your critical intrigues 45
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;
 Your sev'ral new-found remedies
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,
 And purging their infected saps; 50
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,
 And nodes and blotches in their rinds;
 Have no effect to operate
 Upon that duller block, your pate?
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55
 To tempt your own due punishment;
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw
 The boys to course you without law;
 As if the art you have so long
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60
 In you had virtue to renew
 Not only youth but childhood too.
 Can you, that understand all books,
 By judging only with your looks,
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65
 As others do with B's and A's;
 Unriddle all that mankind knows
 With solid bending of your brows;
 All arts and sciences advance
 With screwing of your countenance, 70
 And with a penetrating eye
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;
 Know more of any trade b' a hint

Than those that have been bred up in 't,
 And yet have no art, true or false, 75
 To help your own bad naturals?
 But still the more you strive t' appear
 Are found to be the wretcheder:
 For fools are known by looking wise,
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80
 Hence 'tis that 'cause y' have gain'd o' th' college
 A quarter share (at most) of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll,
 And saucily pretend to know
 More than your dividend comes to.
 You'll find the thing will not be done
 With ignorance and face alone; 90
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name
 In history so great a fame;
 That now your talent's so well known

⁸⁶ Sir Politic Would-be, in Ben Jonson's 'Volpone.'

⁹¹⁹² These two lines, I think, plainly discover that Lilly, and not Sir Paul Neal, was here lashed under the name of 'Sidrophel;' for Lilly's fame abroad was indisputable. Mr. Strickland, who was many years agent for the Parliament in Holland, thus publishes it: "I came purposely into the committee this day to see the man who is so famous in those parts where I have so long continued: I assure you his name is famous all over Europe. I came to do him justice." Lilly is also careful to tell us, that the King of Sweden sent him a gold chain and medal, worth about fifty pounds, for making honourable mention of his Majesty in one of his almanacks, which, he says, was translated into the language spoken at Hamburgh, and printed and cried about the streets, as it was in London. Thus he trumpets to the world the fame he acquired by his infamous practices, if we may credit his own history.

For having all belief outgrown,
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 85
 Is measur'd by your German scale—
 By which the virtuosi try
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,
 Cast up to what it does amount,
 And place the bigg'st to your account : 100
 That all those stories that are laid
 Too truly to you, and those made,
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.
 Alas ! that faculty betrays 105
 Those soonest it designs to raise ;
 And all your vain renown will spoil,
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil ;
 Though he that has but impudence
 To all things has a fair pretence ; 110
 And put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim :
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne
 With greater ease than public scorn,
 That all affronts do still give place 115
 To your impenetrable face ;
 That makes your way through all affairs,
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs :
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit, and brass,
 You must not think 'twill always pass ; 120
 For all impostors, when they're known,
 Are past their labour and undone ;
 And all the best that can befall
 An artificial natural,
 Is that which madmen find as soon 125

As once they're broke loose from the moon,
 And, proof against her influence,
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit
 For sport of boys and rabble-wit.

130

PART III. CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once,
 The one the other to renounce ;
 They both approach the Lady's bower,
 The Squire t'inform, the Knight to woo her.
 She treats them with a masquerade,
 By Furies and Hobgoblins made ;
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
 And steals him from himself by night.

TIS true no lover has that pow'r
 T' enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings t' his bow,
 And burns for love and money too ;
 For then he 's brave and resolute,
 Disdains to render in his suit ;
 Has all his flames and raptures double,
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;
 While those who sillily pursue
 The simple downright way and true,
 Make as unlucky applications,
 And steer against the stream, their passions.
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,
 And when the ladies prove averse,

5

10

And more untoward to be won 15
 Than by Caligula the moon,
 Cry out upon the stars for doing
 Ill offices, to cross their wooing,
 When only by themselves they're hind'ed,
 For trusting those they made her kindred, 20
 And still the harsher and hide-bounder
 The damsels prove, become the fonder ;
 For what mad lover ever died
 To gain a soft and gentle bride ?
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25
 In purling streams or hemp departed ?
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room ?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd dame,
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30
 This to the Knight could be no news,
 With all mankind so much in use,
 Who therefore took the wiser course,
 To make the most of his amours,
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,
 With all th' appurtenances, over,
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover, 40
 As he was always wont to do
 When h' had discomfited a foe,
 And us'd the only antique philters
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.
 But now triumphant and victorious, 45
 He held th' achievement was too glorious
 For such a conqueror to meddle

⁴³ VAR. 'And us'd as.'

With petty constable or beadle,
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess
 Of th' inns of Court and Chancery, Justice ; 50
 Who might perhaps reduce his cause
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws,
 Where none escape but such as branded
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;
 And, if they cannot read one verse 55
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.
 He, therefore, judging it below him
 To tempt a shame the dev'l might owe him,
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail
 And mainprize for him to the jail, 60
 To answer, with his vessel all
 That might disastrously befall,
 And thought it now the fittest juncture
 To give the Lady a rencounter,
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;
 Describe the manner of the fray,
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;
 His bloody scourging aggravate,
 The number of the blows, and weight ; 70
 All which might probably succeed,
 And gain belief h' had done the deed :
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare
 No pawning of his soul to swear ;
 But rather than produce his back, 75
 To set his conscience on the rack ;
 And, in pursuance of his urging
 Of articles perform'd, and scourging,
 And all things else, upon his part
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80

Her goods, and chattels, and good graces,
 And person, up to his embraces.
 Thought he, The ancient errant knights
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights,
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85
 To put them into am'rous twitters ;
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their gallants were half kill'd ;
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore,
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.
 So Spanish heroes with their lances,
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies ;
 And he acquires the noblest spouse 95
 That widows greatest herds of cows ;
 Then what may I expect to do,
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo ?
 Meanwhile the Squire was on his way,
 The Knight's late orders to obey ; 100
 Who sent him for a strong detachment
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;
 When he who had so lately sack'd 105
 The enemy, had done the fact ;
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs
 Of gimeracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,
 Which he by hook or crook had gather'd,
 And for his own inventions father'd ; 110
 And when they should, at gaol delivery,
 Unriddle one another's thievery,
 Both might have evidence enough

To render neither halter-proof:
He thought it desperate to tarry, 115
And venture to be accessory;
But rather wisely slip his fetters,
And leave them for the Knight, his betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjust foul play,
He would have offer'd him that day, 120
To make him curry his own hide,
Which no beast ever did beside
Without all possible evasion,
But of the riding dispensation:
And therefore much about the hour 125
The Knight (for reasons told before)
Resolv'd to leave him to the fury
Of Justice, and an unpack'd jury,
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And serve him in the self-same trim; 130
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What project 'twas he went about,
When Sidrophel and he fell out:
His firm and steadfast resolution, 135
To swear her to an execution;
To pawn his inward ears to marry her,
And bribe the devil himself to carry her;
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their party-saints to represent, 140
Who never fail'd upon their sharing
In any prosperous arms-bearing,
To lay themselves out, to supplant
Each other cousin-german saint.
But ere the Knight could do his part, 145
The Squire had got so much the start,

H' had to the Lady done his errand,
And told her all his tricks aforehand.

Just as he finish'd his report,
The Knight alighted in the court, 150

And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,

And taking time for both to stale,

He put his band and beard in order,

The sprucer to accost and board her :

And now began t' approach the door, 155

When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,

Convey'd th' informer out of sight,

And went to entertain the Knight ;

With whom encount'ring, after longees

Of humble and submissive congees, 160

And all due ceremonies paid,

He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :

Madam, I do, as is my duty,

Honour the shadow of your shoe-tye ;

And now am come to bring your ear 165

A present you'll be glad to hear ;

At least I hope so : the thing's done,

Or may I never see the sun ;

For which I humbly now demand

Performance at your gentle hand ; 170

And that you'd please to do your part

As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,

As if he felt his shoulders ache :

But she, who well enough knew what 175

(Before he spoke) he would be at,

Pretended not to apprehend

The mystery of what he mean'd.

And therefore wish'd him to expound

His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
 How much I've suffer'd for your love,
 Which (like your votary) to win,
 I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin :
 And, for those meritorious lashes, 185
 To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once
 I freed you from th' enchanted sconce,
 And that you promis'd for that favour
 To bind your back to 'ts good behaviour ; 190
 And, for my sake and service, vow'd
 To lay upon 't a heavy load,
 And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,
 As other knights do oft make love ;
 Which, whether you have done or no, 195
 Concerns yourself; not me, to know ;
 But if you have, I shall confess
 Y' are honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,
 I cannot prove it but by oath ; 200
 And if you make a question on 't,
 I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't :
 And he that makes his soul his surety,
 I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say the soul's secure 205
 Against distress and forfeiture ;
 Is free from action, and exempt
 From execution and contempt ;
 And to be summon'd to appear
 In th' other world's illegal here, 210
 And therefore few make any account
 Int' what incumbrances they run 't ;

For most men carry things so even
 Between this world, and hell, and heaven,
 Without the least offence to either, 215
 They freely deal in all together,
 And equally abhor to quit
 This world for both, or both for it ;
 And when they pawn and damn their souls,
 They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that, quoth he, 'tis rational,
 They may b' accomptable in all :
 For when there is that intercourse
 Between divine and human pow'rs,
 That all that we determine here 225
 Commands obedience every-where ;
 When penalties may be commuted
 For fines, or ears, and executed,
 It follows nothing binds so fast
 As souls in pawn and mortgage past ; 230
 For oaths are th' only tests and scales
 Of right and wrong, and true and false ;
 And there 's no other way to try
 The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear ? 235
 There 's no believing till I hear :
 For till they 're understood, all tales
 (Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey
 What you commanded th' other day, 240
 And to perform my exercise
 (As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,
 T' avoid all scruples in the case,
 I went to do 't upon the place ;
 But as the castle is enchanted 245

By Sidrophel the witch, and haunted
With evil spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two,
Before I'd hardly time to lay
My weapons by, and disarray, 250
I heard a formidable noise,
Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,
That roar'd far off,—Despatch, and strip,
I'm ready with th' infernal whip,
That shall divest thy ribs of skin, 255
To expiate thy ling'ring sin ;
Th' hast broke perfidiously thy oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted troth,
But spar'd thy renegado back,
Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake, 260
Which now the Fates have order'd me,
For penance and revenge to flea,
Unless thou presently make haste ;
Time is, time was :—and there it ceas'd.
With which, though startled, I confess, 265
Yet th' horror of the thing was less
Than th' other dismal apprehension
Of interruption or prevention ;
And therefore snatching up the rod,
I laid upon my back a load, 270
Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,
To make my word and honour good :
Till tir'd, and taking truce at length,
For new recruits of breath and strength,
I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275
As if th' had been by lovers plac'd
In raptures of Platonic lashing,
And chaste contemplative bardashing ;

When facing hastily about,
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,
 With scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285
 And gave their hellish rage a stop ;
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell
 Courageously on Sidrophel ;
 Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,
 Began to roar aloud and tear ; 290
 When I as furiously press'd on,
 My weapon down his throat to run,
 Laid hold on him, but he broke loose,
 And turn'd himself into a goose,
 Div'd under water in a pond, 295
 To hide himself from being found.
 In vain I sought him ; but as soon
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
 Prepar'd, with equal haste and rage,
 His under-sorcerer t' engage ; 300
 But bravely scorning to defile
 My sword with feeble blood, and vile,
 I judg'd it better from a quick-
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick ;
 With which I furiously laid on, 305
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone
 It roar'd, O hold, for pity, Sir !
 I am too great a sufferer,
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,
 But conjur'd into a worse caprich : 310
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,

Old houses in the night to haunt,
 For opportunities t' improve
 Designs of thievery or love ;
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315
 All feats of witches counterfeit,
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,
 And make it for enchantment pass ;
 With cow-itch measles like a leper,
 And choke with fumes of Guinea-pepper ; 320
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,
 Commit phantastical advowtry ;
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run
 Stark staring mad with manicon ;
 Believe mechanic virtuosi 325
 Can raise them mountains in Potosi ;
 And, sillier than the antic fools,
 Take treasure for a heap of coals ;
 Seek out for plants with signatures,
 To quack off universal cures ; 330
 With figures ground on panes of glass,
 Make people on their heads to pass ;
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,
 Reflected from a single piece ;
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335
 Incline perpetually to witches,
 And keep me in continual fears,
 And danger of my neck and ears ;
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,
 And hemp on wooden anvils forg'd, 340
 Which others for cravats have worn
 About their necks, and took a turn.

I pity'd the sad punishment
 The wretched caitiff underwent,

And held my drubbing of his bones 345
 Too great an honour for pultrons ;
 For knights are bound to feel no blows
 From paltry and unequal foes,
 Who, when they slash and cut to pieces,
 Do all with civilest addresses : 350
 Their horses never give a blow,
 But when they make a leg and bow.
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him
 About the witch with many a question.
 Quoth he, For many years he drove 355
 A kind of broking-trade in love :
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust,
 Of feeble speculative lust ;
 Procurer to th' extravagancy
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360
 By those the devil had forsook,
 As things below him, to provoke ;
 But b'ing a virtuoso, able
 'To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
 He held his talent most adroit, 365
 For any mystical exploit,
 As others of his tribe had done,
 And rais'd their prices three to one :
 For one predicting pimp has th' odds
 Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370
 But as an elf (the dev'l's valet)
 Is not so slight a thing to get,
 For those that do his bus'ness best,
 In hell are us'd the ruggedest,
 Before so meriting a person 375
 Could get a grant, but in reversion,
 He serv'd two prenticeships, and longer,

I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.
 For (as some write) a witch's ghost,
 As soon as from the body loos'd, 380
 Becomes a puisney-imp itself,
 And is another witch's elf.
 He, after searching far and near,
 At length found one in Lancashire,
 With whom he bargain'd before-hand, 385
 And, after hanging, entertain'd :
 Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,
 And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;
 Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes
 Of wolves, and bears, baboons, and apes, 390
 Which he has vary'd more than witches,
 Or Pharaoh's wizards, could their switches ;
 And all with whom h' has had to do,
 Turn'd to as monstrous figures too ;
 Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395
 And to this beastly shape reduc'd,
 By feeding me on beans and pease
 He crams in nasty crevices,
 And turns to comfits by his arts,
 To make me relish for desserts, 400
 And one by one, with shame and fear,
 Lick up the candy'd provender.
 Beside—But as h' was running on,
 To tell what other feats h' had done,
 The Lady stopt his full career, 405
 And told him now 'twas time to hear.
 If half those things (said she) be true—
 They're all (quoth he), I swear by you :—
 Why then (said she) that Sidrophel
 Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell, 410

Who, mounted on a broom, the nag
 And hackney of a Lapland hag,
 In quest of you came hither post,
 Within an hour (I'm sure) at most,
 Who told me all you swear and say, 415
 Quite contrary another way ;
 Vow'd that you came to him, to know
 If you should carry me or no ;
 And would have hir'd him and his imps,
 To be your match-makers and pimps, 420
 T' engage the devil on your side,
 And steal (like Proserpine) your bride ;
 But he disdaining to embrace
 So filthy a design and base,
 You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425
 And drew upon him like a ruffin ;
 Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
 Before h' had time to mount his guard,
 And left him dead upon the ground,
 With many a bruise and desp'rate wound : 430
 Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,
 And stole his talismanic louse,
 And all his new-found old inventions,
 With flat felonious intentions ;
 Which he could bring out where he had, 435
 And what he bought them for, and paid :
 His flea, his morpion, and punese.
 H' had gotten for his proper ease,
 And all in perfect minutes made,
 By th' ablest artist of the trade ; 440
 Which (he could prove it) since he lost
 He has been eaten up almost ;
 And altogether might amount

To many hundreds on account :
For which h' had got sufficient warrant 445
To seize the malefactors errant,
Without capacity of bail,
But of a cart's or horse's tail ;
And did not doubt to bring the wretches
To serve for pendulums to watches ; 450
Which, modern virtuosis say,
Incline to hanging every way.
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,
That ere he went in quest of you,
He set a figure to discover 455
If you were fled to Rye or Dover ;
And found it clear that, to betray
Yourselves and me, you fled this way ;
And that he was upon pursuit,
To take you somewhere hereabout. 460
He vow'd he had intelligence
Of all that pass'd before and since,
And found that, ere you came to him,
Y' had been engaging life and limb
About a case of tender conscience, 465
Where both abounded in your own sense,
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,
Had clear'd all scruples in the case ;
And prov'd that you might swear and own
Whatever 's by the Wicked done ; 470
For which, most basely to requite
The service of his gifts and light,
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,
To scourge his ribs instead of yours ;
But that he stood upon his guard, 475
And all your vapouring out-dar'd ;

For which, between you both, the feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480
(As men of inward light are wont
To turn their optics in upon't);
He wonder'd how she came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his affidavit-hand, 485
As if h' had been to be arraign'd;
Cast towards the door a ghastly look,
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:

Madam, if but one word be true
Of all the wizard has told you, 490
Or but one single circumstance
In all th' apocryphal romance,
May dreadful earthquakes swallow down
This vessel, that is all your own;
Or may the heavens fall and cover 495
These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well (quoth she),
(I thank you) for yourself and me,
And shewn your Presbyterian wits
Jump punctual with the Jesuits'; 500
A most compendious way and civil,
At once to cheat the world, the devil,
And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those
On whom you vainly think t' impose.

Why then (quoth he), may hell surprise— 505
That trick (said she) will not pass twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve;
But there's a better way of clearing

What you would prove, than downright swearing ;
 For if you have perform'd the feat, 511
 The blows are visible as yet,
 Enough to serve for satisfaction
 Of nicest scruples in the action ;
 And if you can produce those knobs, 515
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,
 I'll pass them all upon account,
 As if your nat'ral self had done 't ;
 Provided that they pass th' opinion
 Of able juries of old women ; 520
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam (quoth he), your love's a million,
 To do is less than to be willing,
 As I am, were it in my power 525
 T' obey what you command, and more ;
 But for performing what you bid,
 I thank you as much as if I did.
 You know I ought to have a care
 To keep my wounds from taking air ; 530
 For wounds in those that are all heart,
 Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels
 Are like to prove but mere drawn battles ;
 For still the longer we contend, 535
 We are but farther off the end ;
 But granting now we should agree,
 What is it you expect from me ?

Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word
 You pass'd in heaven on record, 540
 Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,
 Are everlastingly enroll'd ;

And if 'tis counted treason here
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,
And that 's the reason, as some guess,
There is no heav'n in marriages ;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly, to be at ease ; 550
Their bus'ness there is only love,
Which marriage is not like t' improve ;
Love, that 's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature ty'd ;
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555
It breaks loose when it is confin'd,
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away ; 560
And therefore never can comply
T' endure the matrimonial tie,
That binds the female and the male,
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept 565
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept.
Of which the true and faithful'st lover
Gives best security to suffer.
Marriage is but a beast some say,
That carries double in foul way, 570
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd
It should so suddenly be tir'd :
A bargain, at a venture made,
Between two partners in a trade ;
(For what 's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 575

But something past away, and sold ?)
 That, as it makes but one of two,
 Reduces all things else as low ;
 And at the best is but a mart,
 Between the one and th' other part, 580
 That on the marriage-day is paid,
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;
 And all the rest of better or worse,
 Both are but losers out of purse :
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,
 Or wager laid at six and sev'n ?
 To pass themselves away, and turn
 Their children's tenants ere they're born ? 590
 Beg one another idiot
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
 Though got b' implicit generation, 595
 And gen'ral club of all the nation ;
 For which she's fortify'd no less
 Than all the island, with four seas ;
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,
 In ready insolence and power, 600
 And makes him pass away, to have
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,
 More wretched than an ancient villain,
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling :
 While all he does upon the by, 605
 She is not bound to justify,
 Nor at her proper cost and charge
 Maintain the feats he does at large.

Such hideous sots were those obedient
 Old vassals, to their ladies regent, 619
 To give the cheats the eldest hand
 In foul play, by the laws o' th' land ;
 For which so many a legal cuckold
 Has been run down in courts, and truckled :
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,
 Without distinction of degree,
 Condition, age, or quality ;
 Admits no pow'r of revocation,
 Nor valuable consideration, 620
 Nor writ of Error, nor reverse
 Of judgment past, for better or worse ;
 Will not allow the privileges
 That beggars challenge under hedges, 624
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead horses
 Their sp'ritual judges of divorces,
 While nothing else but *rem in re*
 Can set the proudest wretches free ;
 A slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630
 As spiders never seek the fly,
 But leave him of himself t' apply ;
 So men are by themselves employ'd,
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their necks into a noose, 635
 They'd break 'em after to break loose.
 As some whom death would not depart,
 Have done the feat themselves by art :
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed,
 In flaming curtains, to the dead ; 640
 And men as often dangled for 't,

And yet will never leave the sport.
Nor do the ladies want excuse
For all the stratagems they use,
To gain th' advantage of the set, 645
And lurch the amorous rook and cheat.
For as the Pythagorean soul
Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,
And has a smack of ev'ry one,
So love does, and has ever done; 650
And therefore though 'tis ne'er so fond,
Takes strangely to the vagabond.
'Tis but an ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the patient first,
That after burns with cold as much 655
As iron in Greenland does the touch;
Melts in the furnace of desire
Like glass, that's but the ice of fire;
And when his heat of fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a lover: 660
For when he's with love-powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an eye
Gives fire to his artillery,
And off the loud oaths go, but, while 665
They're in the very act, recoil:
Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance;
And widows, who have try'd one lover,
Trust none again till they've made over; 670
Or if they do, before they marry
The foxes weigh the geese they carry;
And ere they venture o'er a stream,
Know how to size themselves and them.

Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675
 To undertake the heaviest goose :
 For now the world is grown so wary,
 That few of either sex dare marry,
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,
 The cross and pile for bett'r or worse ; 680
 A mode that is held honourable,
 As well as French and fashionable:
 For when it falls out for the best,
 Where both are incommoded least,
 In soul and body two unite 685
 To make up one hermaphrodite ;
 Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling,
 They've more punctilios and capriches
 Between the petticoat and breeches, 690
 More petulant extravagances
 Than poets make 'em in romances ;
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,
 We hear no more of charms and flames ;
 For then their late attracts decline 695
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;
 And all their caterwauling tricks,
 In earnest to as jealous piques :
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd
 By th' yellow manteaus of the bride ; 700
 For jealousy is but a kind
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,
 The natural effects of love,
 As other flames and aches prove :
 But all the mischief is the doubt 705
 On whose account they first broke out.
 For though Chinesees go to bed

And lie-in, in their ladies' stead ;
 And, for the pains they took before,
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap
 To fall in labour of a clap ;
 Both lay the child to one another,
 But who's the father? who the mother ?
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715
 Or who imported the French goods.
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,
 Which both engag'd before to own,
 And are not with their bodies bound
 To worship, only when they're sound ; 720
 Both give and take their equal shares
 Of all they suffer by false wares ;
 A fate no lover can divert
 With all his caution, wit, and art :
 For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725
 At women by appearances ;
 That paint and patch their imperfections,
 Of intellectual complexions,
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes
 As artificial as their faces : 730
 Wear, under vizard-masks, their talents
 And mother-wits, before their gallants ;
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose :
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735
 Are made unready with the bride,
 That with her wedding clothes undresses
 Her complaisance and gentilleses ;
 Tries all her arts to take upon her
 The government from th' easy owner ; 740

Until the wretch is glad to wave
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;
 Find all his having and his holding
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;
 The conjugal petard, that tears 745
 Down all portecullises of ears,
 And makes the volley of one tongue
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,
 The female silk-worms ride the males ; 750
 Transform 'em into rams and goats
 Like Syrens, with their charming notes ;
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,
 Or those enchanting murmurs made
 By th' husband mandrake, and the wife, 755
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains
 Of wanton, over-heated brains,
 Which ralliers in their wit or drink
 Do rather wheedle with, than think. 760
 Man was not man in Paradise,
 Until he was created twice ;
 And had his better half, his bride,
 Carv'd from th' original, his side,
 T' amend his natural defects, 765
 And perfect his recruiting sex ;
 Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen
 The pains and labour of increasing,
 By changing them for other care ;
 As by his dried-up paps appears. 770
 His body, that stupendous frame,
 Of all the world the anagram,
 Is of two equal parts compact,

In shape and symmetry exact ;
Of which the left and female side 775
Is to the manly right a bride ;
Both join'd together with such art,
That nothing else but death can part.
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,
And face, that all the world surprise, 780
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other ladies tawny ;
Those ravishing and charming graces,
Are all made up of two half faces,
That, in a mathematic line, 785
Like those in other heavens, join :
Of which, if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon :
And so would that sweet bud, your lip,
Without the other's fellowship. 790
Our noblest senses act by pairs,
Two eyes to see ; to hear, two ears ;
Th' intelligencers of the mind,
To wait upon the soul design'd :
But those that serve the body' alone 795
Are single and confin'd to one.
The world is but two parts, that meet
And close at th' equinoctial fit ;
And so are all the works of Nature,
Stamp'd with her signature on matter ; 800
Which all her creatures, to a leaf,
Or smallest blade of grass, receive.
All which sufficiently declare
How entirely marriage is her care,
The only method that she uses 805
In all the wonders she produces ;

And those that take their rules from her
 Can never be deceiv'd, nor err :
 For what secures the civil life,
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810
 That lie, like hostages, at stake,
 To pay for all men undertake ;
 To whom it is as necessary,
 As to be born and breathe, to marry ;
 So universal, all mankind 815
 In nothing else is of one mind ;
 For in what stupid age or nation
 Was marriage ever out of fashion ?
 Unless among the Amazons,
 Or cloister'd Friars and vestal Nuns, 820
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks
 And loose excesses of the sex,
 Prepost'rously would have all women
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.
 Though men would find such mortal feuds 825
 In sharing of their public goods,
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives,
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,
 As beasts do, of their native growths ; 830
 For simple wearing of their horns
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.
 For what can we pretend t' inherit,
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it ?
 Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835
 But for our parents' settlements ;
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth,
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.
 What honours, or estates of peers,

Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840
And what security maintains
Their right and title, but the banns?
What crowns could be hereditary,
If greatest monarchs did not marry,
And with their consorts consummate 845
Their weightiest interests of state?
For all th'amours of princes are
But guarantees of peace or war.
Or what but marriage has a charm,
The rage of empires to disarm? 850
Make blood and desolation cease,
And fire and sword unite in peace;
When all their fierce contests for forage
Conclude in articles of marriage.
Nor does the genial bed provide 855
Less for the int'rests of the bride,
Who else had not the least pretence
T' as much as due benevolence;
Could no more title take upon her
To virtue, quality, and honour, 860
Than ladies errant unconfin'd,
And femme-coverts to all mankind.
All women would be of one piece,
The virtuous matron, and the miss;
The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865
The same with those in Lewkner's lane;
But for the diff'rence marriage makes
'Twixt wives and ladies of the Lakes:
Besides the joys of place and birth,
The sex's paradise on earth, 870
A privilege so sacred held
That none will to their mothers yield,

But, rather than not go 'before,
 Abandon heaven at the door :
 And if th' indulgent law allows 875
 A greater freedom to the spouse,
 The reason is, because the wife
 Runs greater hazards of her life ;
 Is trusted with the form and matter
 Of all mankind, by careful Nature ; 880
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff
 She frames the wondrous fabric of ;
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely
 Demand the clergy of her belly ;
 And make it save her the same way 885
 It seldom misses to betray,
 Unless both parties wisely enter
 Into the Liturgy indenture.
 And though some fits of small contest
 Sometimes fall out among the best, 890
 That is no more than every lover
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer ;
 That makes no breach of faith and love,
 But rather sometimes serves t' improve :
 For as, in running, every pace 895
 Is but between two legs a race,
 In which both do their uttermost
 To get before and win the post,
 Yet, when they're at their races' ends,
 They're still as kind and constant friends, 900
 And, to relieve their weariness,
 By turns give one another ease ;
 So all those false alarms of strife
 Between the husband and the wife,
 And little quarrels, often prove 905

To be but new recruits of love,
 When those who 're always kind or coy
 In time must either tire or cloy.
 Nor are their loudest clamours more
 Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour ; 910
 Like music, that proves bad or good
 According as 'tis understood.
 In all amours a lover burns
 With frowns, as well as smiles, by turns ;
 And hearts have been as oft with sullen, 915
 As charming looks, surpris'd and stolen :
 Then why should more bewitching clamour
 Some lovers not as much enamour ?
 For discords make the sweetest airs,
 And curses are a kind of pray'rs ; 920
 Two slight alloys for all those grand
 Felicities by marriage gain'd :
 For nothing else has power to settle
 The interests of love perpetual.
 An act and deed that makes one heart 925
 Become another's counterpart,
 And passes fines on faith and love,
 Inroll'd and register'd above,
 To seal the slippery knots of vows,
 Which nothing else but death can loose. 930
 And what security's too strong
 To guard that gentle heart from wrong
 That to its friend is glad to pass
 Itself away and all it has,
 And, like an anchorite, gives over 935
 This world for th' heaven of a lover ?

I grant (quoth she) there are some few
 Who take that course, and find it true,

But millions whom the same does sentence
 To heav'n b' another way, repentance. 940
 Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,
 Though all they hit they turn to lovers,
 And all the weighty consequents
 Depend upon more blind events
 Than gamesters, when they play a set 945
 With greatest cunning at Piquet,
 Put out with caution, but take in
 They know not what, unsight, unseen.
 For what do lovers, when they're fast
 In one another's arms embrac'd, 950
 But strive to plunder, and convey
 Each other, like a prize, away ?
 To change the property of selves,
 As sucking children are by elves ?
 And if they use their persons so, 955
 What will they to their fortunes do ?
 Their fortunes ! the perpetual aims
 Of all their ecstasies and flames.
 For when the money's on the book,
 And 'All my worldly goods' but spoke 960
 (The formal livery and seisin
 That puts a lover in possession),
 To that alone the bridegroom's wedded,
 The bride a flam that's superseded :
 To that their faith is still made good, 965
 And all the oaths to us they vow'd ;
 For when we once resign our pow'rs,
 We've nothing left we can call ours ;
 Our money's now become the Miss
 Of all your lives and services, 970
 And we, forsaken and postpon'd,

But bawds to what before we own'd ;
 Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,
 So now hires others to supplant us,
 Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975
 (As we had been) for new amours.
 For what did ever heiress yet,
 By being born to lordships, get ?
 When, the more lady she 's of manors,
 She 's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980
 Pays for their projects and designs,
 And for her own destruction fines ;
 And does but tempt them with her riches,
 To use her as the dev'l does witches,
 Who takes it for a special grace 985
 To be their cully for a space,
 That, when the time 's expir'd, the drazels
 For ever may become his vassals ;
 So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,
 Betrays herself and all sh' inherits ; 990
 Is bought and sold, like stolen goods,
 By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds ;
 Until they force her to convey
 And steal the thief himself away.
 These are the everlasting fruits 995
 Of all your passionate love-suits,
 Th' effects of all your am'rous fancies
 To portions and inheritances ;
 Your love-sick rapture, for fruition
 Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000
 To which you make address and courtship,
 And with your bodies strive to worship,
 That th' infant's fortunes may partake
 Of love too for the mother's sake.

For these you play at purposes, 1005
 And love your loves with A's and B's ;
 For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,
 And play for love and money too :
 Strive who shall be the ablest man
 At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010
 And who the most genteelly bred
 At sucking of a vizard-bead ;
 How best t' accost us in all quarters,
 T' our question-and-command new garters ;
 And solidly discourse upon 1015
 All sorts of dresses *pro* and *con* :
 For there's no mystery nor trade
 But in the art of love is made ;
 And when you have more debts to pay
 Than Michaelmas and Lady-day, 1020
 And no way possible to do 't
 But love and oaths, and restless suit,
 To us y' apply to pay the scores
 Of all your cully'd past amours ;
 Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025
 And charge us with your wounds and pain,
 Which others' influences long since
 Have charm'd your noses with and shins,
 For which the surgeon is unpaid,
 And like to be without our aid. 1030
 Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !
 How debts and mortgages enchant !
 What graces must that lady have
 That can from excutions save !
 What charms that can reverse extent, 1035
 And null decree and exigent !
 What magical attracts and graces

That can redeem from *Scire facias*!
 From bonds and statutes can discharge,
 And from contempts of courts enlarge! 1040
 These are the highest excellences
 Of all your true or false pretences;
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear
 As much t' an hostess dowager,
 Grown fat and pursy by retail 1045
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,
 And find her fitter for your turn,
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050
 And, like a candle in the socket,
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.

By this time 'twas grown dark and late,
 When they' heard a knocking at the gate,
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055
 The blows grew louder still and louder;
 Which Hudibras, as if they'd been
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,
 Expounding by his inward light,
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060
 To be the Wizard come to search,
 And take him napping in the lurch,

1053 1054 The persons who knocked at the gate were, probably, two of the lady's own servants: for as she and Ralpho (who all the time lay in ambuscade) had been descanting on the Knight's villanies, so they had undoubtedly laid this scheme to be revenged of him: the servants were disguised, and acted in a bold and hectoring manner, pursuant to the instructions given them by the Widow. The Knight was to be made believe they were Sidrophel and Whachum, which made his fright and consternation so great that we find him falling into a swoon.

Turn'd pale as ashes or a clout,
 But why or wherefore is a doubt;
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065
 With too much or too little valour.
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd
 To force a passage through his side,
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait'em,
 But in a fury to fly at'em; 1070
 And therefore beat and laid about,
 To find a cranny to creep out.
 But she, who saw in what a taking
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight, 1075
 Know I'm resolv'd to break no rite
 Of hospital'ty to a stranger,
 But, to secure you out of danger,
 Will here myself stand sentinel
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel. 1080
 Women, you know, do seldom fail
 To make the stoutest men turn tail,
 And bravely scorn to turn their backs
 Upon the desp'ratest attacks.
 At this the Knight grew resolute 1085
 As Ironside or Hardiknute;
 His fortitude began to rally,
 And out he cry'd aloud to sally:
 But she besought him to convey
 His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090
 And lodge in ambush on the floor,
 Or fortify'd behind a door,
 That, if the enemy should enter,

¹⁰⁸⁶ Two famous and valiant princes of this country, the one a Saxon, the other a Dane.

He might relieve her in th' adventure.

Meanwhile they knock'd against the door 1095
 As fierce as at the gate before ;
 Which made the renegado Knight
 Relapse again t' his former fright.
 He thought it desperate to stay
 Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 1100
 But rather post himself, to serve
 The Lady for a fresh reserve.
 His duty was not to dispute,
 But what sh' had order'd execute ;
 Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105
 And therefore stoutly march'd away,
 And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
 Though in the dark, and all alone ;
 Till fear, that braver feats performs
 Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110
 Had drawn him up before a pass,
 To stand upon his guard, and face :
 This he courageously invaded,
 And, having enter'd, barricaded ;
 Ensconc'd himself as formidable 1115
 As could be underneath a table,
 Where he lay down in ambush close,
 T' expect th' arrival of his foes.
 Few minutes he had lain perdue,
 To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120
 Before he heard a dreadful shout,
 As loud as putting to the rout,
 With which impatiently alarm'd,
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,
 And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell :

He therefore sent out all his senses
 To bring him in intelligences,
 Which vulgars, out of ignorance,
 Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130
 But those that trade in geomancy
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy,
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,
 And things incredible reveal.
 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 1135
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress ;
 And as another of the same
 Degree and party in arms and fame,
 That in the same cause had engag'd,
 And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140
 By vent'ring only but to thrust
 His head a span beyond his post,
 B' a general of the Cavaliers
 Was dragg'd through a window by the ears ;
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,
 As if they scorn to trade or barter,
 By giving or by taking quarter ; 1150
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid :
 For when a man is past his sense,
 There 's no way to reduce him thence
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155
 Or laying on of heavy blows ;
 And, if that will not do the deed,
 To burning with hot irons proceed.

No sooner was he come t' himself,

But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160
 Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
 B' our friend, thy evil genius,
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,
 The Brethren's privilege (against
 The Wicked), on themselves, the Saints,
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent
 For just revenge and punishment, 1170
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen
 But by an open, free confession;
 For if we catch thee failing once,
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray 1175
 And filch the Lady's heart away,
 To spirit her to matrimony?—
 That which contracts all matches, money.
 It was th' enchantment of her riches
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches; 1180
 That in return would pay th' expense,
 The wear and tear of conscience,
 Which I could have patch'd up and turn'd
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.—

Didst thou not love her then? speak true.—
 No more (quoth he) than I love you.— 1186

How would'st th' have us'd her and her money?—
 First turn'd her up to alimony,
 And laid her dowry out in law
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190
 Which I beforehand had agreed
 T' have put on purpose in the deed,

And bar her widow's making over
T' a friend in trust, or private lover.—

What made thee pick and choose her out 1195
T' employ their sorceries about?—

That which makes gamesters play with those
Who have least wit, and most to lose.—

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass
Upon a woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by proof,
Whose humours are not to be won 1205

But when they are impos'd upon ;
For love approves of all they do
That stand for candidates, and woo.—

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies
Of bears and witches in disguise?— 1210

That is no more than authors give
The rabble credit to believe ;
A trick of following their leaders
To entertain their gentle readers :
And we have now no other way 1215

Of passing all we do or say ;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few,
Beside the danger of offence,
The fatal enemy of sense.— 1220

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,
Hypocrisy, to set up in?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints'-bell that rings all in ,
In which all Churches are concern'd, 1225

And is the easiest to be learn'd :
 For no degrees, unless they employ 't,
 Can ever gain much or enjoy 't :
 A gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the rabble, 1320
 But by the laws impower'd to rout
 And awe the greatest that stand out ;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their hands should slip and come too near ;
 For no sin else, among the Saints, 1235
 Is taught so tenderly against.—

What made thee break thy plighted vows ?—
 That which makes others break a house,
 And hang, and scorn you all, before
 Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks
 Than all our doting politics,
 That are grown old and out of fashion,
 Compar'd with your new Reformation ;
 That we must come to school to you 1245
 To learn your more refin'd and new.

Quoth he, If you will give me leave
 To tell you what I now perceive,
 You'll find yourself an errant chouse
 If y' were but at a Meeting-house. 1250

'Tis true (quoth he), we ne'er come there,
 Because w' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly (quoth he), you can't imagine
 What wondrous things they will engage in ;
 That as your fellow fiends in hell 1255
 Were angels all before they fell,
 So are you like to be agen
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be
 Thy scholar in this mystery ; 1260
 And therefore first desire to know
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,
 And one of us?—A livelihood.—

What renders beating out of brains 1265
 And murder godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch
 That will not bear the gentlest touch ;
 But, breaking out, dispatches more
 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,
 And damn all others?—To be paid.—

What's orthodox and true believing
 Against a conscience?—A good living.

What makes rebelling against kings 1275
 A good old Cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?—
 About two hundred pounds a-year.

And that which was prov'd true before
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths
 A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—
 B'ing out of power and contribution.

What makes a church a den of thieves?— 1285
 A Dean and Chapter and white sleeves.

And what would serve, if those were gone,
 To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime
 The most notorious of the time ; 1290
 Morality, which both the Saints

And Wicked too cry out against?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within

Prohibited degrees of kin ;

And therefore no true Saint allows

1295

They shall be suffer'd to espouse ;

For Saints can need no conscience

That with morality dispense ;

As virtue's impious when 'tis rooted

In nature only, and not imputed :

1300

But why the Wicked should do so

We neither know, nor care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,
I' th' natural and genuine sense?—

'Tis to restore with more security

1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity ;

And Christian liberty reduce

To th' elder practice of the Jews :

For a large conscience is all one,

And signifies the same with none.

1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones :

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick

(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)

But was below the least of these

1315

That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the Furies and the light

In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,

With stinks of brimstone and his own.

1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command

Rules all the sea and half the land,

And over moist and crazy brains,

In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,

Was now declining to the west, 1325
 To go to bed and take her rest ;
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,
 Lay still, expecting worse and more,
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor ; 1330
 And, though he shut his eyes as fast
 As if h' had been to sleep his last,
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards
 Do make the devil wear for vizards,
 And, pricking up his ears to hark 1335
 If he could hear too in the dark,
 Was first invaded with a groan,
 And after, in a feeble tone,
 These trembling words : Unhappy wretch !
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340
 Or all thy tricks, in this new trade,
 Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' blade ?
 By saunt'ring still on some adventure,
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?
 For still th' hast had the worst on 't yet,
 As well in conquest as defeat.
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,
 To rest the body and the mind, 1350
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd
 As meant to him this reprimand,
 Because the character did hit 1355
 Point-blank upon his case so fit ;
 Believ'd it was some drolling spright

That stay'd upon the guard that night,
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt
 The drubs he had so freely dealt ; 1360
 When, after a short pause and groan,
 The doleful Spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
 Pell-mell together by the ears,
 And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365
 To lie in limbo in the stocks,
 And from the pinnacle of glory
 Fall headlong into purgatory—

(Thought he, This devil's full of malice,
 That on my late disaster rallies ;)— 1370
 Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,
 By being more heroic-minded ;
 And at a riding handled worse,
 With treats more slovenly and coarse ;
 Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375
 And hot disputes with conjurers ;
 And, when th' hadst bravely won the day,
 Wast fain to steal thyself away—

(I see, thought he, this shameless elf
 Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380
 That impudently dares to own
 What I have suffer'd for and done)—
 And now, but vent'ring to betray,
 Hast met with vengeance the same way.

Thought he, How does the devil know 1385
 What 'twas that I design'd to do ?
 His office of intelligence,
 His oracles are ceas'd long since ;
 And he knows nothing of the Saints,
 But what some treach'rous spy acquaints. 1390

This is some pettifogging fiend,
 Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,
 That undertakes to understand,
 And juggles at the second-hand,
 And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395
 And all men's dark concerns foreknow.

I think I need not fear him for 't;
 These rallying devils do no hurt.
 With that he rous'd his drooping heart,
 And hastily cry'd out, What art? 1400

A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace
 Has brought to this unhappy place.—

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
 Thus far I'm sure thou'rt in the right,
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee 1405
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paltry blackguard spright,
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes; 1410

Without the raising of which sum
 You dare not be so troublesome,
 To pinch the slatterns black and blue,
 For leaving you their work to do.

This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415
 And your diversion dull dry bobbing,
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,
 And wash 'em clean in ditches for 't;

Of which conceit you are so proud,
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420
 As now you would have done by me,
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the Voice), y' are no such sophy

As you would have world judge of ye.
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,
 Or think it possible to know
 Us ghosts, as well as we do you,
 We who have been the everlasting
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430
 And never left you in contest,
 With male or female, man or beast,
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,
 In all adventures as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew :
 For none could have betray'd us worse
 Than those allies of ours and yours.
 But I have sent him for a token
 To your low country Hogen-Mogen, 1440
 To whose infernal shores I hope
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope :
 And if y' have been more just to me
 (As I am apt to think) than he,
 I am afraid it is as true 1445

What th' ill-affected say of you ;
 Y' have 'spous'd the Covenant and Cause,
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir (quoth the Voice), 'tis true I grant,
 We made and took the Covenant ; 1450
 But that no more concerns the Cause,
 Than other perj'ries do the laws,
 Which, when they 're prov'd in open court,
 Wear wooden peccadilloes for 't :
 And that 's the reason Cov'nanters 1455
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see (quoth Hudibras) from whence
 These scandals of the Saints commence,
 That are but natural effects
 Of Satan's malice and his sects, 1460
 Those spider-saints that hang by threads
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir (quoth the Voice), that may as true
 And properly be said of you,
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465
 Or both the other put together :
 For all the Independents do
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;
 You, who are not content alone
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470
 But must have armies rais'd to back
 The gospel-work you undertake ;
 As if artillery and edge-tools
 Were th' only engines to save souls :
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475
 By force to run down and devour ;
 Has ne'er a Classis, cannot sentence
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;
 Is ty'd up only to design
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine : 1480
 In which you all his arts outdo,
 And prove yourselves his betters too.
 Hence 'tis possessions do less evil
 Than mere temptations of the devil,
 Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485
 Are charg'd in courts of law upon ;
 Because, unless they help the elf,
 He can do little of himself ;
 And therefore where he's best possess

Acts most against his interest ; 1490
 Surprises none but those who 've priests
 To turn him out, and exorcists,
 Supply'd with spiritual provision,
 And magazines of ammunition ;
 With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495
 Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes ;
 The tools of working out salvation
 By mere mechanic operation :
 With holy water, like a sluice,
 To overflow all avenues : 1500
 But those who 're utterly unarm'd,
 T' oppose his entrance if he storm'd,
 He never offers to surprise,
 Although his falsest enemies ;
 But is content to be their drudge, 1505
 And on their errands glad to trudge :
 For where are all your forfeitures
 Intrusted in safe hands, but ours ?
 Who are but jailors of the holes
 And dungeons where you clap up souls ; 1510
 Like under-keepers, turn the keys
 T' your mittimus anathemas,
 And never boggle to restore
 The members you deliver o'er,
 Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515
 Than all your covenanting Trustees ;
 Unless, to punish them the worse,
 You put them in the secular pow'rs,
 And pass their souls, as some demise
 The same estate in mortgage twice ; 1520
 When to a legal utlegation
 You turn your excommunication,

And for a groat unpaid that 's due,
Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'Tis no mean part of civil 1525
State-prudence, to cajole the devil,
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true (quoth he), that intercourse
Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530
That, as you trust us, in our way,
To raise your members and to lay,
We send you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,
Or, frighted with our oratory, 1535
To leap down headlong many a story ;
Have us'd all means to propagate
Your mighty interests of state,
Laid out our sp'ritual gifts to further
Your great designs of rage and murder : 1540
For if the Saints are nam'd from blood,
We only 've made that title good ;
And, if it were but in our power,
We should not scruple to do more,
And not be half a soul behind 1545
Of all Dissenters of mankind.

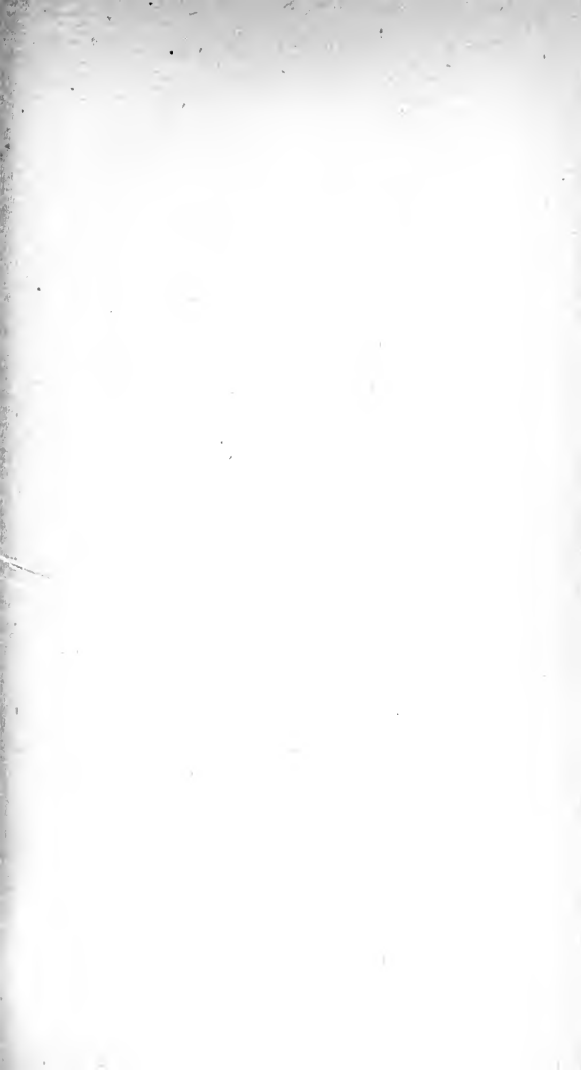
Right (quoth the Voice), and, as I scorn
To be ungrateful, in return
Of all those kind good offices,
I 'll free you out of this distress, 1550
And set you down in safety, where
It is no time to tell you here.
The cock crows, and the morn draws on,
When 'tis decreed I must be gone ;
And if I leave you here till day, 1555

You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the Spirit grop'd about
 To find th' enchanted hero out,
 And try'd with haste to lift him up,
 But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560
 Unserviceable with kicks and blows
 Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.
 He thought to drag him by the heels,
 Like Gresham-carts with legs for wheels ;
 But fear, that soonest cures those sores, 1565
 In danger of relapse to worse,
 Came in t' assist him with its aid,
 And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.
 No sooner was he fit to trudge,
 But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570
 The Spirit hors'd him like a sack,
 Upon the vehicle his back,
 And bore him headlong into th' hall,
 With some few rubs against the wall ;
 Where, finding out the postern lock'd, 1575
 And th' avenues as strongly block'd,
 H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,
 And in a moment gain'd the pass ;
 Through which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's
 Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders, 1580
 And cautiously began to scout
 To find their fellow-cattle out ;
 Nor was it half a minute's quest
 Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,
 Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585
 But ne'er a saddle on his back,
 Nor pistols at the saddle bow,

Convey'd away, the Lord knows how.
 He thought it was no time to stay,
 And let the night, too, steal away; 1590
 But in a trice advanc'd the Knight
 Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,
 And, groping out for Ralpho's jade,
 He found the saddle, too, was stray'd,
 And, in the place a lump of soap, 1595
 On which he speedily leap'd up;
 And, turning to the gate the rein,
 He kick'd and cudgel'd on amain;
 While Hudibras with equal haste
 On both sides laid about as fast, 1600
 And spurr'd, as jockeys use to break,
 Or padders to secure, a neck:
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,
 And to their Churches turn our rhyme;
 To hold forth their declining state, 1605
 Which now come near an even rate.

END OF VOL. I.





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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
SAMUEL BUTLER

VOLUME II



LONDON
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HUDIBRAS.

PART III. CANTO II.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The saints engage in fierce contests
About their carnal interests,
To share their sacrilegious preys
According to their rates of Grace:
Their various frenzies to reform,
When Cromwell left them in a storm;
Till, in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble
Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

THE learned write an insect breeze
Is but a mongrel prince of bees,
That falls before a storm on cows,
And stings the founders of his house,
From whose corrupted flesh that breed
Of vermin did at first proceed. 6
So, ere the storm of war broke out,
Religion spawn'd a various rout
Of petulant capricious sects,

* This canto is entirely independent of the adventures of Hudibras and Ralpho; neither of our heroes make their appearance: other characters are introduced. The Poet skips from the time wherein these adventures happened to Cromwell's death, and from thence to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament.

The maggots of corrupted texts, 10
 That first run all religion down,
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :
 For as the Persian Magi once
 Upon their mothers got their sons,
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15
 That empire any other way ;
 So Presbyter begot the other
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,
 Then bore them like the devil's dam,
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,
 Nor int'rest for the common good,
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,
 Get quarter for each other's beard :
 For when they thriv'd they never fadg'd, 25
 But only by the ears engag'd ;
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
 And play together when they've none ;
 As by their truest characters,
 Their constant actions, plainly' appears. 30
 Rebellion now began for lack
 Of zeal and plunder to grow slack,
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,
 And Providence to be out of season :
 For now there was no more to purchase 35
 O' th' King's revenue, and the Church's,
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,
 That us'd to urge the Brethren on ;
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40
 That, what by breaking them th' had gain'd,
 By their support might be maintain'd ;

Like thieves, that in a hemp plot lie,
 Secur'd against the Hue-and-cry ;
 For Presbyter and Independent 45
 Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant ;
 Laid out their apostolic functions
 On carnal Orders and Injunctions ;
 And all their precious Gifts and Graces
 On Outlawries and *Scire facias* ; 50
 At Michael's term had many trial,
 Worse than the Dragon and St. Michael,
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,
 Into the bottomless abyss.
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55
 They came to share their dividends,
 And ev'ry partner to possess
 His church and state joint-purchases,
 In which the ablest Saint, and best,
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 60
 To pay their money, and, instead
 Of ev'ry Brother, pass the deed,
 He straight converted all his gifts
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,
 And settled all the other shares 65
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands
 Deliver'd up into his hands,
 And pass'd upon his conscience
 By pre-entail of Providence ; 70
 Impeach'd the rest for Reprobates
 That had no titles to estates,
 But by their spiritual attaints
 Degraded from the right of Saints.
 This b'ing reveal'd; they now begun 75

With law and conscience to fall on,
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;
 Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
 As men with sand-bags did of old, 80
 That brought the lawyers in more fees
 Than all unsanctify'd Trustees :
 Till he who had no more to show
 I' th' case, receiv'd the overthrow ;
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85
 They parted as they met at first.
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate,
 From all affairs of Church and State, 90
 Reform'd t' a reformado Saint,
 And glad to turn itinerant,
 To stroll and teach from town to town,
 And those he had taught up, teach down,
 And make those uses serve agen 95
 Against the New-enlighten'd men,
 As fit as when at first they were
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier ;
 Damn Anabaptist and Fanatic,
 As pat as Popish and Prelatic ; 100
 And, with as little variation.
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.
 The Good Old Cause, which some believe
 To be the dev'l that tempted Eve
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105
 The world to mischief with New Light,
 Had store of money in her purse
 When he took her for bett'r or worse,

But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of door. / 110

The Independents (whose first station
Was in the rear of Reformation,
A mongrel kind of Church-dragoons,
That serv'd for horse and foot at once,
And in the saddle of one steed 115
The Saracen and Christian rid ;
Were free of ev'ry sp'ritual order,
To preach and fight, and pray and murder)

¹¹⁸ The officers and soldiers among the Independents got into pulpits, and preached and prayed as well as fought. Oliver Cromwell was famed for a preacher, and has a sermon* in print, entitled, 'Cromwell's Learned, Devout, and Conscientious Exercise, held at Sir Peter Temple's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, upon Rom. xiii. 1.' in which are the following flowers of rhetoric: "Dearly beloved brethren and sisters, it is true this text is a malignant one; the wicked and ungodly have abused it very much; but thanks be to God, it was to their own ruin." p. 1.

"But now that I spoke of kings, the question is, Whether by the 'higher powers' are meant kings or commoners? Truly, beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number 'higher powers?' Now, had he meant subjection to a king, he would have said, 'Let every soul be subject to the "higher power,"' if he had meant one man; but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us 'be subject to the "higher powers,"' that is, the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the Army." ib. p. 3.

When in the 'Humble Petition' there was inserted an article against public preachers being members of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell excepted against it expressly: "Because he (he said) was one, and divers officers of the army, by whom much good had been done—and therefore desired they would explain their article."—'Heath's Chronicle,' p. 408.

Sir Roger L'Estrange observes ('Reflections upon Poggius's

* This, however, is now well known to be an imposture.

No sooner got the start, to lurch
 Both disciplines of War and Church, 120
 And Providence enough to run
 The chief commanders of them down,
 But carry'd on the war against
 The common enemy o' th' Saints,
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125
 To win of them the game of war,
 And be at liberty once more
 T' attack themselves as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130
 But all reduc'd and overcome,
 Except their worst, themselves, at home,
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd and swore,
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
 Subdu'd the Nation, Church, and State, 135
 And all things but their laws and hate ;
 But when they came to treat and transact
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransack't,

Fable of the Husband, Wife, and Ghostly Father,' Part I. Fab. 357), upon the pretended saints of those times, "That they did not set one step in the whole tract of this iniquity, without seeking the Lord first, and going up to enquire of the Lord, according to the cant of those days; which was no other than to make God the Author of sin, and to impute the blackest practices of hell to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It was with this pretext of seeking the Lord in prayer, that Cromwell, Ireton, Harrison, and others of the regicides, cajoled General Fairfax, who was determined to rescue the king from execution, giving orders to have it speedily done: and, when they had notice that it was over, they persuaded the General that this was a full return of prayer; and God having so manifested His pleasure, they ought to acquiesce in it.—'Perenchief's Life of King Charles I.'

To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
 Religion and the Government, 140
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd
 To pull down all the war had spar'd ;
 Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish :
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin, 145
 As Dutch boors are t' a sooterkin,
 Both parties join'd to do their best
 To damn the public interest,
 And herded only in consults,
 To put by one another's bolts ; 150
 T' out-cant the Babylonian lab'rers,
 At all their dialects of jabb'ers,
 And tug at both ends of the saw,
 To tear down government and law.
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155
 Are both defeated of their aim ;
 So those who play a game of state,
 And only cavil in debate,
 Although there's nothing lost nor won,
 The public bus'ness is undone, 160
 Which still, the longer 'tis in doing,
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.

This when the Royalists perceiv'd,
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165
 So dearly for, the Church and Crown)
 Th' united constanter, and sided
 The more, the more their foes divided :
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,
 And by the fate of war run down, 170
 Their duty never was defeated,

Nor from their oaths and faith retreated ;
 For loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the game ;
 True as the dial to the sun, 175
 Although it be not shin'd upon.
 But when these Brethren in evil,
 Their adversaries, and the devil,
 Began once more to shew them play,
 And hopes at least to have a day, 180
 They rally'd in parades of woods,
 And unfrequented solitudes ;
 Conven'd at midnight in out-houses,
 T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,
 And, with a pertinacy' unmatched, 185
 For new recruits of danger watch'd.
 No sooner was one blow diverted,
 But up another party started,
 And as if Nature too, in haste
 To furnish our supplies as fast, 190
 Before her time had turn'd destruction
 T' a new and numerous production ;
 No sooner those were overcome
 But up rose others in their room,
 That, like the Christian faith, increast 195
 The more, the more they were suppress ;
 Whom neither chains nor transportation,
 Proscription, sale, or confiscation,
 Nor all the desperate events
 Of former try'd experiments, 200
 Nor wounds, could terrify, nor mangling,
 To leave off Loyalty and dangling,

²⁰¹ ²⁰² The brave spirit of loyalty was not to be suppressed by the most barbarous and inhuman usage. There are se-

Nor Death (with all his bones) affright
 From vent'ring to maintain the right,
 From staking life and fortune down 205
 'Gainst all together, for the Crown ;
 But kept the title of their cause
 From forfeiture like claims in laws ;
 And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation
 Can ever settle on the nation ; 210
 Until, in spite of force and treason,
 They put their loyalty in possession ;
 And, by their constancy and faith,
 Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

veral remarkable instances upon record ; as that of the gallant Marquis of Montrose, the loyal Mr. Gerrard, and Mr. Vowel, in 1654 ; of Mr. Penruddock, Grove, and others, who suffered for their loyalty at Exeter, 1654-5 ; of Captain Reynolds, who had been of the King's party, and, when he was going to be turned off the ladder, cried, God bless King Charles, 'Vive le Roi' ; of Dalgelly, one of Montrose's party, who being sentenced to be beheaded, and being brought to the scaffold, ran and kissed it : and, without any speech or ceremony, laid down his head upon the block and was beheaded ; of the brave Sir Robert Spotiswood ; of Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Portman, who were committed to the Tower the beginning of February, 1657, for dispersing among the soldiers what were then called 'seditious' books and pamphlets.

Nor ought the loyalty of the six counties of North Wales to be passed over in silence, who never addressed or petitioned during the Usurpation ; nor the common soldier mentioned in the 'Oxford Diurnal,' first week, p. 6. See more in the story of the 'Impertinent Sheriff,' L'Estrange's 'Fables,' Part II. Fab. 265. Mr. Butler, or Mr. Pryn, speaking of the gallant behaviour of the Loyalists, says, "Other nations would have canonized for martyrs, and erected statues after their death, to the memory of some of our compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other motive than undaunted zeal."

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215
 Did Oliver give up his reign,
 And was believ'd, as well by Saints
 As moral men and miscreants,
 To founder in the Stygian ferry,
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry, 220
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,
 Mistook the New Jerusalem
 Profanely for the apocryphal

²¹⁵ ²¹⁶ At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation. It is observed, in a tract entitled, 'No Fool to the old Fool,' L'Estrange's 'Apology,' p. 93, "That Oliver, after a long course of treason, murder, sacrilege, perjury, rapine, &c. finished his accursed life in agony and fury, and without any mark of true repentance." Though most of our historians mention the hurricane at his death, yet few take notice of the storm in the northern counties, that day the House of Peers ordered the digging up his carcase, with other regicides. The author of the 'Parley between the Ghost of the late Protector and the King of Sweden in Hell,' 1660, p. 19, merrily observes, "That he was even so turbulent and seditious there, that he was chained, by way of punishment, in the general pissing place, next the court-door, with a strict charge that nobody that made water thereabouts should piss any-where but against his body."

²²⁰ The news of Oliver's death being brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Peter Sterry stood up, and desired them not to be troubled; "For (said he) this is good news, because, if he was of use to the people of God when he was amongst us, he will be much more so now, being ascended into heaven, at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions." Dr South makes mention of an Independent divine (Sermons, vol. i. serm. iii. p. 102) who, when Oliver was sick, of which sickness he died, declared, "That God revealed to him that he should recover, and live thirty years longer; for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in a less time." But Oliver's death being published two days

False Heaven at the end o' th' Hall ;
 Whither it was decreed by Fate 225
 His precious reliques to translate :
 So Romulus was seen before
 B' as orthodox a senator,
 From whose divine illumination
 He stole the Pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son and heir-apparent
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent ;

after, the said divine publickly in his prayers expostulated with God the defeat of His prophecy in these words : " Thou hast lied unto us ; yea, Thou hast lied unto us."

So familiar were those wretches with God Almighty, that Dr. Echard observes of one of them, " That he pretended to have got such an interest in Christ, and such an exact knowledge of affairs above, that he could tell the people that he had just before received an express from Jesus upon such a business, and that the ink was scarce dry upon the paper."

²²⁴ After the Restoration Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set up at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of ' Heaven.'

²³¹ ²³² Oliver's eldest son, Richard, was by him, before his death, declared his successor ; and, by order of the Privy Council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence at the same time from the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen ; and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector ; yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.

What opinion the world had of him we learn from Lord Clarendon's account of his visit ' incog.' to the Prince of Conti at Pezenas, who received him civilly, as he did all strangers, and particularly the English ; and, after a few words (not knowing who he was), the Prince began to discourse of the affairs of England, and asked many questions

Who first laid by the Parl'ament,
 The only crutch on which he leant,
 And then sunk underneath the state, 235
 That rode him above horseman's weight.

And now the Saints began their reign,
 For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
 And felt such bowel-hankerings
 To see an empire, all of kings, 240
 Deliver'd from th' Egyptian awe
 Of justice, government, and law,

concerning the King, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him? which the other answered according to the truth. "Well," said the Prince, "Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command: but for that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, he was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible he could be such a sot?" He answered, "That he was betrayed by those he most trusted, and had been most obliged to his father." So being weary of his visit, he quickly took his leave, and next morning left the town, out of fear that the Prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly; and two days after the Prince did come to know who he was that he had treated so well. 'Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii. p. 519.' See a curious anecdote of Richard Cromwell in Dr. Maty's Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield.

²³⁷ A sneer upon the Committee of Safety, amongst whom was Sir Henry Vane, who (as Lord Clarendon observes) "was a perfect enthusiast, and without doubt did believe himself inspired; which so far corrupted his reason and understanding, that he did at the same time believe he was the person deputed to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years."

^{241 242} Dr. James Young observes, "that two Jesuitical prognosticators, Lilly and Culpeper, were so confident, anno 1652, of the total subversion of the law and gospel ministry, that in their scurrilous prognostications they predicted the downfall of both; and, in 1654, they foretold, that the law should be pulled down to the ground, the Great Charter and

And free t' erect what sp'ritual cantons
 Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-towns,
 To edify upon the ruins 245
 Of John of Leyden's old outgoings,
 Who, for a weather-cock hung up
 Upon their mother-church's top,
 Was made a type by Providence
 Of all their revelations since, 250
 And now fulfill'd by his successors,
 Who equally mistook their measures :
 For when they came to shape the model,
 Not one could fit another's noddle ;
 But found their Light and Gifts more wide 255
 From fadging than th' unsanctify'd,
 While every individual Brother
 Strove hand to fist against another,
 And still the maddest and most crackt
 Were found the busiest to transact ; 260
 For though most hands dispatch apace
 And make light work (the proverb says),
 Yet many diff'rent intellects
 Are found t' have contrary effects ;
 And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265
 As slowest insects have most legs.
 Some were for setting up a king,
 But all the rest for no such thing,

all our liberties destroyed, as not suiting with Englishmen
 in these blessed times ; that the crab-tree of the law should
 be pulled up by the roots, and grow no more, there being no
 reason now we should be governed by them.

²⁶⁷ ²⁶⁸ Harry Martyn, in his speech in the debate Whether
 a King or no King? said, "That, if they must have a King,
 they had rather have had the last than any gentleman
 in England. He found no fault in his person but office."

Unless King Jesus: others tamper'd
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert; 270
 Some for the Rump; and some, more crafty,
 For Agitators, and the Safety:

²⁶⁹ Alluding to the Fifth Monarchy men, who had formed a plot to dethrone Cromwell, and set up King Jesus.

^{269 270} Fleetwood was a lieutenant-general; he married Ireton's widow, Oliver Cromwell's eldest daughter; was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland by Cromwell, major-general of divers counties, one of Oliver's upper house; his salary supposed to be £6,600. a-year. Desborough, a yeoman of £60. or £70. per annum; some say a ploughman. Bennet, speaking to Desborough, says, "When your Lordship was a plowman, and wore high shoon—Ha! how the Lord raiseth some men, and depresseth others!" Desborough married Cromwell's sister, cast away his spade, and took up a sword, and was made a colonel; was instrumental in raising Cromwell to the Protectorship, upon which he was made one of his council, a general at sea, and major-general of divers counties of the west; and was one of Oliver's upper house. His annual income was £3,236. 13s. 4d.

²⁷⁰ VAR. 'Lambard.' Lambert was one of the Rump generals, and a principal opposer of General Monk in the restoration of King Charles II. The writer of the Narrative of the late Parliament so called, 1657, p. 9, observes, "That Major-general Lambert, as one of Oliver's council, had £1,000. per annum, which, with his other places, in all amounted to £6,512. 3s. 4d."

²⁷² In 1647 the Army made choice of a set number of officers, which they called the General Council of Officers; and the common soldiers made choice of three or four of each regiment, mostly corporals and serjeants, who were called by the name of Agitators, and were to be a house of Commons to the Council of Officers. These drew up a Declaration, that they would not be disbanded till their arrears were paid, and a full provision made for liberty of conscience. Some of the positions of the Agitators here follow: "That all inns of court and chancery, all courts of justice now erected, as well civil as ecclesiastical, with the common, civil, canon, and statute laws, formerly in force, and all corporations, tenures, copyholds, rents, and services, with all titles and degrees of honour, nobility, and gentry, elevating one free

Some for the Gospel, and massacres
 Of sp'ritual Affidavit-makers,
 That swore to any human regence 275
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance,
 Yea though the ablest swearing Saint
 That vouch'd the bulls o' th' Covenant :
 Others for pulling down th' high places
 Of Synods and Provincial Classes, 280
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads
 Upon the Saints, like bloody Nimrods :
 Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
 And the extirpation of th' Excise ;
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285
 Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage :
 Some for the cutting down of Groves,
 And rectifying bakers' Loaves ;
 And some for finding out expedients

subject above another, may be totally abolished, as clogs, snares, and grievances to a free-born people, and inconsistent with that universal parity and equal condition which ought to be among freemen, and opposite to the communion of saints.

“ That all the lands and estates of deans, chapters, prebends, universities, colleges, halls, free-schools, cities, corporations, ministers' glebe-lands, and so much of the lands of the nobility, gentry, and rich citizens and yeomen, as exceeds the sum of three hundred pounds per annum, and all the revenues of the Crown belonging to the King or his children, be equally divided between the officers and soldiers and the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompense their good services.”

Committee of Safety, a set of men who took upon them the government upon displacing the Rump a second time. Their number amounted to twenty-three, which, though filled up with men of all parties (Royalists excepted), yet was so craftily composed, that the balance was sufficiently secured to those of the army faction.

Against the slav'ry of Obedience : 290
 Some were for Gospel-ministers,
 And some for Red-coat Seculars,
 As men most fit t' hold forth the Word,
 And wield the one and th' other sword :
 Some were for carrying on the Work 295
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk ;
 Some for engaging to suppress
 The camisado of Surplices,
 That Gifts and Dispensations hinder'd,
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward ; 300
 More proper for the cloudy night
 Of Popery than Gospel-light :
 Others were for abolishing
 That tool of matrimony, a Ring,
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305
 Is marry'd only to a thumb,
 (As wise as ringing of a pig,
 That us'd to break up ground and dig),
 The bride to nothing but her will,
 That nulls the after-marriage still : 310
 Some were for th' utter extirpation
 Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;
 And some against all idolising
 The Cross in shop-books, or Baptising :
 Others, to make all things recant 315
 The Christian or Surname of Saint,
 And force all churches, streets, and towns,
 The holy title to renounce :

³⁰⁸ VAR. 'That is to.' 'That uses to.'

³¹⁷ ³¹⁸ The Mayor of Colchester banished one of that town, for a malignant and a cavalier, in the year 1643, whose name was Parsons, and gave this learned reason for this exemplary piece of justice, that it was an ominous name.

Some 'gainst a third estate of Souls,
 And bringing down the price of Coals : 320
 Some for abolishing Black-pudding,
 And eating nothing with the blood in ;
 To abrogate them roots and branches,
 While others were for eating Haunches
 Of warriors, and, now and then, 325

³²³ This was the spirit of the times. There was a proposal to carry twenty Royalists in front of Sir Thomas Fairfax's army, to expose them to the fire of the enemy; and one Gourdon moved, "That the Lady Capel and her children, and the Lady Norwich might be sent to the General with the same directions, saying, their husbands would be careful of their safety; and when divers opposed so barbarous a motion, and alleged that Lady Capel was great with child, near her time, Gourdon pressed it the more eagerly, as if he had taken the General for a man-midwife. Nay, it was debated at a council of war to massacre and put to the sword all the King's party: the question put was carried in the negative but by two votes." Their endeavour was "how to diminish the number of their opposites, the Royalists and Presbyterians, by a massacre; for which purpose many dark lanthorns were provided last winter, 1649, which coming to the common rumour of the town, put them in danger of the infamy and hatred that would overwhelm them: so this was laid aside." A bill was brought in, 1656, for decimating the Royalists, but thrown out. And this spirit was but too much encouraged by their clergy. Mr. Caryl, in a 'Thanksgiving Sermon' before the Commons, April 23, 1644, p. 46, says, "If Christ will set up His kingdom upon the carcasses of the slain, it well becomes all elders to rejoice and give thanks. Cut them down with the sword of justice, root them out, and consume them as with fire, that no root may spring up again."

Of this spirit was Mr. George Swathe, minister of Denham, in Suffolk, who, in a prayer, July 13, 1641, or 1642, has the following remarkable words: "Lord, if no composition will end the controversy between the King and the Parliament, but the King and his party will have blood, let them drink of their own cup; let their blood be spilled like water; let their blood be sacrificed to Thee, O God, for the sins of our nation."

The Flesh of kings and mighty men ;
 And some for breaking of their Bones
 With rods of ir'n by secret ones ;
 For thrashing mountains, and with spells
 For hallowing carriers' packs and bells ; 330
 Things that the legend never heard of,
 But made the Wicked sore afraid of.

The quacks of government (who sate
 At th' unregarded helm of State,
 And understood this wild confusion 335
 Of fatal madness and delusion
 Must, sooner than a prodigy,
 Portend destruction to be nigh)
 Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,
 And save their wind-pipes from the law ; 340
 For one rencounter at the bar
 Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;
 And therefore met in consultation
 To cant and quack upon the nation ;
 Not for the sickly patient's sake, 345
 Nor what to give, but what to take ;
 To feel the pulses of their fees,
 More wise than fumbling arteries ;
 Prolong the snuff of life in pain,
 And from the grave recover—gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician
 With more heads than a beast in vision,
 And more intrigues in ev'ry one
 Than all the whores of Babylon ;
 So politic as if one eye 355
 Upon the other were a spy,

³⁵¹ This was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who complied with every change in those times.

That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both strove to blink ;
And in his dark pragmatic way
As busy as a child at play. 360
H' had seen three governments run down,
And had a hand in ev'ry one :
Was for 'em and against 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall :
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365
He made his int'rest with the new one ;
Play'd true and faithful, though against
His conscience, and was still advanc'd :
For by the witchcraft of rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-camelion, 370
By giving aim from side to side,
He never fail'd to save his tide,
But got the start of ev'ry state,
And at a change ne'er came too late ;
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375
As many ways as in a lathe ;
By turning wriggle, like a screw,
Int' highest trust, and out for new :
For when h' had happily incurr'd,
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380
And pass'd upon a government,
He play'd his trick, and out he went :
But being out, and out of hopes
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,
Would strive to raise himself upon 385
The public ruin and his own ;
So little did he understand
The desp'rate feats he took in hand ;
For when h' had got himself a name

For frauds and tricks, he spoil'd his game, 390
 Had forc'd his neck into a noose,
 To shew his play at fast and loose ;
 And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
 For art and subtlety, his luck.
 So right his judgment was cut fit, 395
 And made a tally to his wit,
 And both together most profound
 At deeds of darkness under ground ;
 As th' earth is easiest undermin'd
 By vermin impotent and blind. 400
 By all these arts, and many more
 H' had practis'd long and much before,
 Our state-artificer foresaw
 Which way the world began to draw :
 For as old sinners have all points 405
 O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
 Can by their pangs and aches find
 All turns and changes of the wind,
 And, better than by Napier's bones,
 Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410
 So guilty sinners in a state
 Can by their crimes prognosticate,
 And in their consciences feel pain
 Some days before a show'r of rain :
 He therefore wisely cast about 415
 All ways he could t' insure his throat,
 And hither came t' observe and smoke
 What courses other riskers took,
 And to the utmost do his best
 To save himself and hang the rest. 420

⁴²⁰ Sir A. Ashley Cooper was of the miller's mind, who was concerned in the Cornish rebellion, in the year 1558.

To match this Saint there was another,
 As busy and perverse a Brother,
 An haberdasher of small wares
 In politics and state affairs ;
 More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel,
 And better gifted to rebel ;
 For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse
 The Cause aloft upon one house,
 He scorn'd to set his own in order,

425

He, apprehending that Sir William Kingston, Provost-marshal, and a rigorous man upon that occasion, would order him to be hanged upon the next tree, before he went off told his servant that he expected some gentlemen would come a fishing to the mill, and if they enquired for the miller, he ordered him to say that he was the miller. Sir William came, according to expectation, and enquiring for the miller, the poor harmless servant said he was the miller: upon which the Provost ordered his servants to seize him, and hang him upon the next tree; which terrified the poor fellow, and made him cry out I am not the miller, but the miller's man. The Provost told him, that he would take him at his word: "If," says he, "thou art the miller, thou art a busy knave and rebel; and if thou art the miller's man, thou art a false lying knave, and canst not do thy master more service than to hang for him:" and, without more ceremony, he was executed.

⁴²¹ This character exactly suits John Lilburn, and no other, especially the 437, 438, 439, and 440th lines: for it was said of him, when living, by Judge Jenkins, "That if the world was emptied of all but himself, Lilburn would quarrel with John, and John with Lilburn:" which part of his character gave occasion for the following lines at his death:

Is John departed, and is Lilburn gone?
 Farewell to both, to Lilburn and to John.
 Yet, being dead, take this advice from me,
 Let them not both in one grave buried be:
 Lay John here, and Lilburn thereabout,
 For if they both should meet they would fall out.

But try'd another, and went further ; 430
So sullenly addicted still
To 's only principle, his will,
That whatso'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor force of argument could move,
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'burn, 435
Could render half a grain less stubborn ;
For he at any time would hang
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;
And rather on a gibbet dangle
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440
In which his parts were so accomplisht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust :
But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,
And with its everlasting clack 445
Set all men's ears upon the rack.
No sooner could a hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer,
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,
When he engag'd in controversy ; 450
Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing ;
With vollies of eternal babble,
And clamour more unanswerable.
For though his topics, frail and weak, 455
Could ne'er amount above a freak,
He still maintain'd them, like his faults,
Against the desp'ratest assaults,
And back'd their feeble want of sense
With greater heat and confidence ; 460
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they 're cudgel'd grow the stiffer,

Yet when his profit moderated,
 The fury of his heat abated ;
 For nothing but his interest 465
 Could lay his devil of contest :
 It was his choice, or chance, or curse,
 T' espouse the Cause for better or worse,
 And with his worldly goods and wit,
 And soul and body, worshipp'd it : 470
 But when he found the sullen trapes
 Possess'd with th' devil, worms, and claps,
 The Trojan mare, in foal with Greeks,
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475
 As loose and rampant as Dol Common,
 He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;
 And still, the skittisher and looser
 Her freaks appear'd, to sit the closer : 480
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay ;
 And obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
 These two, with others, being met, 485
 And close in consultation set,
 After a discontented pause,
 And not without sufficient cause,
 The orator we nam'd of late,
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490
 Than with his own impatience
 To give himself first audience,

485 486 This cabal was held at Whitehall, at the very time that General Monk was dining with the city of London.

After he had a while look'd wise,
At last broke silence and the ice.

Quoth he, There 's nothing makes me doubt 495
Our last Outgoings brought about
More than to see the characters
Of real jealousies and fears,
Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's forehead ; 500
Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,
And threaten sudden change of weather,
Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,
And revolutions in their corns ;
And, since our Workings-out are crost, 505
Throw up the Cause before 'tis lost.
Was it to run away we meant
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lamest cripples of the Brothers
Took oaths to run before all others, 510
But, in their own sense, only swore
To strive to run away before,
And now would prove that words and oath
Engage us to renounce them both ?
'Tis true the Cause is in the lurch 515
Between a right and mongrel church,
The Presbyter and Independent,
That stickle which shall make an end on't,
As 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's fast)— 520
When Providence had been suborn'd

⁵²¹ Alluding to the impudence of those pretended Saints, who frequently directed God Almighty what answers He should return to their prayers. Mr. Simeon Ash was called 'the God-challenger.'

What answer was to be return'd :
 Else why should tumults fright us now
 We have so many times gone through,
 And understand as well to tame 525
 As, when they serve our turns, t' inflame ?
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable
 Are all engagements of the rabble,
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd
 With drums and rattles, like a child, 530
 But never prov'd so prosperous
 As when they were led on by us ;
 For all our scouring of religion
 Began with tumults and sedition ;
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535
 Became strong motives to devotion ;
 (As carnal seamen, in a storm,
 Turn pious converts and reform) ;
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges, 540
 And brown-bills, levy'd in the City,
 Made bills to pass the Grand Committee :
 When Zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,
 Gave chace to rochets and white sleeves,
 And made the Church, and State, and Laws, 545
 Submit t' old iron and the Cause.
 And as we thriv'd by tumults then,
 So might we better now agen,
 If we knew how, as then we did,
 To use them rightly in our need : 550
 Tumults by which the mutinous
 Betray themselves instead of us ;
 The hollow-hearted, disaffected,
 And close malignant, are detected ;

Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555
 For pledges to secure our own ;
 And freely sacrifice their ears
 T' appease our jealousies and fears :
 And yet for all these providences
 W' are offer'd, if we have our senses, 560
 We idly sit, like stupid blockheads,
 Our hands committed to our pockets,
 And nothing but our tongues at large
 To get the wretches a discharge :
 Like men condemn'd to thunderbolts, 565
 Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;
 Or fools besotted with their crimes,
 That know not how to shift betimes,
 That neither have the hearts to stay,
 Nor wit enough to run away ; 570
 Who, if we could resolve on either,
 Might stand or fall at least together ;
 No mean nor trivial solaces
 To partners in extreme distress,
 Who use to lessen their despairs 575
 By parting them int' equal shares ;
 As if the more there were to bear
 They felt the weight the easier,
 And ev'ry one the gentler hung
 The more he took his turn among. 580
 But 'tis not come to that as yet,
 If we had courage left, or wit,
 Who, when our fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest course,
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585
 Our last and best defence, despair :
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats

Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,
 And horrid'st dangers safely wai'd,
 By being courageously outbrav'd; 590
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,
 And poisons by themselves expell'd:
 And so they might be now agen,
 If we were, what we should be, men;
 And not so dully desperate, 595
 To side against ourselves with Fate:
 As criminals condemn'd to suffer
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.
 This comes of breaking Covenants,
 And setting up exauns of Saints, 600
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,
 To be excus'd the efficace:
 For sp'ritual men are too transcendent,
 That mount their banks for independent,
 To hang, like Mah'met, in the air, 605
 Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,
 By pure geometry, and hate
 Dependence upon church or state:
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' latter,
 And since obedience is better 610
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,
 Presume the less on 't will suffice;
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615
 Declar'd as such, in Doctrinals;
 But left at large to make their best on,
 Without b'ing call'd t' account or question;

⁶⁰⁰ Exauns should be written 'exemts,' or 'exempts,' which is a French word, pronounced 'exauns.'

Interpret all the spleen reveals,
 As Whittington explain'd the bells : 620
 And bid themselves turn back agen
 Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;
 But look so big and overgrown,
 They scorn their edifiers to own,
 Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons, 625
 Their tones, and sanctified expressions ;
 Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
 Like charity on those that want ;
 And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots
 T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes, 630
 For which they scorn and hate them worse
 Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders :
 For who first bred them up to pray,
 And teach the House of Commons' way ?
 Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635
 But from our Calamys and Cases ?
 Without whose sprinkleing and sowing,
 Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?
 Their Dispensations had been stifled,
 But for our Adoniram Byfield ; 640
 And had they not begun the war,
 Th' had ne'er been sainted as they are :
 For Saints in peace degenerate,
 And dwindle down to reprobate ;

⁶³⁶ Calamy and Case were chief men among the Presbyterians, as Owen and Nye were amongst the Independents.

⁶⁴⁰ 'Adoniram Byfield.' He was a broken apothecary, a zealous Covenanter, one of the scribes to the Assembly of Divines: and, no doubt, for his great zeal and painstaking in his office, he had the profit of printing the 'Directory,' the copy whereof was sold for £400, though, when printed, the price was but three-pence.

Their zeal corrupts, like standing water, 645
 In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;
 Abates the sharpness of its edge,
 Without the pow'r of sacrilege :
 And though they've tricks to cast their sins,
 As easy as serpents do their skins, 650
 That in a while grow out agen,
 In peace they turn mere carnal men,
 And from the most refin'd of Saints
 As nat'rally grow miscreants
 As barnacles turn Soland geese 655
 In th' islands of the Orcades.
 Their Dispensation's but a ticket
 For their conforming to the Wicked,
 With whom their greatest difference
 Lies more in words and show, than sense : 660
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state ;
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,
 Proud Cerb'rus, wears three heads as well ;
 And, if the world has any troth, 665
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.
 But that which does them greatest harm,
 Their sp'ritual gizzards are too warm,
 Which puts the overheated sots
 In fever still, like other goats ; 670
 For though the whore bends heretics
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,
 Our Schismatics so vastly differ,

⁶⁴⁸ It is an observation made by many writers upon the Assembly of Divines, that in their annotations upon the Bible they cautiously avoid speaking upon the subject of sacrilege.

The hotter th' are they grow the stiffer ;
 Still setting off their sp'ritual goods 675
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds :
 Fer Zeal 's a dreadful termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
 And Independents to profess
 The doctrine of Dependences ; 680
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones,
 To Raw-heads fierce and Bloody-bones ;
 And, not content with endless quarrels
 Against the wicked and their morals,
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelfs, 685
 Divert their rage upon themselves.
 For now the war is not between
 The Brethren and the Men of Sin,
 But Saint and Saint to spill the blood
 Of one another's Brotherhood, 690
 Where neither side can lay pretence
 To liberty of conscience,
 Or zealous suff'ring for the Cause,
 To gain one groat's worth of applause ;
 For, though endur'd with resolution, 695
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.
 Shall precious Saints, and Secret ones,
 Break one another's outward bones,
 And eat the flesh of Bretheren,
 Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700
 When fiends agree among themselves,
 Shall they be found the greater elves ?
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705
 Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' ears,

And not atone their fatal wrath,
 When common danger threatens both ?
 Shall mastiffs, by the collars pull'd,
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold ? 710
 And Saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,
 No notice of the danger take ?
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,
 Who would not guess there might be hopes 715
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,
 Before their eyes, might reconcile
 Their animosities a while,
 At least until th' had a clear stage,
 And equal freedom to engage, 720
 Without the danger of surprise
 By both our common enemies ?
 This none but we alone could doubt
 Who understand their workings-out,
 And know 'em, both in soul and conscience, 725
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense
 As sp'ritual outlaws, whom the pow'r
 Of miracle can ne'er restore.
 We whom at first they set up under
 In revelation only of plunder, 730
 Who since have had so many trials
 Of their inroaching self-denials,
 That rook'd upon us with design
 To out-reform and undermine ;
 Took all our interests and commands, 735
 Perfidiously, out of our hands ;
 Involv'd us in the guilt of blood,
 Without the motive-gains allow'd,
 And made us serve as ministerial,

Like younger sons of Father Belial : 740
 And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong
 Th' had done us and the Cause so long,
 We never fail'd to carry on
 The Work still, as we had begun ;
 But true and faithfully obey'd, 745
 And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;
 Nor troubled them to crop our ears,
 Nor hang us like the Cavaliers ;
 Nor put them to the charge of jails,
 To find us pill'ries and carts'-tails, 750
 Or hangman's wages, which the state
 Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;
 That cut, like tallies, to the stumps
 Our ears, for keeping true accompts,
 And burnt our vessels, like a new 755
 Seal'd peck or bushel, for b'ing true ;
 But hand in hand, like faithful Brothers,
 Held for the Cause against all others,
 Disdaining equally to yield
 One syllable of what we held. 760
 And though we differ'd now and then
 'Bout outward things, and outward men,
 Our inward men, and constant frame
 Of spirit, still were near the same ;
 And, till they first began to cant, 765
 And sprinkle down the Covenant,
 We ne'er had call in any place,
 Nor dream'd of teaching down Free Grace ;
 But join'd our Gifts perpetually
 Against the common enemy, 770
 Although 'twas our, and their opinion,
 Each other's church was but a Rimmon :

And yet for all this Gospel-union,
 And outward show of Church-communion,
 They'd ne'er admit us to our shares 775
 Of ruling Church or State affairs,
 Nor give us leave t' absolve or sentence
 T' our own conditions of repentance,
 But shar'd our dividend o' th' Crown
 We had so painfully preach'd down, 780
 And forc'd us, though against the grain,
 T' have calls to teach it up again ;
 For 'twas but justice to restore
 The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;
 And, when 'twas held forth in our way, 785
 W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;
 Who, for the right we've done the nation,
 Have earn'd our temporal salvation ;
 And put our vessels in a way
 Once more to come again in play : 790
 For if the turning of us out
 Has brought this providence about,
 And that our only suffering
 Is able to bring in the King,
 What would our actions not have done, 795
 Had we been suffer'd to go on ?
 And therefore may pretend t' a share,
 At least, in carrying on th' affair :
 But whether that be so or not,
 W' have done enough to have it thought, 800
 And that 's as good as if w' had done 't,
 And easier pass'd upon account :
 For if it be but half deny'd,
 'Tis half as good as justify'd,
 The world is nat'rally averse 805

To all the truth it sees or hears,
 But swallows nonsense, and a lie,
 With greediness and gluttony ;
 And though it have the pique, and long,
 'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810
 As women long, when they're with child,
 For things extravagant and wild ;
 For meats ridiculous and fulsome,
 But seldom anything that 's wholesome ;
 And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815
 Turn round upon their ears, the poles,
 And what they 're confidently told,
 By no sense else can be control'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820
 For as relapses make diseases
 More desp'rate than their first accesses,
 If we but get again in pow'r,
 Our work is easier than before,
 And we more ready and expert 825
 I' th' mystery, to do our part ;
 We, who did rather undertake
 The first war to create, than make ;
 And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
 Rais'd funds, as strange, to carry 't on ; 830
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down,
 With plots and projects of our own ;
 And if we did such feats at first,
 What can we, now w' are better verst ?
 Who have a freer latitude, 835
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd ;
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,
 On fairest terms, our Discipline ;

To which it was reveal'd long since
 We were ordain'd by Providence, 840
 When three Saints' ears, our predecessors,
 The Cause's primitive confessors,
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood
 In just so many years of blood,
 That, multiplied by six, exprest 845
 The perfect number of the Beast,
 And prov'd that we must be the men,
 To bring this Work about agen ;
 And those who laid the first foundation,
 Complete the thorough Reformation : 850
 For who have gifts to carry on
 So great a work, but we alone ?
 What Churches have such able pastors,
 And precious, powerful, preaching Masters ?
 Possess'd with absolute dominions, 855
 O'er Brethren's purses and opinions ?
 And trusted with the double keys
 Of heaven, and their warehouses ;
 Who, when the Cause is in distress,
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,
 To be dispos'd at their commands ;
 And daily increase and multiply,
 With Doctrine, Use, and Usury :
 Can fetch in parties (as, in war, 865
 All other heads of cattle are)
 From th' enemy of all religions,
 As well as high and low conditions,

⁸⁴¹ Burton, Pryn, and Bastwick, three notorious ring-leaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

And share them, from blue ribands, down
 To all blue aprons in the Town : 870
 From ladies hurried in caleshes,
 With cornets at their footmen's breeches,
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,
 All guts and belly, like a crab.
 Our party 's great, and better ty'd 875
 With oaths and trade, than any side ;
 Has one considerable improvement
 To double fortify the Cov'nant ;
 I mean our Covenant to purchase
 Delinquents' titles, and the Church's, 880
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,
 Among ourselves, for current land,
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,
 According to the rate of factions ;
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885
 When new Outgoings give occasion ;
 That keeps the loins of Brethren girt,
 The Covenant (their creed) t' assert ;
 And, when they 've pack'd a Parl'ament,
 Will once more try th' expedient : 890
 Who can already muster friends
 To serve for members to our ends ;
 That represent no part o' th' nation,
 But Fisher's-folly congregation ;
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs ;
 Who, by their precedents of wit,
 T' outfast, outloiter, and outsit,
 Can order matters underhand,
 To put all bus'ness to a stand ; 900
 Lay public bills aside for private,

And make 'em one another drive out ;
 Divert the great and necessary,
 With trifles to contest and vary :
 And make the nation represent, 905
 And serve for us in Parl'ament ;
 Cut out more work than can be done
 In Plato's year, but finish none,
 Unless it be the bulls of Lenthal,
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910
 Can set up grandee against grandee,
 To squander time away, and bandy ;
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges
 To one another's privileges ;
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope
 And consolation of our hope ;
 Who, though we do not play the game,
 Assist as much by giving aim ; 920
 Can introduce our ancient arts,
 For heads of factions, t' act their parts ;
 Know what a leading voice is worth,
 A seconding, a third, or fourth :
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925
 That turns up trump of 'Aye' or 'No ;'
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,

⁹⁰⁹ Mr. Lenthal was Speaker to that House of Commons which began the Rebellion, murdered the King, becoming then but the Rump, or fag-end of a House, was turned out by Oliver Cromwell ; restored after Richard was outed, and at last dissolved themselves at General Monk's command : and as his name was set to the ordinances of this House, these ordinances are here called the 'Bulls of Lenthal,' in allusion to the Pope's bulls, which are humorously described by the author of 'A Tale of a Tub.'

Share ev'ry one his dividend.
 An art that so much study cost,
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930
 Unless our ancient virtuosis,
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.
 These are the courses that we took
 To carry things by hook or crook,
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935
 Until they turn'd us out of door,
 Besides, the herds of Boutefeus
 We set on work without the House,
 When ev'ry knight and citizen
 Kept legislative journeymen, 940
 To bring them in intelligence
 From all points of the rabble's sense,
 And fill the lobbies of both Houses
 With politic important buzzes ;
 Set up committees of cabals, 945
 To pack designs without the walls ;
 Examine, and draw up all news,
 And fit it to our present use ;
 Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,
 And every one his part rehearse ; 950
 Make Q's of answers, to waylay
 What th' other party 's like to say ;
 What repartees and smart reflections,
 Shall be return'd to all objections ;
 And who shall break the master jest, 955
 And what, and how, upon the rest :

⁹³⁴ Judge Crook and Hutton were the two judges who dissented from their ten brethren in the case of ship-money, when it was argued in the Exchequer; which occasioned the wags to say, that the King carried it by 'Hook,' but not by 'Crook.'

Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,
 Of proper slanders and seditions,
 And treason for a token send,
 By letter, to a country friend ; 960
 Disperse lampoons, the only wit
 That men, like burglary, commit,
 With falser than a padder's face,
 That all its owner does betrays,
 Who therefore dares not trust it, when 965
 He's in his calling to be seen ;
 Disperse the dung on barren earth,
 To bring new weeds of discord forth ;
 Be sure to keep up congregations,
 In spite of laws and proclamations : 970
 For charlatans can do no good,
 Until they're mounted in a crowd ;
 And when they're punish'd, all the hurt
 Is but to fare the better for 't ;
 As long as confessors are sure 975
 Of double pay for all th' endure,
 And what they earn in persecution,
 Are paid t' a groat in contribution :
 Whence some tub-holders-forth have made
 In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ; 980
 And, while they kept their shops in prison,
 Have found their prices strangely risen.
 Disdain to own the least regret
 For all the Christian blood w' have let ;
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985
 Our title to do so again ;
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,
 But pertinacious impudence.
 Our constancy t' our principles,

In time, will wear out all things else ; 990
 Like marble statues, rubb'd in pieces
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;
 While those who turn and wind their oaths,
 Have swell'd and sunk like other froths ;
 Prevail'd a while, but, 'twas not long 995
 Before from world to world they swung ;
 As they had turn'd from side to side,
 And as the changelings liv'd they died.

This said, th' impatient states-monger
 Could now contain himself no longer, 1000
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques
 Against th' haranguer's politics,
 With smart remarks of leering faces,
 And annotations of grimaces.
 After h' had administer'd a dose 1005
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,
 Instead of th' outward jobber-nol,
 He shook it with a scornful look
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010

In dressing a calf's head, although
 The tongue and brains together go,
 Both keep so great a distance here,
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015
 With such insufferable rambles,

⁹⁹⁵ ⁹⁹⁶ Dr. South remarks upon the Regicides, "That so sure did they make of heaven, and so fully reckoned themselves in the high road thither, that they never so much as thought that their Saintships should take Tyburn in the way."

¹⁰⁰⁴ VAR. 'Grimashes.'

¹⁰⁰⁷ VAR. 'Inside of his soul.'

To make the bringing in the King
 And keeping of him out one thing?
 Which none could do, but those that swore
 T' as point blank nonsense heretofore; 1020
 That to defend was to invade,
 And to assassinate to aid:
 Unless, because you drove him out
 (And that was never made a doubt),
 No pow'r is able to restore 1025
 And bring him in, but on your score;
 A sp'ritual doctrine, that conduces
 Most properly to all your uses.
 'Tis true a scorpion's oil is said
 To cure the wounds the vermin made; 1030
 And weapons dress'd with salves restore
 And heal the hurts they gave before:
 But whether Presbyterians have
 So much good nature as the salve,
 Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035
 Those who have try'd them can determine.
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss
 Th' arrears of all your services,
 And, for th' eternal obligation
 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,
 As not to find a just reward
 For letting rapine loose, and murther,
 To rage just so far, but no further,
 And setting all the land on fire, 1045
 To burn t' a scantling, but no higher;
 For vent'ring to assassinate
 And cut the throats of Church and State,
 And not be allow'd the fittest men

To take the charge of both agen : 1050
 Especially that have the grace
 Of self-denying gifted face ;
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,
 On those you painfully trepann'd, 1055
 And sprinkled in at second hand ;
 As we have been, to share the guilt
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt :
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd,
 To damn ourselves, t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,
 Was like to lurch you at Back-gammon,
 And win your necks upon the set,
 As well as ours who did but bet,
 (For he had drawn your ears before, 1065
 And nick'd them on the self-same score),
 We threw the box and dice away,
 Before y' had lost us at foul play,
 And brought you down to rook and lye,
 And fancy only on the bye ; 1070
 Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles,
 From perching upon lofty poles,
 And rescu'd all your outward traitors
 From hanging up like alligators ;
 For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075
 Your Presbyterian gratitude ;
 Would freely have paid us home in kind,
 And not have been one rope behind.
 Those were your motives to divide,

¹⁰⁶⁵ Alluding to the case of Mr. Pryn, who had his ears cropped twice for his seditious writings.

And scruple, on the other side, 1080
 To turn your zealous frauds, and force,
 To fits of conscience and remorse ;
 To be convinc'd they were in vain,
 And face about for new again ;
 For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1084
 Than maggots are convinc'd to flies ;
 And therefore all your Lights and Calls
 Are but apocryphal and false,
 To charge us with the consequences
 Of all your native insolences, 1090
 That to your own imperious wills,
 Laid Law and Gospel neck and heels ;
 Corrupted the Old Testament,
 'To serve the New for precedent ;
 T' amend its errors and defects, 1095
 With murder and rebellion-texts ;
 Of which there is not any one
 In all the book to sow upon ;
 And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews
 Held Christian doctrine forth, and use ; 1100
 As Mahomet (your chief) began
 To mix them in the Alcoran ;
 Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,
 And bended elbows on the cushion ;
 Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105
 And gifted mortifying groans ;
 Had lights where better eyes were blind,

¹⁰⁸⁶ VAR. 'Than maggots when they turn to flies.'

¹⁰⁹³ This was done by a fanatical printer, in the seventh commandment ; who printed it, 'Thou shalt commit adultery,' and was fined for it in the Star-chamber, or High-commission Court.

As pigs are said to see the wind ;
 Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,
 And Knightsbridge with illumination ; 1110
 Made children, with your tones, to run for 't,
 As bad as Bloodybones or Lunsford.
 While women, great with child, miscarry'd,
 For being to Malignants marry'd :
 Transform'd all wives to Dalilahs, 1115
 Whose husbands were not for the Cause ;
 And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,
 Because they came not out to battle ;
 Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,
 For fear of being transform'd to Meroz, 1120
 And rather forfeit their indentures,
 Than not espouse the Saints' adventures :
 Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,

¹¹¹² It was one of the artifices of the Male-contents in the Civil war to raise false alarms, and to fill the people full of frightful apprehensions. In particular they raised a terrible outcry of the imaginary danger they conceived from the Lord Digby and Colonel Lunsford. Lilburn glories, upon his trial, for being an incendiary on such occasions, and mentions the tumult he raised against the innocent Colonel as a meritorious action: "I was once arraigned (says he) before the House of Peers, for stick'ng close to the liberties and privileges of this nation, and those that stood for them, being one of those two or three men that first drew their swords in Westminster-hall against Colonel Lunsford, and some scores of his associates: at that time it was supposed they intended to cut the throats of the chiefest men then sitting in the House of Peers." And, to render him the more odious, they reported that he was of so brutal an appetite, that he would eat children. And, to make this gentleman the more detestable, they made horrid pictures of him. Colonel Lunsford, after all, was a person of extraordinary sobriety, industry, and courage, and was killed at the taking of Bristol by the King, in 1643.

And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
 Enchant the King's and Church's lands, 1125
 T' obey and follow your commands,
 And settle on a new freehold,
 As Marcy-hill had done of old :
 Could turn the Cov'nant and translate
 The Gospel into spoons and plate ; 1130
 Expound upon all merchants' cashes,
 And open th' intricate places ;
 Could catechise a money-box,
 And prove all pouches orthodox ;
 Until the Cause became a Damon, 1135
 And Pythias the wicked Mammon.

And yet, in spite of all your charms
 To conjure Legion up in arms,
 And raise more devils in the rout,
 Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140
 Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools,
 Bred up (you say) in your own schools,
 Who, though but gifted at your feet,
 Have made it plain they have more wit,
 By whom you've been so oft trepann'd, 1145
 And held forth out of all command ;
 Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
 And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,
 Of all your Dispensations worm'd
 Out-providenc'd and out-reform'd ; 1150
 Ejected out of Church and State,
 And all things but the people's hate ;
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments
 Of precious, edifying employments,
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155
 Like better bowlers, in your places :

All which you bore with resolution,
 Charg'd on th' account of persecution ;
 And though most righteously oppress'd,
 Against your wills still acquiesc'd ; 1160
 And never humm'd and hah'd Sedition,
 Nor snuffled Treason, nor Misprision :
 That is, because you never durst ;
 For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,
 Alas ! you were no longer able 1165
 To raise your posse of the rabble :
 One single red-coat sentinel
 Outcharm'd the magic of the spell,
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse. 1170
 We knew too well those tricks of yours,
 To leave it ever in your powers,
 Or trust our safeties, or undoings,
 To your disposing of Outgoings,
 Or to your ord'ring Providence, 1175
 One farthing's worth of consequence.

For, had you power to undermine,
 Or wit to carry a design,
 Or correspondence to trepan,
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180
 There's nothing else that intervenes,
 And bars your zeal to use the means ;
 And therefore wondrous like, no doubt,
 To bring in Kings, or keep them out :
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r ;
 T' advance the int'rests of the Crown,
 That wanted wit to keep your own.

'Tis true ye have (for I'd be loth

To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190
To keep him out and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin ;
For 'twas your zealous want of sense
And sanctify'd impertinence,
Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195
That forc'd our rulers to new-model,
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, root and branch, all out ;
To reformado, one and all,
T' your great Croysado General : 1200
Your greedy slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r ;
That sprung the game you were to set,
Before y' had time to draw the net :
Your spite to see the Church's lands 1205
Divided into other hands,
And all your sacrilegious ventures
Laid out in tickets and debentures ;
Your envy to be sprinkled down,
By under churches in the Town ; 1210
And no course us'd to stop their mouths,
Nor th' Independents' spreading growths ;
All which consider'd, 'tis most true
None bring him in so much as you,
Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215
Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;
That thrive more by your zealous piques,
Than all their own rash politics.
And this way you may claim a share
In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220
Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews
From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,

And flies and mange, that set them free
 From taskmasters and slavery,
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit.
 For who e'er heard of Restoration,
 Until your thorough Reformation?
 That is, the King's and Church's lands
 Were sequester'd int' other hands: 1230
 For only then, and not before,
 Your eyes were open'd to restore;
 And when the work was carrying on,
 Who cross'd it but yourselves alone?
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235
 All plain and extant, as your ears.

But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't,
 Where Henderson and th' other Masses

¹²³⁹ When the King, in the year 1646, was in the Scotch army, the English Parliament sent him some propositions, one of which was the abolition of Episcopacy, and the setting up Presbytery in its stead. Mr. Henderson, one of the chief of the Scotch Presbyterian ministers, was employed to induce the King to agree to this proposition, it being what his Majesty chiefly stuck at. Accordingly he came provided with books and papers for his purpose: the controversy was debated in writing, as well as by personal conference, and several papers passed between them, which have been several times published; from which it appears that the King, without books or papers, or any one to assist him, was an overmatch for this old champion of the Kirk (and, I think, it will be no hyperbole if I add, for all the then English and Scotch Presbyterian teachers put together), and made him so far a convert, that he departed with great sorrow to Edinburgh, with a deep sense of the mischief of which he had been the author and abettor; and not only lamented to his friends and confidants, on his death-bed, which followed soon after, but likewise published a solemn declaration to the Parliament and

Were sent to cap texts, and put cases : 1240
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers :
 As if th' unseasonable fools
 Had been a-coursing in the schools,
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245

Synod of England, in which he owned, "That they had been abused with most false aspersions against his Majesty, and that they ought to restore him to his full rights, royal throne, and dignity, lest an endless character of ingratitude lie upon them, that may turn to their ruin." As to the King himself, besides mentioning his justice, his magnanimity, his sobriety, his charity, and other virtues, he has these words: "I do declare, before God and the world, whether in relation to the Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that I ever spake with, as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess I was oftentimes astonished with the quickness of his reasons and replies; wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any reasonable satisfaction: yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that his wisdom and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of divine grace. I dare say if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that has been committed, would have been prevented."

¹²⁴² Whoever considers the context will find, that Ob and Sollers are designed as a character of Mr. Henderson and his fellow-disputants, who are called Masses (as Mas is an abridgment of Master), that is, young masters in divinity; and this character signifies something quite contrary to deep and learned scholars, particularly such as had studied controversies, as they are handled by little books or systems (of the Dutch and Geneva cut), where the authors represent their adversaries' arguments by small objections, and subjoin their own pitiful solutions. In the margin of these books may be seen Ob and Sol. Such mushroom divines are ingeniously and compendiously called Ob and Sollers.

O' th' Cov'nant, and the Cause his daughter :
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250
 But only those who first begun
 The quarrel were by him set on ;
 And who could those be but the Saints,
 Those Reformation-termagants ?
 But, ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255
 Spent so much time, it grêw too late ;
 For Oliver had gotten ground,
 T' inclose him with his warriors round ;
 Had brought his Providence about,
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260
 Nor had the Uxbridge business less
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness ;
 When from a scoundrel holder-forth,

¹²⁵⁰ Pride was a foundling. He went into the army, was made a colonel, and was principally concerned in secluding the members in order to the King's trial ; which great change was called Colonel Pride's Purge. He was one of Oliver Cromwell's upper house. He is called Thomas Lord Pride in the commission for erecting a High Court of Justice for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, Dr. Hewit, &c. Mr. Butler calls him Sir Pride, by way of sneer upon the manner of his being knighted ; for Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot-stick, instead of a sword.

Hughson was a cobbler, went into the army, and was made a colonel ; knighted by Oliver Cromwell, and, to help to cobble the crazy state of the nation, was made one of Oliver's upper house.

¹²⁶³ This was Mr. Christopher Love, a furious Presbyterian, who, when the King's Commissioners met those of the Parliament at Uxbridge, in the year 1644, to treat of peace, preached a sermon there, on the 30th of January, against the treaty, and said, among other things, that "no

The scum as well as son o' th' earth,
 Your mighty senators took law, 1265
 At his command were forc'd t' withdraw,
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation
 To Doctrine, Use, and Application.
 So when the Scots, your constant cronies,
 Th' espousers of your cause and monies, 1270
 Who had so often, in your aid,
 So many ways been soundly paid,
 Came in at last for better ends,
 To prove themselves your trusty friends,
 You basely left them, and the Church 1275
 They train'd you up to, in the lurch,
 And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians
 To fall before as true Philistines.

good was to be expected from it, for that they (meaning the King's Commissioners) came from Oxford with hearts full of blood."

¹²⁶⁹ ¹²⁷⁰ The expense the English rebels engaged the nation in, by bringing in their brother rebels from Scotland, amounted to an extravagant sum, their receipts in money and free-quarter being £1,462,769. 5s. 3d. William Lilly, the Sidrophel of this Poem, observes of the Scots, "That they came into England purposely to steal our goods, ravish our wives, enslave our persons, inherit our possessions and birth-rights, remain here in England, and everlastingly to inhabit among us."

Mr. Bowlstrode, son of Colonel Bowlstrode, a factious rebel in Buckinghamshire, in his prayer before his sermon, at Horton, near Colebrook, used the following words: "Thou hast, O Lord, of late written bitter things against Thy children, and forsaken Thine own inheritance; and now, O Lord, in our misery and distress, we expected aid from our brethren of our neighbouring nation (the Scots, I mean); but, good Lord, Thou knowest that they are a false perfidious nation, and do all they do for their own ends."

By the author of a tract, entitled 'Lex Talionis,' 1647, it is proposed, as a preventing remedy, "to let the Scots, in the name of God, or of the devil that sent them, go home."

This shews what utensils y' have been
 To bring the King's concernments in ; 1280
 Which is so far from being true,
 That none but he can bring in you ;
 And if he take you into trust
 Will find you most exactly just,
 Such as will punctually repay 1285
 With double int'rest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,
 Who vary action with the times,
 Are less ingenious in their art
 Than those who dully act one part ; 1290
 Or those who turn from side to side
 More guilty than the wind and tide.
 All countries are a wise man's home,
 And so are governments to some,
 Who change them for the same intrigues 1295
 That statesmen use in breaking leagues ;
 While others, in old faiths and troths,
 Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes,
 And nastier in an old opinion
 Than those who never shift their linen. 1300
 For True and Faithful's sure to lose
 Which way soever the game goes ;
 And, whether parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
 While power usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305
 Is more bewitching than the right,
 And, when the times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense
 To use the necessary means, 1310
 And not your usual stratagems

On one another, lights and dreams :
 To stand on terms as positive
 As if we did not take, but give ;
 Set up the Covenant on crutches 1315
 'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,
 And dream of pulling churches down
 Before w' are sure to prop our own ;
 Your constant method of proceeding,
 Without the carnal means of heeding, 1320
 Who, 'twixt your inward sense and outward,
 Are worse than if y' had none accoutred.

I grant all courses are in vain
 Unless we can get in again,
 The only way that's left us now ; 1325
 But all the difficulty's how.
 'Tis true w' have money, th' only power
 That all mankind falls down before ;
 Money, that, like the swords of kings,
 Is the last reason of all things : 1330
 And therefore need not doubt our play
 Has all advantages that way,
 As long as men have faith to sell,
 And meet with those that can pay well ;
 Whose half-starv'd pride and avarice 1335
 One Church and State will not suffice
 T' expose to sale, besides the wages
 Of storing plagues to after-ages.
 Nor is our money less our own
 Than 'twas before we laid it down ; 1340
 For 'twill return, and turn t' account,
 If we are brought in play upon 't :
 Or but, by casting knaves, get in,
 What pow'r can hinder us to win ?

We know the arts we us'd before 1345
 In peace and war, and something more,
 And by th' unfortunate events
 Can mend our next experiments ;
 For, when we're taken into trust,
 How easy are the wisest choust, 1350
 Who see but th' outsides of our feats,
 And not their secret springs and weights ;
 And, while they 're busy at their ease,
 Can carry what designs we please ?
 How easy is 't to serve for agents 1355
 To prosecute our old engagements ?
 To keep the good old Cause on foot,
 And present power from taking root ;
 In flame them both with false alarms
 Of plots and parties taking arms ; 1360
 To keep the nation's wounds too wide
 From healing up of side to side ;
 Profess the passionat'st concerns
 For both their interests by turns,
 The only way t' improve our own, 1365
 By dealing faithfully with none ;
 (As bowls run true by being made
 On purpose false, and to be sway'd) ;
 For if we should be true to either,
 'Twould turn us out of both together ; 1370
 And therefore have no other means
 To stand upon our own defence,
 But keeping up our ancient party
 In vigour confident and hearty :
 To reconcile our late Dissenters, 1375

¹³⁶² VAR. 'For healing up.'

¹³⁶⁸ VAR. 'Of purpose false.'

Our Brethren, though by other venters ;
 Unite them and their different maggots,
 As long and short sticks are in faggots,
 And make them join again as close
 As when they first began t' espouse ; 1380
 Erect them into separate
 New Jewish tribes in Church and State ;
 To join in marriage and commerce,
 And only 'mong themselves converse,
 And all that are not of their mind 1385
 Make enemies to all mankind ;
 Take all religions in, and stickle
 From Conclave down to Conventicle ;
 Agreeing still, or disagreeing,
 According to the Light in being. 1390
 Sometimes for liberty of conscience,
 And spiritual misrule in one sense ;
 But in another quite contrary,
 As Dispensations chance to vary ;
 And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395
 All contradictions of the Spirit :
 Protect their emissaries, empower'd
 To preach Sedition and the Word ;
 And, when they 're hamper'd by the laws,
 Release the lab'ers for the Cause, 1400
 And turn the persecution back
 On those that made the first attack,
 To keep them equally in awe
 From breaking or maintaining law :
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405
 Before the full-tides of the moon,
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season
 For sowing faction in and treason ;

And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
 Like hawks, from baiting on their perches ; 1410
 That, when the blessed time shall come
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,
 They may be ready to restore
 Their own Fifth Monarchy once more.

Mean while be better arm'd to fence 1415
 Against revolts of Providence,
 By watching narrowly, and snapping
 All blind sides of it, as they happen:
 For if success could make us Saints,
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants ; 1420
 A scandal that would fall too hard
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.

These are the courses we must run,
 Spite of our hearts, or be undone ;
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425
 Before we have secured our necks,
 But do our work as out of sight,
 As stars by day, and suns by night ;
 All licence of the people own,
 In opposition to the Crown ; 1430
 And for the Crown as fiercely side,

¹⁴¹⁹ ¹⁴²⁰ The author of "The Fourth Part of the History of Independency," p. 56, compares the governors of those times with the Turks, who ascribe the goodness of their cause to the keenness of their sword, denying that any thing may properly be called *nefas*, if it can but win the epithet of *prosperum*. Dr. Owen seems to have been in this way of thinking. "Where," says he ("Eben Ezer," p. 13, "L'Estrange's Dissenters' Sayings," part ii. p. 11.) "is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby? is an acceptable expostulation in a glorious day. O! what a catalogue of mercies has this nation to plead by in a time of trouble! The God came from Naseby, and the Holy One from the West. Selah."

The head and body to divide :
 The end of all we first design'd,
 And all that yet remains behind.
 Be sure to spare no public rapine 1435
 On all emergencies that happen ;
 For 'tis as easy to supplant
 Authority as men in want ;
 As some of us in trusts have made
 The one hand with the other trade ; 1440
 Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,
 The right a thief, the left receiver ;
 And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,
 The other, by as sly, retail'd.
 For gain has wonderful effects 1445
 T' improve the factory of sects ;
 The rule of faith in all professions,
 And great Diana of th' Ephesians ;
 Whence turning of religion 's made
 The means to turn and wind a trade ; 1450
 And though some change it for the worse,
 They put themselves into a course,
 And draw in store of customers,
 To thrive the better in commerce :
 For all religions flock together, 1455
 Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;
 To nab the itches of their sects,
 As jades do one another's necks.
 Hence 'tis hypocrisy as well
 Will serve t' improve a church as zeal ; 1460
 As persecution or promotion
 Do equally advance devotion.
 Let business, like ill watches, go
 Sometime too fast, sometime too slow ;

For things in order are put out 1465
 So easy, ease itself will do 't:
 But when the feat 's design'd and meant,
 What miracle can bar th' event?
 For 'tis more easy to betray
 Than ruin any other way. 1470

All possible occasions start,
 The weightiest matters to divert;
 Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,
 And lay perpetual trains to wrangle;
 But in affairs of less import, 1475
 That neither do us good nor hurt,
 And they receive as little by,
 Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
 And seem as scrupulously just,
 To bait our hooks for greater trust. 1480
 But still be careful to cry down
 All public actions, though our own;
 The least miscarriage aggravate,
 And charge it all upon the State:
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485
 And pity the distracted nation;
 Tell stories scandalous and false
 I' th' proper language of cabals,
 Where all a subtle statesman says
 Is half in words and half in face; 1490
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs);
 Intrust it under solemn vows
 Of Mum, and Silence, and the Rose,
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the Statesman—when a shout,

Heard at a distance, put him out ;
 And straight another, all aghast,
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste, 1500
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,
 And, for a while, as out of breath ;
 Till, having gather'd up his wits,
 He thus began his tale by fits :—

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505
 From all the garrets—in the Town,
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,
 With new-chalk'd bills, and rusty arms,
 To cry the Cause—up, heretofore,
 And bawl the Bishops—out of door, 1510
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,
 And all the Grandees—of our members
 Are carbonading—on the embers ;
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,
 That serve for characters—and badges
 To represent their personages ;
 Each bonfire is a funeral pile,

¹⁵⁰⁴ We learn from Lilly, that the messenger who brought this terrifying intelligence to this cabal was Sir Martyn Noell. Sir Martyn tells his story naturally and begins like a man in a fright and out of breath, and continues to make breaks and stops till he naturally recovers it, and then proceeds floridly, and without impediment. This is a beauty in the Poem not to be disregarded ; and let the reader make an experiment, and shorten his breath, or, in other words, put himself into Sir Martyn's condition, and then read this relation, and he will soon be convinced that the breaks are natural and judicious.

¹⁵⁰⁵ This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

In which they roast, and scorch, and broil, 1520
 And ev'ry representative
 Have vow'd to roast—and broil alive :
 And 'tis a miracle we are not
 Already sacrific'd incarnate ;
 For while we wrangle here and jar 1525
 We 're grilly'd all at Temple-bar ;
 Some, on the signpost of an alehouse,
 Hang in effigy on the gallows,
 Made up of rags, to personate
 Respective officers of state ; 1530
 That henceforth they may stand reputed
 Proscrib'd in law and executed,
 And, while the Work is carrying on,
 Be ready listed under Dun,
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows 1535
 And tinder-box of all his fellows ;
 The activ'st member of the five,
 As well as the most primitive ;
 Who, for his faithful service then,
 Is chosen for a fifth agen :— 1540
 (For since the State has made a quint
 Of Generals, he's listed in 't:)—
 This worthy, as the world will say,
 Is paid in specie his own way ;

¹⁵³⁴ Dun was the public executioner at that time, and the executioners long after that went by the same name.

¹⁵⁴⁰ Sir Arthur Hazlerig, one of the five members of the House of Commons, was impeached 1641-2; was Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had the Bishop of Durham's house, park, and manor of Auckland, and £6500. in money, given him. He died in the Tower of London, January 8, 1661.

¹⁵⁴¹ ¹⁵⁴² The Rump, growing jealous of General Monk, ordered that the generalship should be vested in five commissioners, Monk, Hazlerig, Walton, Morley, and Alured,

For, moulded to the life, in clouts 1545
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,
 He 's mounted on a hazel bavin
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;
 And to the largest bonfire riding,
 They 've roasted Cook already, and Pride in ; 1550
 On whom, in equipage and state,
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,
 And march in order, two and two,
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do,
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555
 Like vermin in effigy slain.

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' Beast,
 Set up by Popish engineers,
 As by the crackers plainly' appears ; 1560
 For none but Jesuits have a mission
 To preach the faith with ammunition,
 And propagate the church with powder ;
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565
 That have the charge of all her stores,
 Since first they fail'd in their designs
 To take-in heav'n by springing mines,
 And with unanswerable barrels

making three a quorum, but denying a motion that Monk should be of that quorum; but, their authority not being then much regarded, this order was not obeyed, and Monk continued sole general notwithstanding.

¹⁵⁵⁰ The wicked wretch who acted as solicitor in the King's trial, and drew up a charge of high treason against him, and had drawn up a formal plea against him, in case he had submitted to the jurisdiction of the Court. At his own trial he pleaded, that what he did was as a lawyer for his fee. He deservedly suffered at Tyburn as a Regicide.

Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570
 Now take a course more practicable,
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,
 And blow us up, in th' open streets,
 Disguis'd in rumps, like sambenites,
 More like to ruin and confound 1575
 Than all their doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss
 For symbols of State-mysteries,
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew
 How much they scorn'd the Saints, the few, 1580
 Who, 'cause they 're wasted to the stumps,
 Are represented best by rumps :
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches
 In all their politic far-fetches,
 And, from the Coptic priest Kircherus, 1585
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us :
 For as th' Egyptians us'd by bees
 T' express their antique Ptolomies,
 And by their stings, the swords they wore,
 Held forth authority and pow'r ; 1590
 Because these subtle animals
 Bear all their int'rests in their tails,
 And when they're once impair'd in that,
 Are banish'd their well-order'd state,
 They thought all governments were best 1595
 By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For as, in bodies natural,
 The rump 's the fundament of all,
 So, in a commonwealth or realm,
 The government is call'd the Helm, 1600

¹⁵⁸⁵ VAR. 'Kirkerus,' Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath written largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

With which, like vessels under sail,
 They're turn'd and winded by the tail :
 The tail, which birds and fishes steer
 Their courses with through sea and air,
 To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605
 The same thing with the stern and compass.

This shews how perfectly the rump
 And commonwealth in Nature jump :
 For as a fly that goes to bed
 Rests with his tail above his head, 1610
 So in this mongrel state of ours

The rabble are the supreme powers,
 That hors'd us on their backs, to show us
 A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews 1615
 Write there's a bone, which they call Luez,
 I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue
 No force in Nature can do hurt to ;
 And therefore, at the last great day,
 All th' other members shall, they say, 1620
 Spring out of this, as from a seed
 All sorts of vegetals proceed ;

From whence the learned sons of Art
Os sacrum justly style that part. -
 Then what can better represent 1625
 Than this rump-bone the Parliament,
 That, after several rude ejections
 And as prodigious resurrections,
 With new reversions of nine lives
 Starts up, and like a cat revives ? 1630

But now, alas ! they're all expir'd,
 And th' House as well as members fir'd ;
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,

With which they other fires put out ;
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635
 And paltry private wretchedness ;
 Worse than the devil to privation
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;
 And parted, like the body and soul,
 From all dominion and control. 1640

We who could lately, with a look,
 Enact, establish, or revoke,
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;
 Before the bluster of whose huff 1645
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,
 Down to the footman and valet ;
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,
 And prayers than the crowns of hats ; 1650
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,
 For ruin's just as low as high ;
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all
 The horror that attends our fall :
 For some of us have scores more large 1655
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;
 And others, who, by restless scraping,
 With public frauds, and private rapine,
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,
 Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660
 And, to be but undone, entail

¹⁶⁶¹ This the Regicides in general would have done gladly ; but the ringleaders of them were executed 'in terrorem.' Those that came in upon proclamation were brought to the bar of the House of Lords, 25th November, 1661, to answer what they could say for themselves why judgment should not

Their vessels on perpetual jail,
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.

This said, a near and louder shout 1665
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,
 Who now began t' outrun their fear,
 As horses do from those they bear ;
 But crowd'd on with so much haste,
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670
 And barricado'd it with haunches
 Of outward men, and bulks, and paunches,
 That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,
 And rather save a crippled piece
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675
 Than have them grill'd on the embers ;
 Still pressing on with heavy packs

be executed against them? They severally alleged, "That, upon his Majesty's gracious Declaration from Breda, and the votes of the Parliament, &c. they did render themselves, being advised that they should thereby secure their lives; and humbly craved the benefit of the proclamation, &c." And Harry Martyn briskly added, "That he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped he should not be hanged for taking the King's word now." A bill was brought in for their execution, which was read twice, but afterwards dropt, and so they were all sent to their several prisons, and little more heard of. Ludlow, and some others, escaped by flying among the Swiss Cantons.

¹⁶⁶⁵ ¹⁶⁶⁶ When Sir Martyn came to this cabal, he left the rabble at Temple-bar; but, by the time he had concluded his discourse, they were advanced near Whitehall and Westminster. This alarmed our caballers, and perhaps terrified them with the apprehension of being hanged or burned in reality, as some of them that very instant were in effigy. No wonder, therefore, they broke up so precipitately, and that each endeavoured to secure himself. The manner of it is described with a poetical licence, only to embellish this Canto with a diverting catastrophe.

Of one another on their backs,
 The van-guard could no longer bear
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,
 Were trampled sorely under foot ;
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable
 As th' horrid cookery of the rabble ;
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685
 As lesser pains are by the gout,
 Reliev'd them with a fresh supply
 Of rallied force, enough to fly,
 And beat a Tuscan running-horse,
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

PART III. CANTO III.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight
 To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.
 He plots to turn his amorous suit
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute :
 Repairs to counsel, to advise
 'Bout managing the enterprise ;
 But first resolves to try by letter,
 And one more fair address, to get her.

WHO would believe what strange bugbears
 Mankind creates itself of fears,

* Our Poet now resumes his principal subject ; and the reason why he is so full in the recapitulation of the last adventure of our Knight and Squire is, because we had lost sight of our heroes for the space of the longest Canto in the whole Poem.

That spring, like fern, that insect weed,
 Equivocally, without seed,
 And have no possible foundation 5
 But merely in th' imagination?
 And yet can do more dreadful feats
 Than hags with all their imps and teats;
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves
 Than all their nurseries of elves. 10
 For fear does things so like a witch,
 'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
 Sets up communities of senses,
 To chop and change intelligences;
 As Rosyerueian virtuosos 15
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;
 And, when they neither see nor hear,
 Have more than both supply'd by fear,
 That makes them in the dark see visions,
 And hag themselves with apparitions, 20
 And, when their eyes discover least,
 Discern the subtlest objects best;
 Do things not contrary alone
 To th' course of Nature, but its own;
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25
 And turn poltroons as valiant:
 For men as resolute appear
 With too much, as too little fear;
 And, when they're out of hopes of flying
 Will run away from death by dying; 30
 Or turn again to stand it out,
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.
 This Hudibras had prov'd too true,
 Who, by the Furies left perdue,
 And haunted with detachments sent 35

From Marshal Legion's regiment,
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,
 Reliev'd and rescu'd with a cheat,
 When nothing but himself and fear
 Were both the imps and conjurer ; 40
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosi,
 It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,
 We left our champion on his flight,
 At blindman's buff to grope his way, 45
 In equal fear of night and day ;
 Who took his dark and desp'rate course,
 He knew no better than his horse ;
 And, by an unknown devil led
 (He knew as little whither), fled : 50
 He never was in greater need
 Nor less capacity of speed ;
 Disabled, both in man and beast,
 To fly and run away his best,
 To keep the enemy and fear 55
 From equal falling on his rear.
 And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
 The further and the nearer side ;
 (As seamen ride with all their force,
 And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60
 And, when the hackney sails most swift,
 Believe they lag, or run adrift) ;
 So, though he posted e'er so fast,
 His fear was greater than his haste :
 For fear, though fleet^r than the wind, 65

³⁵ Alluding to Stephen Marshal's bellowing out treason from the pulpit, in order to recruit the army of the Rebels. He was called the 'Geneva Bull.'

Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But when the morn began t' appear,
 And shift t' another scene his fear,
 He found his new officious shade,
 That came so timely to his aid, 70
 And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,
 Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape,
 So like in person, garb, and pitch,
 'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.

For Ralpho had no sooner told 75
 The Lady all he had t' unfold,
 But she convey'd him out of sight,
 To entertain th' approaching Knight;
 And while he gave himself diversion,
 T' accommodate his beast and person, 80
 And put his beard into a posture
 At best advantage to accost her,
 She order'd th' anti-masquerade
 (For his reception) aforesaid:
 But when the ceremony was done, 85
 The lights put out, the Furies gone,
 And Hudibras, among the rest,
 Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,
 The wretched caitiff, all alone
 (As he believ'd), began to moan, 90
 And tell his story to himself,
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;
 And did so still, till he began
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man,
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95
 T' appear in one another's stead,
 And act the saint's and devil's part

77 VAR. 'But she convoy'd him.'

With undistinguishable art,
 They might have done so now, perhaps,
 And put on one another's shapes ; 100
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,—
 What art ? My squire, or that bold sprite
 That took his place and shape to-night ?
 Some busy Independent pug, 105
 Retainer to his synagogue ?

Alas ! quoth he, I'm none of those
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose,
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire,
 Wh' has dragg'd your Dunship out o' th' mire, 110
 And from th' enchantments of a Widow,
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you ;
 And, though a prisoner of war,
 Have brought you safe where now you are ;
 Which you would gratefully repay 115
 Your constant Presbyterian way.—

That's stranger (quoth the Knight), and stranger ;
 Who gave thee notice of my danger ?

Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer
 Pursu'd, and took me prisoner ; 120
 And, knowing you were hereabout,
 Brought me along to find you out ;
 Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
 Have noted all they said or did :
 And, though they lay to him the pageant, 125
 I did not see him, nor his agent ;
 Who play'd their sorceries out of sight,
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.—

But didst thou see no devils then ?—

¹⁰³ VAR. 'Spright.'

¹¹⁰ VAR. 'Donship.'

Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130
 A little worse than fiends in hell,
 And that she-devil Jezebel,
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135
 That play'd the dev'l t' examine me?—

A rallying weaver in the town,
 That did it in a parson's gown;
 Whom all the parish takes for gifted,
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140

In which you told them all your feats,
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;
 Deny'd your whipping, and confess'd
 The naked truth of all the rest,
 More plainly than the rev'rend writer 145
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre;
 All which they took in black and white,
 And cudgel'd me to underwrite.

What made thee, when they all were gone,
 And none but thou and I alone, 150

¹⁴⁵ Though there were more than one in those times that this character would have suited, yet it is probable that George Graham, Bishop of Orkney, is sneered at in this place by Mr. Butler. He was so base as to renounce and abjure Episcopacy, signing the abjuration with his own hand, at Breckness, in Strones, February 11, 1639. To this remarkable incident Bishop Hall alludes ("Epistle Dedicatory," prefixed to his "Episcopacy by Divine Right, &c." 1640, p. 1.); where he observes, "That he craved pardon for having accepted his Episcopal function as if he had thereby committed some heinous offence." Upon which he uses the following exclamation: "Good God! what is this I have lived to hear? That a Bishop, in a Christian assembly, should renounce his Episcopal function, and cry Mercy for his now abandoned calling."

To act the devil, and forbear
To rid me of my hellish fear ?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate,
And frame of sp'rit, too obstinate
To be by me prevail'd upon 155
With any motives of my own ;
And therefore strove to counterfeit
The dev'l a while, to nick your wit ;
The dev'l, that is your constant crony,
That only can prevail upon ye ; 160
Else we might still have been disputing,
And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find
They 'd left the enemy behind,
And saw no further harm remain 165
But feeble weariness and pain,
Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,
Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day,
And, by declining of the road,
They had, by chance, their rear made good ; 170
He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,
That parting's wont to rant and tear,
And give the desperat'st attack
To danger still behind its back :
For having paus'd to recollect, 175
And on his past success reflect,
T' examine and consider why,
And whence, and how, he came to fly,
And when no devil had appear'd,
What else it could be said he fear'd, 180
It put him in so fierce a rage,
He once resolv'd to re-engage ;
Toss'd, like a foot-ball, back again

With shame, and vengeance, and disdain.

Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185
 That made me from this leaguer rise,
 And, when I 'd half-reduc'd the place,
 To quit it infamously base ;
 Was better cover'd by the new-
 Arriv'd detachment than I knew : 190
 To slight my new acquests, and run,
 Victoriously, from battles won ;
 And, reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,
 To sell them cheaper than they cost ;
 To make me put myself to flight, 195
 And, conqu'ring, run away by night ;
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe
 Durst never have presum'd to do ;
 To mount me in the dark by force
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse, 200
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,
 Without my arms and equipage ;
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,
 I might th' unequal fight renew ;
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.

All this (quoth Ralph) I did, 'tis true,
 Not to preserve myself, but you :
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs, 210
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse
 Than managing a wooden horse ;
 Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,
 Eras'd, or coup'd for perjurers :
 Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain, 215
 Had had no reason to complain ;

But, since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome
 To blame the hand that paid your ransom,
 And rescu'd your obnoxious bones
 From unavoidable battoons. 220

The enemy was reinforc'd,
 And we disabled and unhors'd,
 Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,
 And no way left but hasty flight,
 Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225
 Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.

But, were our bones in fit condition
 To reinforce the expedition,
 'Tis now unseas'nable and vain
 To think of falling on again : 230

No martial project to surprise
 Can ever be attempted twice ;
 Nor cast design serve afterwards,
 As gamesters tear their losing cards.

Beside, our bangs of man and beast 235
 Are fit for nothing now but rest,
 And for a while will not be able
 To rally and prove serviceable :

And therefore I, with reason, chose
 This stratagem t' amuse our foes 240
 To make an hon'able retreat,
 And waive a total sure defeat :

For those that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that 's slain.
 Hence timely running's no mean part 245
 Of conduct in the martial art,
 By which some glorious feats achieve,
 As citizens by breaking thrive,
 And cannons conquer armies, while

They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,
To great exploits, as well as safest ;
That spares th' expense of time and pains,
And dang'rous beating out of brains ;
And, in the end, prevails as certain 255
As those that never trust to Fortune ;
But make their fear do execution
Beyond the stoutest resolution ;
As earthquakes kill without a blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. 260
If th' Ancients crown'd their bravest men
That only sav'd a citizen,
What victory could e'er be won
If ev'ry one would save but one ?
Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265
Where all resolve to save the most ?
By this means, when a battle's won,
The war's as far from being done ;
For those that save themselves, and fly,
Go halves at least i' th' victory ; 270
And sometime, when the loss is small,
And danger great, they challenge all ;
Print new additions to their feats,
And emendations in Gazettes ;
And when, for furious haste to run, 275
They durst not stay to fire a gun,
Have done 't with bonfires, and at home
Made squibs and crackers overcome ;
To set the rabble on a flame,
And keep their governors from blame, 280
Disperse the news the pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;

And, though reduc'd to that extreme,
 They have been forc'd to sing *Te Deum* ;
 Yet, with religious blasphemy, 285
 By flatt'ring Heaven with a lie,
 And, for their beating, giving thanks,
 They've rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;
 For those who run from th' enemy,
 Engage them equally to fly ; 290
 And when the fight becomes a chace,
 Those win the day that win the race ;
 And that which would not pass in fights,
 Has done the feat with easy flights ;
 Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign ;
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty
 With brandy-wine, and aqua-vitæ ;
 And made 'em stoutly overcome
 With Baerack, Hoccamore, and Mum ; 300
 With th' uncontrol'd decrees of Fate
 To victory necessitate ;
 With which, although they run or burn,
 They unavoidably return ;
 Or else their sultan populaces 305
 Still strangle all their routed Dassas.

Quoth Hudibras, I understand
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,
 And who those were that run away,
 And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310
 Although the rabble souc'd them for 't,
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.
 Tis true our modern way of war

³⁰⁰ VAR. 'Baccarack' and 'Bacrach.'—Rhenish Wine, so called from the town near which it is produced.

Is grown more politic by far,
 But not so resolute and bold, 315
 Nor ty'd to honour as the old.
 For now they laugh at giving battle,
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;
 Or fighting convoys of provision,
 The whole design o' the expedition, 320
 And not with downright blows to rout
 The enemy, but eat them out :
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,
 And eating, are perform'd one way,
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;
 And those achieve the high'st renown,
 That bring the other stomachs down.
 There 's now no fear of wounds nor maiming,
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine, 330
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;
 But have no need nor use of courage,
 Unless it be for glory, or forage :
 For, if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335
 When one side vent'ring to advance,
 And come uncivilly too near,
 Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear,
 And forc'd, with terrible resistance,
 To keep hereafter at a distance, 340
 To pick out ground to encamp upon,
 Where store of largest rivers run,
 That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,
 To part th' engagements of their warriors ;
 Where both from side to side may skip, 345

And only encounter at bo-peep :
 For men are found the stouter-hearted,
 The certainer they 're to be parted,
 And therefore post themselves in bogs,
 As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350
 And made their mortal enemy,
 The water-rat, their strict ally.
 For 'tis not now who 's stout and bold ?
 But who bears hunger best and cold ?
 And he 's approv'd the most deserving, 355
 Who longest can hold out at starving ;
 And he that routs most pigs and cows,
 The formidablest man of prowess.
 So th' Emperor Caligula,
 That triumph'd o'er the British sea, 360
 Took crabs and oysters prisoners,
 And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;
 Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles,
 With periwinkles, prawns, and museles.
 And led his troops with furious gallops, 365
 To charge whole regiments of scallops ;
 Not like their ancient way of war,
 To wait on his triumphal car ;
 But when he went to dine or sup,
 More bravely ate his captives up, 370
 And left all war, by his example,
 Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,
 And twice as much that I could add,
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course ;
 To hope, by stratagem, to woo her,
 Or waging battle to subdue her :

Though some have done it in romances,
And bang'd them into am'rous fancies ; 380
As those who won the Amazons,
By wanton drubbing of their bones ;
And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride
By courting of her back and side.
But since those times and feats are over, 385
They are not for a modern lover,
When mistresses are too cross-grain'd,
By such addresses to be gain'd ;
And, if they were, would have it out
With many another kind of bout. 390
Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,
As this of force to win the Jezebel ;
To storm her heart, by th' antique charms
Of ladies errant, force of arms ;
But rather strive by law to win her, 395
And try the title you have in her.
Your case is clear, you have her word,
And me to witness the accord ;
Besides two more of her retinue
To testify what pass'd between you ; 400
More probable, and like to hold,
Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold,
For which so many, that renounc'd
Their plighted contracts, have been trounc'd ;
And bills upon record been found, 405
That forc'd the ladies to compound ;
And that, unless I miss the matter,
Is all the bus'ness you look after.
Besides, encounters at the bar
Are braver now than those in war ; 410
In which the law does execution,

With less disorder and confusion ;
 Has more of honour in 't, some hold,
 Not like the new way, but the old ;
 When those the pen had drawn together, 415
 Decided quarrels with the feather,
 And winged arrows kill'd as dead,
 And more than bullets now of lead ;
 So all their combats now, as then,
 Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420
 That does the feat, with braver vigours,
 In words at length, as well as figures ;
 Is judge of all the world performs
 In voluntary feats of arms ;
 And whatso'er 's achiev'd in fight, 425
 Determines which is wrong or right :
 For whether you prevail or lose,
 All must be tried there in the close ;
 And therefore 'tis not wise to shun
 What you must trust to ere ye 've done. 430

The law, that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo ;
 That makes the most perfidious lover,
 A lady, that 's as false, recover ;
 And, if it judge upon your side, 435
 Will soon extend her for your bride,
 And put her person, goods, or lands,
 Or which you like best, int' your hands.

For law 's the wisdom of all ages,
 And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440
 Who, though their bus'ness at the bar
 Be but a kind of civil war,
 In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons
 Than e'er the Grecians did, and Trojans,
 They never manage the contest 445

T' impair their public interest ;
 Or by their controversies lessen
 The dignity of their profession :
 Not like us Brethren, who divide
 Our Common-wealth, the Cause, and side ; 450
 And though we 're all as near of kindred
 As th' outward man is to the inward,
 We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
 About the slightest fingle-fangle ;
 While lawyers have more sober sense, 455
 Than t' argue at their own expense,
 But make their best advantages
 Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;
 And out of foreign controversies,
 By aiding both sides, fill their purses ; 460
 But have no int'rest in the cause
 For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;
 Nor further prospect than their pay,
 Whether they lose or win the day.
 And though th' abounded in all ages, 465
 With sundry learned clerks and sages ;
 Though all their business be dispute,
 Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,
 They 've no disputes about their art,
 Nor in polemics controvert ; 470
 While all professions else are found
 With nothing but disputes t' abound :
 Divines of all sorts, and physicians,
 Philosophers, mathematicians ;
 The Galenist, and Paracelsian, 475

⁴⁷⁵ Galen was born in the year 130, and lived to the year 200. Paracelsus was born in the latter end of the 15th, and lived almost to the middle of the 16th century.

Condemn the way each other deals in ;
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their dreams,
 That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480
 And heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation
 T' expose their trade to disputation ;
 Or make the busy rabble judges 485
 Of all their secret piques and grudges ;
 In which, whoever wins the day,
 The whole profession 's sure to pay.
 Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,
 Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490
 When in all other sciences
 They swarm like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward light, a deed in law ?
 Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495
 An answer to a declaration ?
 For those that meddle with their tools,
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :
 And if you follow their advice,
 In bills and answers, and replies, 500
 They 'll write a love-letter in Chancery,
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts 505
 To edify by Ralpho's Gifts,
 But in appearance cry'd him down,

307 VAR. 'Cry'd them down.'

To make 'em better seem his own,
 (All plagiarics' constant course
 Of sinking, when they take a purse), 510
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,
 But kept it from him by disguise ;
 And, after stubborn contradiction,
 To counterfeit his own conviction,
 And, by transition, fall upon 515
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest
 Is, of all others, the unwisest :
 For, if I think by law to gain her,
 There 's nothing sillier nor vainer. 520
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expense ;
 To act against myself, and traverse
 My suit and title to her favours ;
 And if she should, which Heav'n forbid, 525
 O'erthrow me, as the Fiddler did,
 What after-course have I to take,
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?
 He that with injury is griev'd,
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
 Applies himself to cunning men,
 To help him to his goods agen ;
 When all he can expect to gain, 535
 Is but to squander more in vain :
 And yet I have no other way,
 But is as difficult to play ;
 For to reduce her by main force,
 Is now in vain ; by fair means, worse ; 540

But worst of all to give her over,
 Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,
 Until they 're never to be won ;
 But since I have no other course, 545
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,
 He that complies against his will,
 Is of his own opinion still,
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
 For reasons to himself best known ; 550
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;
 Whom I must answer, or begin,
 Inevitably, first with him ;
 For I 've receiv'd advertisement, 555
 By times enough of his intent ;
 And knowing he that first complains
 Th' advantage of the business gains ;
 For courts of Justice understand
 The plaintiff to be th' eldest hand ; 560
 Who what he pleases may aver,
 The other nothing till he swear ;
 Is freely admitted to all grace,
 And lawful favour, by his place ;
 And, for his bringing custom in, 565
 Has all advantages to win :
 I, who resolve to oversee
 No lucky opportunity,
 Will go to counsel, to advise
 Which way t' encounter, or surprise ; 570
 And, after long consideration,
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,
 Most apt for what I have to do,

As counsellor, and justice too.

And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575
 A lawyer fit for such a case,
 An old dull sot, who told the clock
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,
 At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
 And hiccius-docius play'd in all ; 580
 Where, in all governments and times,
 H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining :
 To many a whore gave privilege, 585
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent
 For being behind a fortnight's rent ;
 And many a trusty pimp and crony
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money : 590
 Engag'd the constable to seize
 All those that would not break the peace ;
 Nor give him back his own foul words,
 Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595
 For being sober at ill hours ;
 That in the morning he might free
 Or bind 'em over for his fee.
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
 For leave to practise in their ways ; 600
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a-share
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
 For taking up the public ground ;
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605
 For being unmolested, pay ;

Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
 And cage, to those that gave him most ;
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,
 And, for false weights, on chandelers ; 610
 Made victuallers and vintners fine
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;
 But was a kind and constant friend
 To all that regularly' offend ;
 As residentiary bawds, 615
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;
 That cheat in lawful mysteries,
 And pay church duties and his fees ;
 But was implacable and awkward
 To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the Knight repairs
 For counsel in his law-affairs ;
 And found him mounted, in his pew,
 With books and money plac'd, for shew,
 Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625
 And for his false opinion pay :
 To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
 Put off his hat, to put his case ;
 Which he as proudly entertain'd
 As th' other courteously strain'd ; 630
 And, t' assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
 Whom I have cudgel'd—Very well.—
 And now he brags to 've beaten me— 635
 Better and better still, quoth he—
 And vows to stick me to a wall
 Where'er he meets me—Best of all.—

'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath
 That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth— 640
 When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,
 And pick'd my fob, and what he took ;
 Which was the cause that made me bang him,
 And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.—
 Now, whether I should before-hand 645
 Swear he robb'd me?—I understand—
 Or bring my action of conversion
 And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson—
 Or if 'tis better to indict
 And bring him to his trial?—Right— 650
 Prevent what he designs to do,
 And swear for th' state against him?—True.—
 Or whether he that is defendant
 In this case has the better end on 't ;
 Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655
 May traverse the action?—Better still.—
 Then there 's a lady too—Aye, marry—
 That 's easily prov'd accessory ;
 A widow, who, by solemn vows
 Contracted to me for my spouse, 660
 Combin'd with him to break her word,
 And has abetted all—Good Lord!—
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
 To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;
 Who put me into a horrid fear, 665
 Fear of my life—Make that appear—
 Made an assault with fiends and men
 Upon my body—Good agen—
 And kept me in a deadly fright
 And false imprisonment all night ; 670
 Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,

And stole my saddle—Worse and worse—
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.

Sir (quoth the lawyer), not to flatter ye, 675
 You have as good and fair a battery
 As heart can wish, and need not shame
 The proudest man alive to claim :
 For if they 've us'd you as you say,
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy ; 680
 I would it were my case, I'd give
 More than I'll say, or you'll believe :
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;
 For matrimony and hanging, here, 685
 Both go by destiny so clear,
 That you as sure may pick and choose,
 As cross I win and pile you lose :
 And, if I durst, I would advance
 As much in ready maintenance 690
 As upon any case I've known ;
 But we that practice dare not own :
 The law severely contrabands
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
 And crops them till there is not leather
 To stick a pen in, left of either ;
 For which some do the summer-sault,
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault : 700
 But you may swear, at any rate,
 Things not in nature, for the state ;
 For, in all courts of justice here,
 A witness is not said to swear,

But make oath, that is, in plain terms, 705
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, (quoth the Knight,) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710

Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Convey men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715

As easily as hocus-pocus;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again, like hiccus-doccus.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife, 720

Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses 725

To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit-customers, 730

At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.

For that (quoth he) let me alone; 735
We've store of such, and all our own,

Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers
The ablest of our conscience-stretchers.

That's well (quoth he), but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages, 740
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey, for a water-witch;
And when ye've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans 745
To draw her neck into the banns;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies; 750
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal or hand;
Or find void places in the paper 755
To steal in something to entrap her;
'Till with her worldly goods and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple under trees, 760
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,

⁷⁴² Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic, and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also publishing a treatise of natural magic, confirmed some well-meaning credulous people in this opinion: but it was altogether groundless; for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.

About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;
 Or wait for customers between
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765
 And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
 According to their ears and clothes,
 Their only necessary tools,
 Besides the Gospel, and their souls ; 770
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give (quote Hudibras)
 A straw to understand a case,
 Without the admirable skill 775
 To wind and manage it at will ;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
 Against the weather-guage of laws,
 And ring the changes upon cases,
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you 've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.
 I long to practise your advice,
 And try the subtle artifice ;
 To bait a letter, as you bid :— 785
 As, not long after, thus he did ;
 For, having pump'd up all his wit,
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ.

⁷⁸² The beggar's prayer for the lawyer would have suited this gentleman very well. See the works of J. Taylor, the Water poet, p. 101. "May the terms be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue ; and may contentions grow and multiply ! may actions beget actions, and cases engender cases, as thick as hops ; may every day of the year be a Shrove-Tuesday ; let proclamations forbid fighting, to increase actions of battery ; that thy cassock may be three-piled, and the welts of thy gown may not grow threadbare !"

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE* OF HUDIBRAS
TO HIS LADY.

I WHO was once as great as Cæsar,
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;
 And from as fam'd a conqueror
 As ever took degree in war,
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5
 By you turn'd out to grass with cattle :
 For since I am deny'd access
 To all my earthly happiness,
 Am fallen from the paradise
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes ; 10
 Lost to the world, and you, I'm sent
 To everlasting banishment,
 Where all the hopes I had to've won
 Your heart, being dash'd, will break my own.
 Yet if you were not so severe 15
 To pass your doom before you hear,
 You'd find, upon my just defence,
 How much ye've wrong'd my innocence.

* This Epistle was to be the result of all the fair methods the Knight was to use in gaining the Widow : it therefore required all his wit and dexterity to draw from this artful Lady an unwary answer. If the plot succeeded, he was to compel her immediately, by law, to a compliance with his desires. But the Lady was too cunning to give him such a handle as he longed for : on the contrary, her answer silenced all his pretensions.

That once I made a vow to you,
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true ; 20
 But not because it is unpaid,
 'Tis violated, though delay'd :
 Or, if it were, it is no fault
 So heinous as you 'd have it thought,
 To undergo the loss of ears, 25
 Like vulgar hackney perjurers :
 For there 's a difference in the case
 Between the noble and the base ;
 Who always are observ'd t' have done 't
 Upon as different an account ; 30
 The one for great and weighty cause,
 To salve, in honour, ugly flaws ;
 For none are like to do it sooner
 Than those who 're nicest of their honour :
 The other, for base gain and pay, 35
 Forswear and perjure by the day,
 And make th' exposing and retailing
 Their souls and consciences, a calling.
 It is no scandal nor aspersion
 Upon a great and noble person, 40
 To say he naturally abhorr'd
 Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word,
 Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame,
 In meaner men, to do the same :
 For to be able to forget 45
 Is found more useful to the great
 Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,
 To make them pass for wondrous wise.
 But though the law on perjurers
 Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50
 It is not just, that does exempt

The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;
To make the ears repair the wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;
And, when one member is forsworn, 55
Another to be cropt or torn.
And if you should, as you design,
By course of law recover mine,
You 're like, if you consider right,
To gain but little honour by 't : 60
For he that for his lady's sake
Lays down his life, or limbs, at stake,
Does not so much deserve her favour,
As he that pawns his soul to have her.
This ye've acknowledg'd I have done, 65
Although you now disdain to own ;
But sentence what you rather ought
T' esteem good service than a fault.
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear
That literal sense the words infer ; 70
But, by the practice of the age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage ;
And where the sense by custom's check't,
Are found void and of none effect ;
For no man takes or keeps a vow 75
But just as he sees others do ;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle
As not to yield and bow a little :
For as best temper'd blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round ; 80
So truest oaths are still most tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking proof.
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd
In love a greater latitude ?

For as the law of arms approves 85
 All ways to conquest, so should love's ;
 And not be ty'd to true or false,
 But make that justest that prevails :
 For how can that which is above
 All empire, high and mighty love, 90
 Submit its great prerogative
 To any other pow'r alive ?
 Shall Love, that to no crown gives place,
 Become the subject of a case ?
 The fundamental law of Nature 95
 Be over-rul'd by those made after ?
 Commit the censure of its cause
 To any but its own great laws ?
 Love, that 's the world's preservative,
 That keeps all souls of things alive ; 100
 Controls the mighty pow'r of Fate,
 And gives mankind a longer date ;
 The life of Nature, that restores
 As fast as Time and Death devours ;
 To whose free gift the world does owe 105
 Not only earth, but heaven too :
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,
 The interest of state in heaven,
 Which nothing but the soul of man
 Is capable to entertain. 110
 For what can earth produce but love,
 To represent the joys above ?
 Or who but lovers can converse,
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse ?
 Address and compliment by vision, 115
 Make love, and court by intuition ?
 And burn in am'rous flames as fierce

As those celestial ministers?
 Then how can any thing offend
 In order to so great an end? 120
 Or Heav'n itself a sin resent
 That for its own supply was meant?
 That merits, in a kind mistake,
 A pardon for th' offence's sake?
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125
 Were left to th' injury of the laws,
 What tyranny can disapprove
 There should be equity in love?
 For laws that are inanimate,
 And feel no sense of love, or hate; 130
 That have no passion of their own,
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on criminals as strict:
 But to have power to forgive, 135
 Is empire and prerogative;
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem
 To grant a pardon than condemn.
 Then since so few do what they ought,
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fault; 140
 For why should he who made address,
 All humble ways, without success,
 And met with nothing in return
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145
 And bravely carry his design?
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder;
 And, after letting blood, and purging,
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150

Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,
 And claw'd by goblins in the night ;
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
 With rude invasion of his beard ;
 And when our sex was foully scandal'd, 155
 As foully by the rabble handled ;
 Attack'd by despicable foes,
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows ;
 And, after all, to be debarr'd
 So much as standing on his guard ; 160
 When horses, being spurr'd and prick'd,
 Have leave to kiek for being kick'd ?

Or why should you, whose mother-wits
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites ;
 That with your breeding teeth begin, 165
 And nursing babies, that lie in,
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon
 Our cully sex, and we use none ?
 We, who have nothing but frail vows,
 Against your stratagems t' oppose, 170
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,
 By which we are no less put down ?
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,
 And kill with a retreating eye ;
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175
 To draw us into ambushes :
 As pirates all false colours wear,
 T' intrap, th' unwary mariner ;
 So women, to surprise us, spread
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks,
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;
 And raise more devils with their looks,

Than conjurers' less subtle books :
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard ;
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain
 Those to adore 'em they disdain : 190
 And only draw them in to clog,
 With idle names, a catalogue.
 A lover is, the more he 's brave,
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,
 And whatsoever she commands, 195
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;
 Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must,
 Whether it be unjust or just.
 Then when he is compell'd by her
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200
 Who, with his honour, can withstand,
 Since force is greater than command ?
 And when necessity 's obey'd,
 Nothing can be unjust or bad :
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205
 Of Love, our great ally, and your's,
 Join'd forces, not to be withstood
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,
 All I have done unjust or ill,
 Was in obedience to your will ; 210
 And all the blame that can be due
 Falls to your cruelty, and you.
 Nor are those scandals I confest,
 Against my will and interest,
 More than is daily done, of course, 215
 By all men, when they 're under force :

Whence some, upon the rack, confess
 What th' hangman and their prompters please ;
 But are no sooner out of pain,
 Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the devil turns confessor,
 Truth is a crime, he takes no pleasure
 To hear or pardon, like the founder
 Of liars, whom they all claim under :
 And therefore when I told him none, 225
 I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,
 The first that on th' adventure went ;
 All mankind ever did of course,
 And daily does the same, or worse. 230

For what romance can shew a lover,
 That had a lady to recover,
 And did not steer a nearer course,
 To fall aboard in his amours ?
 And what at first was held a crime, 235
 Has turn'd to hon'rabl in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,
 By ravishing of women, come ?
 When men upon their spouses seiz'd,
 And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240
 They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
 Nor, in the mind they were in, died ;
 Nor took the pains t' address and sue,
 Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :
 Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245
 Nor juggled about settlements ;
 Did need no license, nor no priest,
 Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist,

Nor lawyers, to join land and money
 In th' holy state of matrimony, 250
 Before they settled hands and hearts,
 Till alimony or death departs ;
 Nor would endure to stay until
 Th' had got the very bride's good will,
 But took a wise and shorter course 255
 To win the ladies,—downright force ;
 And justly made 'em prisoners then,
 As they have, often since, us men,
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,
 The luckiest of all Love's intrigues ; 260
 And when they had them at their pleasure,
 They talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;
 For after matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a lover,
 Deserves, for every minute, more 265
 Than half a year of love before ;
 For which the dames, in contemplation
 Of that best way of application,
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known,
 By suit, or treaty, to be won ; 270
 And such as all posterity
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,
 That men have right to ev'ry one, 275
 And they no freedom of their own ;
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280
 Though by the indirectest way,

'Tis no injustice nor foul play ;
 And that you ought to take that course,
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those 285
 Who you, before another, chose.
 For why should ev'ry savage beast
 Exceed his great Lord's interest ?
 Have freer pow'r than he, in Grace
 And Nature, o'er the creature has ? 290
 Because the laws he since has made
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;
 Retrench'd the absolute dominion
 That Nature gave him over women ;
 When all his pow'r will not extend 295
 One law of Nature to suspend ;
 And but to offer to repeal
 The smallest clause, is to repel.
 This, if men rightly understood
 Their privilege, they would make good, 300
 And not, like sots, permit their wives
 T' encroach on their prerogatives ;
 For which sin they deserve to be
 Kept, as they are, in slavery :
 And this some precious Gifted Teachers, 305
 Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
 And disobey'd in making love,
 Have vow'd to all the world to prove,

³⁰⁵ ³⁰⁶ Sir Roger L'Estrange ('Key to Hudibras') mentions Mr. Case as one ; and Mr. Butler, in his Posthumous works,* mentions Dr. Burgess and Hugh Peters ; and the writer of a

* It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Butler left no genuine poems besides those in the possession of Mr. Longueville, and published by Mr. Thyer in 1759, which form the subsequent part of this volume.

And make you suffer, as you ought,
 For that uncharitable fault : 310
 But I forget myself, and rove
 Beyond th' instructions of my love.
 Forgive me, Fair, and only blame
 Th' extravagancy of my flame,
 Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315
 Excess of love and temper too ;
 All I have said that 's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you,
 Who have so sov'reign a control
 O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320
 That, rather than to forfeit you,
 Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;
 Both with an equal pow'r possest,
 To render all that serve you blest ;
 But none like him, who 's destin'd either 325
 To have or lose you both together ;
 And if you'll but this fault release
 (For so it must be, since you please),
 I'll pay down all that vow and more,
 Which you commanded, and I swore, 330
 And expiate, upon my skin,
 Th' arrears in full of all my sin ;
 For 'tis but just that I should pay
 Th' accruing penance for delay,

Letter to the Earl of Pembroke, 1647, p. 9, observes of Peters,
 " That it was offered to be publicly proved that he got both
 mother and daughter with child." " I am glad (says an
 anonymous person, Thurloe's ' State Papers,' vol. iv. p. 734)
 to hear that Mr. Peters shews his head again ; it was re-
 ported here (Amsterdam, May 5, 1655) that he was found
 with a whore a-bed, and he grew mad, and said nothing but
 O blood, O blood, that troubles me."

Which shall be done, until it move 335
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight, perusing this Epistle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,
And read it, like a jocund lover,
With great applause t' himself twice over ; 340
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit
And humble distance, to his wit,
And dated it with wondrous art,
' Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;'
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345
A smoking faggot—and above,
Upon a scroll—I burn and weep,
And near it—For her Ladyship,
Of all her sex most excellent,
These to her gentle hands present.— 350
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,
To send it back, or burn the letter :
But guessing that it might import, 355
Though nothing else, at least her sport,
She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a smile and leering flout ;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

THE LADY'S ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a beast, and turn'd to grass,
 Is no strange news, nor ever was,
 At least to me, who once, you know,
 Did from the pound replevin you,
 When both your sword and spurs were won 5
 In combat, by an Amazon ;
 That sword that did, like Fate, determine
 Th' inevitable death of vermin,
 And never dealt its furious blows,
 But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10
 By Trulla was, in single fight,
 Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight,
 Your heels degraded of your spurs,
 And in the stocks close prisoners,
 Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15
 If I, in pity' of your complaint,
 Had not, on honourable conditions,
 Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;
 And what return that favour met
 You cannot (though you would) forget ; 20
 When, being free, you strove t' evade
 The oaths you had in prison made ;
 Forswore yourself, and first deny'd it,
 But after own'd, and justify'd it ;
 And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25
 Absolv'd yourself by breaking two :
 For while you sneakingly submit,

And beg for pardon at our feet,
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,
To hope for quarter for your ears, 30
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,
You claim us boldly as your due ;
Declare that treachery and force,
To deal with us, is th' only course ;
We have no title nor pretence 35
To body, soul, or conscience,
But ought to fall to that man's share
That claims us for his proper ware :
These are the motives which, t' induce,
Or fright us into love, you use ; 40
A pretty new way of gallanting,
Between soliciting and ranting !
Like sturdy beggars, that intreat
For charity at once, and threat.
But since you undertake to prove 45
Your own propriety in love,
As if we were but lawful prize
In war between two enemies ;
Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,
That would but sue for, might recover ; 50
It is not hard to understand
The myst'ry of this bold demand,
That cannot at our persons aim,
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55
French stones, which in our eyes you set,
But our right diamonds, that inspire
And set your amorous hearts on fire ;
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60

And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
 Add fuel to your scorching flames ;
 But those true rubies of the rock,
 Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65
 That you are so transported with ;
 But those we wear about our necks,
 Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,
 The periwigs you make us wear ; 70
 But those bright guineas in our chests,
 That light the wildfire in your breasts.

These love-tricks I've been vers'd in so,
 That all their sly intrigues I know,
 And can unriddle, by their tones, 75
 Their mystic cabals, and jargones ;

Can tell what passions, by their sounds,
 Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;
 What raptures fond and amorous,
 O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 80

What ecstasy and scorching flame,
 Burns for my money in my name ;
 What from th' unnatural desire
 To beasts and cattle, takes its fire ;

What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85
 Longs for a thousand pounds a-year ;
 And languishing transports are fond
 Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall
 Enamour'd at first sight withal ; 90
 To these th' address with serenades,
 And court with balls and masquerades ;
 And yet, for all the yearning pain

Ye've suffer'd for their loves in vain,
 I fear they'll prove so nice and coy, 95
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,
 That, all your oaths and labour lost,
 They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Post.

This is not meant to disapprove
 Your judgment, in your choice of love ; 100

Which is so wise, the greatest part
 Of mankind study 't as an art ;
 For love should, like a deodand, .
 Still fall to th' owner of the land ;

And where there's substance for its ground, 105
 Cannot but be more firm and sound,
 Than that which has the slighter basis

Of airy virtue, wit, and graces ;
 Which is of such thin subtlety,

It steals and creeps in at the eye, 110

And, as it can't endure to stay,
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns
 From solid gold and precious stones,
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115
 As solid, and as glorious love.

Hence 'tis you have no way t' express
 Our charms and graces but by these ;

For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,
 Which beauty' invades and conquers with, 120

But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,
 With which a philtre love commands ?

This is the way all parents prove
 In managing their children's love,

That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125
 As if th' were burying of the dead ;

Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,
 To join in wedlock all they have ;
 And, when th' settlement 's in force,
 Take all the rest for better or worse ; 130
 For money has a power above
 The stars, and Fate, to manage love ;
 Whose arrows, learned poets hold,
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.
 And though some say the parents' claims 135
 To make love in their children's names,
 Who, many times, at once provide
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride ;
 Feel darts, and charms, attracts, and flames,
 And woo, and contract, in their names ; 140
 And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em,
 Is not to give in matrimony,
 But sell and prostitute for money ;
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing ;
 And, when they're at their own dispose,
 With greater disadvantage choose.
 All this is right ; but for the course
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon
 As told, 'tis never to be done,
 No more than setters can betray,
 That tell what tricks they are to play.
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155
 Which all men either break or bow ;
 Then what will those forbear to do,
 Who perjure when they do but woo ?
 Such as before-hand swear and lie,

For earnest to their treachery, 160
And, rather than a crime confess,
With greater strive to make it less :
Like thieves, who, after sentence past,
Maintain their innocence to the last,
And when their crimes were made appear 165
As plain as witnesses can swear ;
Yet, when the wretches come to die,
Will take upon their death a lie.
Nor are the virtues you confess'd
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170
So slight as to be justify'd,
By being as shamefully deny'd ;
As if you thought your word would pass,
Point-blank, on both sides of a case ;
Or credit were not to be lost 175
B' a brave Knight-errant of the Post,
That eats perfidiously his word,
And swears his ears through a two-inch board ;
Can own the same thing, and disown,
And perjure booty *pro* and *con* ; 180
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out, to be forsworn ;
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kiss'd,

¹⁸³ The way of taking an oath is by laying the right hand upon the four Evangelists, which denominates it a corporal oath. This method was not always complied with in those iniquitous times. In the trial of Mr. Christopher Love, in the year 1651, one Jaquel, an evidence, laid his hand upon his buttons, and not upon the book, when the oath was tendered him; and, when he was questioned for it, he answered, "I am as good as under an oath." In the trial of the brave Colonel Morrice (who kept Pontefract Castle for the King) at York, by Thorp and Puleston, when he challenged one Brook, his professed enemy, the Court answered,

To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.
 These are the virtues in whose name 185
 A right to all the world you claim,
 And boldly challenge a dominion,
 In Grace and Nature, o'er all women ;
 Of whom no less will satisfy,
 Than all the sex, your tyranny ; 190
 Although you 'll find it a hard province,
 With all your crafty frauds and covins,
 To govern such a numerous crew,
 Who, one by one, now govern you ;
 For if you all were Solomons, 195
 And wise and great as he was once,
 You 'll find they 're able to subdue
 (As they did him) and baffle you.

And if you are impos'd upon,
 'Tis by your own temptation done, 200
 That with your ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the sleight ;
 For when we find ye 're still more taken
 With false attracts of our own making,
 Swear that 's a rose, and that 's a stone, 205
 Like sots, to us that laid it on,
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,
 You force us, in our own defences,
 To copy beams and influences ; 210
 To lay perfections on the graces,
 And draw attracts upon our faces,

He spoke too late ; Brook was sworn already. Brook being asked the question, whether he were sworn or no, replied, "He had not yet kissed the book." The Court answered, That was no matter ; it was but a ceremony ; he was recorded sworn, and there was no speaking against a record.

And, in compliance to your wit,
Your own false jewels counterfeit :
For, by the practice of those arts, 215
We gain a greater share of hearts ;
And those deserve in reason most,
That greatest pains and study cost :
For great perfections are, like heaven,
Too rich a present to be given ; 220
Nor are those master-strokes of beauty
To be perform'd without hard duty,
Which, when they're nobly done, and well,
The simple natural excel.
How fair and sweet the planted rose, 225
Beyond the wild, in hedges grows !
For, without art, the noblest seeds
Of flowers degenerate into weeds :
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground
And polish'd, looks a diamond ! 230
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,
It was not kept so without care.
The whole world, without art and dress,
Would be but one great wilderness ;
And mankind but a savage herd, 235
For all that nature has conferr'd :
This does but rough-hew and design,
Leaves Art to polish and refine.
Though women first were made for men,
Yet men were made for them agen : 240
For when (out-witted by his wife)
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,
If women had not interven'd,
How soon had mankind had an end !
And that it is in being yet, 245

To us alone you are in debt.
 And where 's your liberty of choice,
 And our unnatural No-voice?
 Since all the privilege you boast,
 And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250
 Is now our right, to whose creation
 You owe your happy restoration.
 And if we had not weighty cause
 To not appear, in making laws,
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255
 And shallow formal politics,
 Force you our managements t' obey,
 As we to yours (in show) give way.
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260
 You basely, after all your braves,
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;
 And 'cause we do not make it known,
 Nor publicly our int'rests own,
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265
 In ordering you and your affairs,
 When all your empire and command
 You have from us, at second-hand;
 As if a pilot, that appears
 To sit still only, while he steers, 270
 And does not make a noise and stir,
 Like every common mariner,
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,
 And did not guide the man-of-war:
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275
 In Councils, do not govern there;
 While, like the mighty Prester John,

²⁷⁷ Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had

Whose person none dares look upon,
 But is preserv'd in close disguise
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 290
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r, unseen,
 To govern him, as he does men ;
 And, in the right of our Pope Joan,
 Make emperors at our feet fall down ;
 Or Joan de Pucelle's braver name, 285
 Our right to arms and conduct claim ;
 Who, though a spinster, yet was able
 To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,
 Can judge the Judges and the Cause ; 290
 Prescribe all rules of right or wrong,
 To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,
 'Gainst which the world has no defence,
 But our more powerful eloquence.
 We manage things of greatest weight, 295
 In all the world's affairs of state ;
 Are ministers of war and peace,
 That sway all nations how we please.
 We rule all churches and their flocks,
 Heretical and orthodox ; 300
 And are the heavenly vehicles
 O' th' spirits in all Conventicles :
 By us is all commerce and trade

seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant,
 that none durst look upon him without his permission.

²⁸⁵ Joan of Arc, called also 'The Pucelle,' or 'Maid of Orleans.'

²⁸⁸ All this is a satire on King Charles II. who was governed so much by his mistresses: particularly this line seems to allude to his French mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, given by that Court, whom she served in the important post of governing King Charles as they directed.

Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;
 For nothing can go off so well, 305
 Nor bears that price, as what we sell.
 We rule in every public meeting,
 And make men do what we judge fitting ;
 Are magistrates in all great towns,
 Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310
 We make the man-of-war strike sail,
 And to our braver conduct veil,
 And when h' has chas'd his enemies,
 Submit to us upon his knees.

Is there an officer of state, 315
 Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,
 That's haughty and imperious ?
 He's but a journeyman to us,
 That, as he gives us cause to do 't,
 Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase,
 Or waste, your fortunes how we please ;
 And, as you humour us, can deal
 In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325
 Whether your heirs shall be your own,
 To whose integrity you must,
 In spite of all your caution, trust :
 And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,
 Can fit you with what heirs we please ; 330
 And force you t' own them, though begotten
 By French valets, or Irish footmen.
 Nor can the rigorous course
 Prevail, unless to make us worse ;
 Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335
 Are further off from being reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,
 The least punctilios of our wills.
 Force does but whet our wits t' apply
 Arts, born with us, for remedy, 340
 Which all your politics, as yet,
 Have ne'er been able to defeat :
 For, when ye' ve tried all sorts of ways,
 What fools d' we make of you in plays ?
 While all the favours we afford, 345
 Are but to girt you with the sword,
 To fight our battles in our steads,
 And have your brains beat out o' your heads ;
 Encounter, in despite of Nature,
 And fight, at once, with fire and water, 350
 With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,
 Our pride and vanity t' appease ;
 Kill one another, and cut throats,
 For our good graces and best thoughts ;
 To do your exercise for honour, 355
 And have your brains beat out the sooner ;
 Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
 Things that are never to be known ;
 And still appear the more industrious
 The more your projects are preposterous ; 360
 To square the circle of the arts,
 And run stark mad to show your parts ;
 Expound the oracle of laws,
 And turn them which way we see cause ;
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,
 And what in real value's wanting,

Supply with vapouring and ranting : 370
Because yourselves are terrify'd,
And stoop to one another's pride,
Believe we have as little wit
To be out-hector'd, and submit ;
By your example, lose that right 375
In treaties, which we gain'd in fight ;
And, terrify'd into an awe,
Pass on ourselves a Salique law ;
Or, as some nations use, give place,
And truckle to your mighty race ; 380
Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,
As if they were the better women.





THE REMAINS OF BUTLER.





.....



P R E F A C E.

IT would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these 'Remains.' Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion—that the Manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing, as evidently appears from some original letters of his, found amongst them—that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as the writer of Butler's Life informs us, was at the charge of burying him—that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this

gentleman has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

“ I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the ‘original manuscripts’ of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

JOHN CLARKE.”

Walgherton, Cheshire,
Nov. 20, 1754.

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that everything in it is the performance of Butler, yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the Poet’s character and memory, and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader which the Posthumous Works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general, one may, I think, venture to affirm,

that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste, to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity, and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic; no reason can, I think, be assigned why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege, except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, also, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular too, in his manner of writing, every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these 'Remains;' and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the Public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me that I have faithfully discharged the office of an Editor, and shall leave to future critics the pleasure of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the Author's meaning, by reciting and explaining some circum-

stances, not generally known, to which he alludes; and he cannot but observe that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my Author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets, the world may probably think that the Publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say, and to persons of candour I need to say no more, is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature, and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

[1757]

[ROBERT THYER.]



THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.*

A LEARN'D society of late,
 The glory of a foreign state,
 Agreed, upon a summer's night,
 To search the Moon by her own light ;
 To take an invent'ry of all 5
 Her real estate and personal ;
 And make an accurate survey
 Of all her lands, and how they lay,
 As true as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyors stole a shire : 10
 T' observe her country, how 'twas planted,
 With what sh' abounded most, or wanted ;
 And make the proper'st observations
 For settling of new plantations,
 If the Society should incline 15
 T' attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,
 For which they chose a time as fitting,
 When, at the full, her radiant light
 And influence too were at their height. 20
 And now the lofty tube, the scale
 With which they heav'n itself assail,
 Was mounted full against the Moon,
 And all stood ready to fall on :

* This Poem was intended by the Author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuoso taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

Impatient who should have the honour 25
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities, 30
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow, 35
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand, 40
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the Sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground, 45
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiler 50
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd, 55
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,

As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
 Look quickly then, that every one
 May see the fight before 'tis done. 60

With that a great philosopher,
 Admir'd and famous far and near,
 As one of singular invention,
 But universal comprehension,
 Apply'd one eye, and half a nose, 65

Unto the optic engine close :
 For he had lately undertook
 To prove, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose nat'ral eyes are out,
 May, by more pow'rful art, be brought 70
 To see with th' empty holes, as plain
 As if their eyes were in again ;

And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
 To make an optic of a nose,
 As clearly' it may, by those that wear 75
 But spectacles, be made appear,
 By which both senses being united,
 Does render them much better sighted.

This great man, having fixt both sights
 To view the formidable fights, 80
 Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
 The battle 's desperately fought ;

The gallant Subvolvani rally,
 And from their trenches make a sally
 Upon the stubborn enemy, 85
 Who now begin to rout and fly.

These silly ranting Privolvans
 Have every summer their campaigns,
 And muster, like the warlike sons
 Of Raw-head and of Bloody-bones. 90

As numerous as Soland geese
 I' th' islands of the Orcades,
 Courageously to make a stand,
 And face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the long'd-for winter 's come, 95
 And then return in triumph home,
 And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
 And vap'ring of their victories.
 From th' old Arcadians they 're believ'd
 To be, before the Moon, deriv'd, 100
 And, when her orb was new created,
 To people her were thence translated:
 For as th' Arcadians were reputed
 Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could bring 105
 To civil life but fiddleing,
 They still retain the antique course
 And custom of their ancestors,
 And always sing and fiddle to
 Things of the greatest weight they do. 110

While thus the learn'd man entertains
 Th' assembly with the Privolvans,
 Another, of as great renown,
 And solid judgment, in the Moon,
 That understood her various soils, 115
 And which produc'd best genet-moyles,
 And in the register of fame
 Had enter'd his long-living name,
 After he had por'd long and hard
 I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd— 120

Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres!
 A wonder more unparallel'd,

Than ever mortal tube beheld ;
 An elephant from one of those 125
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,
 And with the horror of the fight
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright :
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us
 Should cause the startled beast t' imboss. 130
 It is a large one, far more great
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
 From which we boldly may infer
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought 135
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
 Against the Romans, in the field,
 It may an argument be held,
 (Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of Greece,) 140
 To prove what this illustrious person
 Has made so noble a discourse on,
 And amply satisfy'd us all
 Of th' Privolvans' original.
 That Elephants are in the Moon, 145
 Though we had now discover'd none,
 Is easily made manifest,
 Since, from the greatest to the least,
 All other stars and constellations
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations, 150
 And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd :
 And if the Moon produce by Nature
 A people of so vast a stature,
 'Tis consequent she should bring forth 155
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,

(As by the best accounts appears
 Of all our great'st discoverers),
 And that those monstrous creatures there
 Are not such rarities as here. 160

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
 Of all particulars o' th' fight,
 And ev'ry man, with equal care,
 Perus'd of th' Elephant his share,
 Proud of his int'rest in the glory 165
 Of so miraculous a story ;

When one, who for his excellence
 In height'ning words, and shad'wing sense,
 And magnifying all he writ
 With curious microscopic wit, 170
 Was magnify'd himself no less
 In home and foreign colleges,
 Began, transported with the twang
 Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue.

Most excellent and virtuous Friends, 175
 This great discov'ry makes amends
 For all our unsuccessful pains,
 And lost expense of time and brains :
 For by this sole phenomenon
 We've gotten ground upon the Moon, 180
 And gain'd a pass to hold dispute
 With all the planets that stand out ;
 To carry this most virtuous war
 Home to the door of every star,
 And plant th' artillery of our tubes 185
 Against their proudest magnitudes ;
 To stretch our victories beyond
 Th' extent of planetary ground,
 And fix our engines, and our ensigns,

Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions, 190
 (Which Archimede, so long ago,
 Durst not presume to wish to do),
 And prove if they are other suns,
 As some have held opinions,
 Or windows in the empyreum, 195
 From whence those bright effluvias come
 Like flames of fire (as others guess)
 That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.
 Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
 But more, henceforth to be believ'd, 200
 And have no more our best designs,
 Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
 T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
 Shall now no more be laid t' our charge ;
 Nor shall our ablest virtuosos 205
 Prove arguments for coffee-houses ;
 Nor those devices that are laid
 Too truly on us, nor those made
 Hereafter, gain belief among
 Our strictest judges, right or wrong ; 210
 Nor shall our past misfortunes more
 Be charged upon the ancient score ;
 No more our making old dogs young
 Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong ;
 Nor new-invented chariots draw 215
 The boys to course us without law ;
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
 To turn them into mongrel-curs,
 Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
 And hold too much wit or too little ; 220
 Nor shall our speculations, whether
 An elder-stick will save the leather

Of school-boys' breeches from the rod,
 Make all we do appear as odd,
 This one discovery 's enough
 To take all former scandals off—
 But since the world 's incredulous
 Of all our scrutinies, and us,
 And with a prejudice prevents
 Our best and worst experiments,
 (As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,
 In consort try'd, or solitary),
 And since it is uncertain when
 Such wonders will occur agen,
 Let us as cautiously contrive
 To draw an exact Narrative
 Of what we every one can swear
 Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
 That, when we publish the Account,
 We all may take our oaths upon 't.

225

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240

This said, they all with one consent
 Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
 And, for the general satisfaction,
 To print it in the next 'Transaction.'

But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
 This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,
 One, peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the Elephant advance,
 And from the west side of the Moon
 To th' east was in a moment gone.
 This being related, gave a stop
 To what the rest were drawing up ;
 And every man, amazed anew
 How it could possibly be true,
 That any beast should run a race

245

250

255

So monstrous, in so short a space,
 Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
 At least as possible as he could,
 And rather his own eyes condemn,
 Than question what he had seen with them. 260

While all were thus resolv'd, a man
 Of great renown there thus began—
 'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
 What cannot be, what can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely vast 265

A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
 Where the least error of the sight
 May shew things false, but never right;
 Nor can we try them, so far off,
 By any sublunary proof: 270

For who can say that Nature there
 Has the same laws she goes by here?
 Nor is it like she has infus'd,
 In every species there produc'd,
 The same efforts she does confer 275

Upon the same productions here;
 Since those with us, of several nations,
 Have such prodigious variations,
 And she affects so much to use
 Variety in all she does. 280

Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
 We've seen i' th' Moon an Elephant,
 That Elephant may differ so
 From those upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, and force, and speed, 285

As being of a different breed,
 That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,

And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees. 290

This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you ;
But there 's another reason for 't, 295

That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon 300

Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone, 305

Though h' had no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference, 310

And make this great phenomenon,
(Were there no other), serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.

With this they all were satisfy'd, 315
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,

Than if it never had fall'n out ; 320
And, to complete their Narrative,

Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for diversion too, 325

As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosos for their pleasure ;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done, 330
With monkeys' ingenuity,

That love to practise what they see ;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more 335
Than all the learn'd had done before.

Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye. 340

This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess 345

At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' Elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true ; 350

For he had scarce apply'd his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between

The two glass windows in restraint, 355
 Was swell'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the virtuous occasion
 Of all this learned dissertation :
 And, as a mountain heretofore
 Was great with child, they say, and bore 360
 A silly mouse ; this mouse, as strange,
 Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
 Meanwhile the rest in consultation
 Had penn'd the wonderful Narration,
 And set their hands, and seals, and wit, 365
 T' attest the truth of what they'd writ,
 When this accurs'd phenomenon
 Confounded all they'd said or done :
 For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
 But th' all were in a tumult strait, 370
 More furiously enrag'd by far,
 Than those that in the Moon made war,
 To find so admirable a hint,
 When they had all agreed t' have seen 't,
 And were engag'd to make it out, 375
 Obstructed with a paltry doubt :
 When one, whose task was to determine,
 And solve th' appearances of vermin,
 Who'd made profound discoveries
 In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice, 380
 (Though not so curious, 'tis true,
 As many a wise rat-catcher knew),
 After he had with signs made way
 For something great he had to say ;
 * This disquisition. 385
 Is, half of it, in my *discission ;

* Sic Orig.

For though the Elephant, as beast,
 Belongs of right to all the rest,
 The mouse, being but a vermin, none
 Has title to but I alone ; 390

And therefore hope I may be heard,
 In my own province, with regard.

It is no wonder we're cry'd down,
 And made the talk of all the Town,
 That rants and swears, for all our great 395

Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
 If every one have leave to doubt,
 When some great secret's half made out ;
 And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
 Obstruct, and ruin all we do. 400

As no great act was ever done,
 Nor ever can, with truth alone,
 If nothing else but truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what we do :
 For truth is too reserv'd, and nice, 405

T' appear in mix'd societies ;
 Delights in solit'ry abodes,
 And never shows herself in crowds ;
 A sullen little thing, below
 All matters of pretence and show ; 410

That deal in novelty and change,
 Not of things true, but rare and strange,
 To treat the world with what is' fit
 And proper to its natural wit :
 The world, that never sets esteem 415

On what things are, but what they seem,
 And, if they be not strange and new,
 They're ne'er the better for being true ;
 For what has mankind gain'd by knowing

His little truth, but his undoing, 420
 Which wisely was by nature hidden,
 And only for his good forbidden?
 And therefore with great prudence does
 The world still strive to keep it close;
 For if all secret truths were known, 425
 Who would not be once more undone?
 For truth has always danger in 't,
 And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
 We have already agreed upon,
 And vainly frustrate all we've done, 430
 Only to make new work for Stubs,
 And all the academic clubs.
 How much, then, ought we have a care
 That no man know above his share,
 Nor dare to understand, henceforth, 435
 More than his contribution's worth;
 That those who've purchas'd of the college
 A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
 And brought in none, but spent repute,
 Should not b' admitted to dispute, 440
 Nor any man pretend to know
 More than his dividend comes to?
 For partners have been always known
 To cheat their public interest prone;
 And if we do not look to ours, 445
 'Tis sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
 The doctrine to be right and good,
 And, from the truth of what they'd heard,
 Resolv'd to give Truth no regard, 450
 But what was for their turn to vouch,
 And either find or make it such:
 That 'twas more noble to create

Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
 Than with vexatious pains and doubt, 455
 To find, or think t' have found, her out.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
 Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon ;
 But still the narrower they pry'd,
 The more they were unsatisfy'd, 460
 In no one thing they saw agreeing,
 As if they'd several faiths of seeing.

Some swore, upon a second view,
 That all they'd seen before was true ;
 And that they never would recant 465
 One syllable of th' Elephant ;

Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
 But a true Elephant's proboscis.
 Others began to doubt and waver,
 Uncertain which o' th' two to favour, 470
 And knew not whether to espouse
 The cause of th' Elephant or Mouse.

Some held no way so orthodox
 To try it, as the ballot-box,
 And, like the nation's patriots, 475
 To find, or make, the truth by votes :

Others conceiv'd it much more fit
 T' unmount the tube, and open it,
 And, for their private satisfaction,
 To re-examine the ' Transaction,' 480
 And after explicate the rest,
 As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as th' only expedient,
 The whole assembly gave consent,
 But, ere the tube was half let down, 485
 It clear'd the first phenomenon :
 For, at the end, prodigious swarms

Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all past muster, by mischance,
 Both for the Sub- and Pri-volvans. 400
 This being discover'd, put them all
 Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
 Asham'd that men so grave and wise
 Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
 And take the feeble insects' swarms 495
 For mighty troops of men at arms ;
 As vain as those who, when the Moon
 Bright in a crystal river shone,
 Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
 To catch and pull her out o' th' water. 500

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
 To find out where th' impostor was,
 And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,
 Had made the telescope a trap,
 Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted, 505
 To be so openly convicted,
 Immediately they get them gone,
 With this discovery alone :—

That those who greedily pursue
 Things wonderful, instead of true ; 510
 That in their speculations choose
 To make discoveries strange news ;
 And natural history a Gazette
 Of tales stupendous and far-fet ;
 Hold no truth worthy to be known, 515
 That is not huge and overgrown,
 And explicate appearances,
 Not as they are, but as they please ;
 In vain strive Nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains, are paid with scorn. 520

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.*

A VIRTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
 The pride and glory of a foreign state,
 Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
 To search the Moon at full by her own light ;
 To take a perfect inventory of all 5
 Her real fortunes, or her personal,
 And make a geometrical survey
 Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
 As accurate as that of Ireland, where
 The sly surveyor 's said t' have sunk a shire : 10
 T' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
 And what she most abounded with, or wanted ;
 And draw maps of her properest situations
 For settling and erecting new plantations,

* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it into his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other, is manifest from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper; and though in most places the Poet has done little more than filled up the verse with an additional foot, preserving the same thought and rhyme, yet as it is a singular instance in its way, and has, besides, many considerable additions and variations, which tend to illustrate and explain the preceding Poem, it may be looked upon not only as a curiosity in its kind, but as a new production of the Author's. This I mention only to obviate the objection of those who may think it inserted to fill up the volume. To the admirers of Butler, I am sure, no apology is necessary.

If ever the Society should incline 15
 T' attempt so great and glorious a design :
 " A task in vain, unless the German Kepler
 Had found out a discovery to people her,
 And stock her country with inhabitants
 Of military men and Elephants : 20
 For th' Ancients only took her for a piece
 Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
 Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent
 Upon his tribe as strange a punishment."

This was the only purpose of their meeting, 25
 For which they chose a time and place most fitting,
 When, at the full, her equal shares of light
 And influence were at their greatest height.
 And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
 By which they venture heav'n itself t' assail, 30
 Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
 And all the rest stood ready to fall on,
 Impatient who should bear away the honour
 To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief 35
 Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,
 Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
 At solving all impossibilities,
 With gravity advancing, to apply
 To th' optic glass his penetrating eye, 40
 Cry'd out, O strange ! then reinforc'd his sight
 Against the Moon with all his art and might,
 And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,

¹⁷ This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition ; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed with inverted commas.

As if he meant to stare and gaze her through ;
 While all the rest began as much t' admire, 45
 And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
 Surpris'd with dull amazement before-hand,
 At what they would, but could not understand,
 And grew impatient to discover what
 The matter was, they so much wonder'd at. 50

Quoth he, The old inhabitants o' th' Moon,
 Who, when the Sun shines hottest about noon,
 Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
 Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
 In which at once they use to fortify 55
 Against the sun-beams and the enemy,
 Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
 Because th' inhabitants are civiler
 Than those rude country peasants that are found,
 Like mountaineers, to live on th' upper ground, 60
 Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
 Perpetually in state of open war.
 And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
 Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
 And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain, 65
 As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
 Look in it quickly then, that every one
 May see his share before the battle 's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,
 Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near 70
 As one of wondrous, singular invention,
 And equal universal comprehension ;
 " By which he had compos'd a pedler's jargon,
 For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
 An universal canting idiom, 75
 To understand the swinging pendulum,

And to communicate, in all designs,
 With th' Eastern virtuosi Mandarines ;"
 Apply'd an optic nerve, and half a nose,
 To th' end and centre of the engine close : 80
 For he had very lately undertook
 To vindicate, and publish in a book,
 That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
 May by more admirable art be brought
 To see with empty holes, as well and plain 85
 As if their eyes had been put in again.

This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
 T' observe the bloody formidable fight,
 Consider'd carefully, and then cry'd out,
 'Tis true, the battle 's desperately fought ; 90
 The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
 And from their trenches valiantly sally,
 To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
 Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
 These paltry domineering Privolvans 95
 Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,
 And muster, like the military sons
 Of Raw-head and victorious Bloody-bones,
 As great and numerous as Soland geese
 I' th' summer islands of the Orcades, 100
 Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
 And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
 Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
 And then disband, and march in triumph home,
 And spend the rest of all the year in lies, 105
 And vap'ring of their unknown victories.
 From th' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
 To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd ;
 And, when her orb was first of all created,

To be from thence, to people her, translated: 110
 For, as those people had been long reputed,
 Of all the Peloponnesians, the most stupid,
 Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
 T' endure the civil life but fiddleing,
 They ever since retain the antique course, 115
 And native frenzy of their ancestors,
 And always use to sing and fiddle to
 Things of the most important weight they do.

While thus the virtuoso entertains
 The whole assembly with the Privolvans, 120
 "Another sophist, but of less renown,
 Though longer observation of the Moon,"
 That understood the diff'rence of her soils,
 And which produced the fairest genet-moyles,
 "But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension 125
 Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,"
 Who, after poring tedious and hard
 In th' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
 And thus began—A stanger sight appears
 Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres! 130
 A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
 Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
 A mighty Elephant from one of those
 Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
 And, with the desp'rate horror of the fight 135
 Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright!
 Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
 Should cause the startled creature to imboss.

¹²⁵ ¹²⁶ The poet had added the two following lines in this character, but afterwards crossed them out :

And first found out the building Paul's,
 And paving London with sea-coals.

It is a large one, and appears more great
 Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet ; 140
 From which we confidently may infer,
 The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
 And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
 Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
 Against the Roman army in the field, 145
 It may a valid argument be held,
 (The same Arcadia being but a piece,
 As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
 To vindicate what this illustrious person
 Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on, 150
 And giv'n us ample satisfaction all
 Of the ancient Privolvans' original.

That Elephants are really in the Moon,
 Although our fortune had discover'd none,
 Is easily made plain and manifest, 155
 Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
 All other globes of stars and constellations
 Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
 And heaven, like a Northern Tartar's hoard,
 With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd : 160
 And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
 A people of so large and vast a stature,
 'Tis more than probable she should bring forth
 A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth ;
 As by the best accounts we have, appears 165
 Of all our crediblest discoverers,
 And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
 Are not such far-fet rarities as here.

Meanwhile th' assembly now had had a sight
 Of all distinct particulars o' th' fight, 170
 And every man, with diligence and care,

Perus'd and view'd of th' Elephant his share,
 Proud of his equal int'rest in the glory
 Of so stupendous and renown'd a story ;
 When one, who for his fame and excellence 175
 In heightening of words and shadowing sense,
 And magnifying all he ever writ
 With delicate and microscopic wit,
 Had long been magnify'd himself no less
 In foreign and domestic colleges, 180
 Began at last (transported with the twang
 Of his own elocution) thus t'harangue.
 Most virtuous and incomparable Friends,
 This great discovery fully makes amends
 For all our former unsuccessful pains, 185
 And lost expenses of our time and brains ;
 For by this admirable phenomenon,
 We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
 And gain'd a pass t' engage and hold dispute
 With all the other planets that stand out, 190
 And carry on this brave and virtuous war
 Home to the door of th' obstinatest star,
 And plant th' artillery of our optic tubes
 Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;
 To stretch our future victories beyond 195
 The uttermost of planetary ground,
 And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
 Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
 To prove if they are other suns or not,
 As some philosophers have wisely thought, 200
 Or only windows in the empyreum,
 Through which those bright effluvias use to come ;
 Which Archimede, so many years ago,
 Durst never venture but to wish to know.

Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd, 206
 But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;
 And have no more our best or worst designs,
 Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.
 T' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
 Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
 Nor shall our best and ablest virtuosos 211
 Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
 "Nor little stories gain belief among
 Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:"
 Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw 215
 The boys to course us in 'em without law;
 "Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
 Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
 No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
 With butter only harden'd in the sun; 220
 Or men that usd to whistle loud enough
 To be heard by others plainly five miles off,
 Cause all the rest we own and have avow'd,
 To be believ'd as desperately loud."
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether 225
 An elder-stick will render all the leather
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
 Make all we undertake appear as odd.
 This one discovery will prove enough
 To take all past and future scandals off: 230
 But since the world is so incredulous
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
 And with a constant prejudice prevents
 Our best as well as worst experiments,
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry, 235
 As well in concert try'd, as solitary;
 And that th' assembly is uncertain when

Such great discoveries will occur agen,
 'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive
 To draw up as exact a Narrative 240
 Of that which every man of us can swear
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
 That when 'tis fit to publish the Account
 We all may take our several oaths upon 't.

This said, the whole assembly gave consent 245
 To drawing up th' authentic Instrument,
 And, for the nation's gen'ral satisfaction,
 To print and own it in their next 'Transaction:.'
 But while their ablest men were drawing up
 The wonderful memoir o' th' telescope, 250
 A member peeping in the tube by chance,
 Beheld the Elephant begin t' advance,
 That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
 To th' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
 This being related, gave a sudden stop 255
 To all their grandees had been drawing up,
 And every person was amaz'd anew,
 How such a strange surprisal should be true,
 Or any beast perform so great a race,
 So swift and rapid, in so short a space, 260
 Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
 Or render all as fairly as they could,
 And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
 Than question what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man 265
 Of great esteem and credit thus began—
 'Tis strange, I grant! but who, alas! can say
 What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
 Especially at so hugely wide and vast
 A distance as this miracle is plac'd, 270

Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
 May render things amiss, but never right?
 Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
 By any equal sublunary proof:
 For who can justify that Nature there 275
 Is ty'd to the same laws she acts by here?
 Nor is it probable she has infus'd
 Int' ev'ry species in the Moon produc'd,
 The same efforts she uses to confer
 Upon the very same productions here, 280
 Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
 Are found t' have such prodigious variations,
 And she affects so constantly to use
 Variety in every thing she does.
 From hence may be inferr'd that, though I grant
 We have beheld i' th' Moon an Elephant, 285
 That Elephant may chance to differ so
 From those with us upon the earth below,
 Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
 As being of a different kind and breed, 290
 That though, 'tis true, our own are but slow-pac'd,
 Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
 And yet be very Elephants, no less
 Than those deriv'd from Indian families.

This said, another member of great worth, 295
 Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
 "In which the mannerly and modest author
 Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,"
 Look'd wise a while, then said—All this is true,
 And very learnedly observ'd by you; 300
 But there's another nobler reason for 't,
 That, rightly observ'd, will fall but little short
 Of solid mathematic demonstration,

Upon a full and perfect calculation ;
 And that is only this—As th' earth and moon 305
 Do constantly move contrary upon
 Their several axes, the rapidity
 Of both their motions cannot fail to be
 So violent, and naturally fast,
 That larger distances may well be past 310
 In less time than the Elephant has gone,
 Although he had no motion of his own,
 Which we on earth can take no measure of
 As you have made it evident by proof.
 This granted, we may confidently hence 315
 Claim title to another inference,
 And make this wonderful phenomenon
 (Were there no other) serve our turn alone,
 To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
 And prove the motion of the earth from this. 320
 This said, th' assembly now was satisfy'd,
 As men are soon upon the bias'd side ;
 With great applause receiv'd th' admir'd dispute,
 And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
 By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt, 325
 Than if th' occasion never had fall'n out ;
 Resolving to complete their Narrative,
 And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
 But while their grandees were diverted all
 With nicely wording the Memorial, 330
 The foot-boys, for their own diversion too,
 As having nothing now at all to do,
 And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
 Turn'd virtuosos, only for their pleasure ;
 " With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity, 335
 That take delight to practise all they see,"

Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
 As those they waited on before had done :
 When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
 Saw something in the lofty engine creep, 340
 And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
 Than all their masters hit upon before.
 Quoth he, O strange ! a little thing is slunk
 On th' inside of the long star-gazing trunk,
 And now is gotten down so low and nigh, 345
 I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.

This chancing to be overheard by one
 Who was not, yet, so hugely overgrown
 In any philosophic observation,
 As to conclude with mere imagination, 350
 And yet he made immediately a guess
 At fully solving all appearances,
 A plainer way, and more significant
 Than all their hints had prov'd o' th' Elephant,
 And quickly found, upon a second view, 355
 His own conjecture, probably, most true ;
 For he no sooner had apply'd his eye
 To th' optic engine, but immediately
 He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
 The hollow telescope, and, shut between 360
 The two glass windows, closely in restraint,
 Was magnify'd into an Elephant,
 And prov'd the happy virtuous occasion
 Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
 And as a mighty mountain, heretofore, 365
 Is said t' have been begot with child, and bore
 A silly mouse, this captive mouse, as strange,
 Produc'd another mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,

Had finish'd the miraculous Narration, 370
 And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
 T' attest and vouch the truth of all th' had writ,
 When this unfortunate phenomenon
 Confounded all they had declar'd and done :
 For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at, 375
 But all the rest were in a tumult strait,
 More hot and furiously enrag'd by far
 Than both the hosts that in the Moon made war,
 To find so rare and admirable a hint,
 When they had all agreed and sworn t' have seen 't,
 And had engag'd themselves to make it out, 381
 Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.

When one, whose only task was to determine
 And solve the worst appearances of vermin,
 Who oft had made profound discoveries 385
 In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
 (Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
 As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew),
 After he had a while with signs made way
 For something pertinent he had to say, 390
 At last prevail'd—Quoth he, This disquisition
 Is, the one half of it, in my decission ;
 For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
 Belongs, of nat'ral right, to all the rest,
 The mouse, that 's but a paltry vermin, none 395
 Can claim a title to, but I alone ;
 And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
 In my own province, freely, with regard.
 It is no wonder that we are cry'd down,
 And made the table-talk of all the town, 400
 That rants and vapours still, for all our great
 Designs and projects, we've done nothing yet,

If every one have liberty to doubt,
 When some great secret's more than half made out,
 Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true, 405
 And put a stop to all w' attempt to do.
 As no great action ever has been done,
 Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
 If nothing else but only truth w' allow,
 'Tis no great matter what w' intend to do; 410
 "For Truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
 T' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
 A solitary anchorite, that dwells
 Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,"
 Disdains all great assemblies, and defies 415
 The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
 That use to deal in novelty and change,
 Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,
 To entertain the world with what is fit
 And proper for its genius and its wit; 420
 The world, that's never found to set esteem
 On what things are, but what th' appear and seem :
 And if they are not wonderful and new,
 They're ne'er the better for their being true.
 "For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind 425
 Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
 A greediness and gluttony o' th' brain,
 That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
 And grows more desp'rate, like the worst diseases,
 Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?" 430
 And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
 His little truths, unless his own undoing,
 That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
 And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
 And therefore with as great discretion does 435

The world endeavour still to keep it close ;
 For if the secrets of all truths were known,
 Who would not, once more, be as much undone ?
 For truth is never without danger in 't,
 As here it has depriv'd us of a hint 440
 The whole assembly had agreed upon,
 And utterly defeated all w' had done,
 " By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,
 And disappoint whatever we propose ;"
 For nothing but to cut out work for Stubs, 445
 And all the busy academic clubs,
 " For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
 Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks."
 How much, then, ought we have a special care
 That none presume to know above his share, 450
 Nor take upon him t' understand, henceforth,
 More than his weekly contribution's worth,
 That all those that have purchas'd of the college
 A half, or but a quarter, share of knowledge,
 And brought none in themselves but spent repute,
 Should never be admitted to dispute, 456
 Nor any member undertake to know
 More than his equal dividend comes to ?
 For partners have perpetually been known
 T' impose upon their public int'rest prone ; 460
 And if we have not greater care of ours,
 It will be sure to run the self-same course.

This said, the whole Society allow'd
 The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
 And from th' apparent truth of what th' had heard,
 Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard, 466
 But what was for their interests to vouch,
 And either find it out, or make it such :

That 'twas more admirable to create
 Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit, 470
 Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
 To find, or but suppose t' have found, it out.

This being resolv'd, th' assembly, one by one,
 Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
 But still the more and curiouser they pry'd, 475
 They but became the more unsatisfy'd;

In no one thing they gaz'd upon agreeing,
 As if th' had different principles of seeing.
 Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
 That all they had beheld before was true, 480

And damn'd themselves they never would recant
 One syllable th' had seen of th' Elephant;
 Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
 But a true nat'ral Elephant's proboscis.

Others began to doubt as much, and waver, 485
 Uncertain which to disallow or favour;

“Until they had as many cross resolves,
 As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,”
 And grew distracted, whether to espouse
 The party of the Elephant or Mouse. 490

Some held there was no way so orthodox,
 As to refer it to the ballot-box,
 And, like some other nation's patriots,
 To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
 Others were of opinion 'twas more fit 495

T' unmount the telescope, and open it,
 And, for their own, and all men's, satisfaction,
 To search and re-examine the 'Transaction,'
 And afterwards to explicate the rest,
 As they should see occasion for the best. 500

To this, at length, as th' only expedient,

The whole assembly freely gave consent ;
 But ere the optic tube was half let down,
 Their own eyes clear'd the first phenomenon :
 For at the upper end, prodigious swarms 505
 Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
 Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
 For both the Peri- and the Sub-volvans.

This being discover'd, once more put them all
 Into a worse and desperater brawl ; 510
 Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
 Should be trepann'd by paltry gnats and flies,
 And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
 For squadrons and reserves of men in arms ;
 As politic as those who, when the Moon 515
 As bright and glorious in a river shone,
 Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
 To catch her with, and pull her out o' th' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass
 To find out where the sly impostor was, 520
 And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in th' optic trap,

⁵²¹ ⁵²² Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, has, to the end of this Poem, subjoined the following epigrammatical note :

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long
 Ago been try'd, and by old Homer sung,
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
 Though he appears unequal match'd, I grant,
 In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
 When, having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
 The little vermin, like an errant knight,
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
 To find themselves so openly convicted,
 Immediately made haste to get them gone 525
 With none but this discovery alone:—

That learned men, who greedily pursue
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,
 And, in their nicest speculations, choose
 To make their own discoveries strange news, 530
 And nat'ral hist'ry rather a Gazette
 Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
 And strive to explicate appearances, 535
 Not as they're probable, but as they please,
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
 And, for their pains, are justly paid with scorn.

A SATIRE UPON THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A FRAGMENT.*

A LEARNED man, whom once a-week
 A hundred virtuosos seek,
 And like an oracle apply to,
 T'ask questions, and admire, and lie to,

* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which I find amongst his papers, fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain: the Fragment,

Who entertain'd them all of course 5
 (As men take wives for better or worse)
 And pass'd them all for men of parts,
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts;
 For when they're cast into a lump,
 Their talents equally must jump; 10
 As metals mixt, the rich and base
 Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ord'nary debate
 Was after news, and things of state,
 Which way the dreadful comet went 15
 In sixty-four, and what it meant?
 What nations yet are to bewail
 The operation of its tail?
 Or whether France or Holland yet,
 Or Germany, be in its debt? 20
 What wars and plagues in Christendom
 Have happen'd since, and what to come?
 What kings are dead, how many queens
 And princesses are poison'd since?
 And who shall next of all by turn 25
 Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
 What parties next of foot or horse,
 Will rout, or routed be, of course?
 What German marches, and retreats,
 Will furnish the next month's Gazettes? 30
 What pestilent contagion next,
 And what part of the world, infects?

however, that is preserved, may not improperly be added in this place, as in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem: and, I am persuaded, that those who have a taste for Butler's turn and humour, will think this too curious a Fragment to be lost, though perhaps too imperfect to be formally published.

What dreadful meteor, and where,
 Shall in the heavens next appear?
 And when again shall lay embargo 35
 Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
 Why currents turn in seas of ice
 Some thrice a-day, and some but twice?
 And why the tides at night and noon,
 Court, like Caligula, the Moon? 40
 What is the nat'ral cause why fish
 That always drink do never piss?
 Or whether in their home, the deep,
 By night or day they ever sleep?
 If grass be green, or snow be white, 45
 But only as they take the light?
 Whether possessions of the devil,
 Or mere temptations, do most evil?
 What is 't that makes all fountains still
 Within the earth to run up hill, 50
 But on the outside down again,
 As if th' attempt had been in vain?
 Or what's the strange magnetic cause
 The steel on loadstone's drawn or draws?
 The star, the needle, which the stone 55
 Has only been but touch'd upon?
 Whether the North-star's influence
 With both does hold intelligence?
 (For red-hot ir'n, held tow'rds the pole,
 Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool :) 60
 Or whether male and female screws
 In th' iron and stone th' effect produce?
 What makes the body of the sun,
 That such a rapid course does run,
 To draw no tail behind through th' air, 65

As comets do, when they appear.
 Which other planets cannot do,
 Because they do not burn, but glow?
 Whether the Moon be sea or land,
 Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand ; 70
 Or if the dark holes that appear,
 Are only pores, not cities, there?
 Whether the atmosphere turn round,
 And keep a just pace with the ground,
 Or loiter lazily behind, 75
 And clog the air with gusts of wind?
 Or whether crescents in the wane,
 (For so an author has it plain),
 Do burn quite out, or wear away
 Their snuffs upon the edge of day? 80
 Whether the sea increase, or waste,
 And, if it do, how long 'twill last?
 Or, if the sun approaches near
 The earth, how soon it will be there?
 These were their learned speculations, 85
 And all their constant occupations,
 To measure wind, and weigh the air,
 And turn a circle to a square ;
 To make a powder of the sun,
 By which all doctors should b' undone ; 90
 To find the north-west passage out,
 Although the farthest way about ;
 If chemists from a rose's ashes
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
 Whether the line of incidence 95
 Rise from the object, or the sense?
 To stew th' elixir in a bath
 Of hope, credulity, and faith ;

To explicate, by subtle hints,
 The grain of diamonds and flints,
 And in the braying of an ass
 Find out the treble and the bass;
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow
 A double diapason low.—

100

* * * * *

REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS.

AT A CATERWAULING. IN THE MODERN
 HEROIC WAY.

IT was about the middle age of night,
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,
 And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs, 5
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;
 Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,

Repartees] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our Author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain, as any one may perceive that will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

As ladies use at midnight in the Park, 10
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancy'd that he heard those am'rous charms 15
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame ;
And, as in dreams, love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking, 20
His am'rous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, What place is this ? or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart ?
But now I had her in this very place, 25
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
And while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou 'rt escap'd :
Stay, and I'll follow thee.—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept, 30
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd
Where many an assignation h' had enjoy'd ;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame, 35
That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd. 40
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address ;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress ?

P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt, 45
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.

P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within :
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin ;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause. 50

C. How could my guiltless eye your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd ?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but yours) in being seen.

P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt. 55

C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.

P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.

C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain. 60

P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.

C. But grows intolerable if it last.

P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.

What knight durst ever own a lover's name, 65
That had not been half murder'd by his flame ?

Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals, for his sake ?

C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain 's the only med'cine for disdain. 70

P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move !

'Tis rather hate that covets to destroy ; 75

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,
That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate. 80

As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire. 81

P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When, what I'd die for, I'm forced to hurt?

C. Death, among lovers, is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,

That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds : 90

But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love. 94

C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;

They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tend'rest part of all, the eye ;

But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you. 100

P. Pleasure is pain, for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force is a rugged way of making love.

P. What you like best, you always disapprove.

C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice, 105
T' excuse the wrong he does, to wrong her twice.

P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.

C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

P. When you mistake that for an injury
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I. 110

C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give :
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.

P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty 115
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me ;
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn and starve me in the self-same fire.

C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for 't ; 120
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE

HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF

THE BRITISH PRINCES.*

SIR,

YOU have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before,
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd ;
For as all warlike nations take delight 5
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,

* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles II's reign addressed this gentleman in a bantering way upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

And no less virtuously improv'd your own :
For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height. 10
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd ;
Describ'd their customs and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew ;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well 15
As those themselves, that made them, could foretell :
For, as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this Poem plac'd him on his throne. 20
Such magic pow'r has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men ;
Make rival princes meet in arms, and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove :
For as eternity has neither past 25
Nor future (authors say), nor first, nor last,
But is all instant, your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart, 30
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
T' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead ?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd, 35
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit ;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring *sense* that understands it here. 4)

A PALINODIE

TO THE HONOURABLE EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.
UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF
THE BRITISH PRINCES.

IT is your pardon, Sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus in form of paper sues ;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness and submit ;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write, 5
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white :
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence. 10
No ; your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison :
And yet you might have thought upon a way 15
T' instruct us how you 'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises, and then blame
All that 's too great or little for your fame :
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick ? 20
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth to fit it right ;

So, had you sent a scantling of your wit, 25
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit ;
But 'tis not just t' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown :
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art. 30
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To th' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose ;
Derives its comeliness from b'ing unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit,
Which is so extraordinary, no height 35
Of fancy but your own can do it right :
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries
You've lately made of wonders in the skies : 40
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere ?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about vacuum ?
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds, 45
And yet extend no further than the clouds ?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one ?
Or how 'tis possible the Moon should shroud
Her face to peep at Mars behind a cloud, 50
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd ?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech ? 54
For tho' they make the sense clear, yet they're found
To be a scurvy hind'rance to the sound ;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,

Or for the sense's sake to waive the rumble.
 Had Homer known this art h' had ne'er been fain
 To use so many particles in vain, 60
 That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
 To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
 You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
 Which in construction you o'ersee and lose ;
 And by this art do Priscian no wrong 65
 When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
 These are your own discoveries, which none
 But such a Muse as yours could hit upon,
 That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
 Make things more intricate than all the schools : 70
 For what have laws of art to do with you,
 More than the laws with honest men and true ?
 He that 's a prince in poetry should strive
 To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
 And not submit to that which has no force 75
 But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
 Your poems will endure to be [well] try'd
 I' th' fire like gold, and come forth purify'd ;
 Can only to eternity pretend,
 For they were never writ to any end. 80
 All other books bear an uncertain rate,
 But those you write are always sold by weight ;
 Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
 And valued to a scruple in the sale.
 For when the paper 's charg'd with your rich wit,
 'Tis for all purposes and uses fit, 86
 Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
 Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
 Boys find b' experiment, no paper kite
 Without your verse can make a noble flight. 90

It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet ;
 In Paris they perfume their rooms with it,
 For burning but one leaf of yours, they say,
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away. 95
 Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit ;
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
 When arsenic's only wrapp'd up in the verse.
 These are the great performances that raise
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise, 100
 And give us only leave t' admire your worth,
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth,
 Whose wondrous pow'r's so generally known,
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM
 HIS MADNESS.*

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit
 As none could do but an immortal wit ;
 Had yours been less, all helps had been in vain,
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain ;

* It must surprise the reader to find a writer of Butler's judgment attacking, in so severe and contemptuous a manner, the character of a Poet so much esteemed as Sir John Denham was. If what he charges him with be true, there is indeed some room for satire : but still there is such a spirit of bitterness runs through the whole, besides the cruelty of ridiculing an infirmity of this nature, as can be accounted for by nothing but some personal quarrel or disgust. How far this weakness may carry the greatest geniuses, we have a proof in what Pope has written of Addison.

But you were so far from receiving hurt, 5
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for 't.
 As when th' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
 Which after does to a young Phoenix turn : 10
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
 Did life renew'd and vigorous youth acquire ;
 And with so much advantage, some have guess'd
 Your after-wit is like to be your best,
 And now expect far greater matters of ye 15
 Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'Sophy ;'
 Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse,
 Like those he made himself, or not much worse ;
 And Seneca's dry sand unmix'd with lime,
 Such as you cheat the king with, botch'd in rhyme.
 Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride, 21
 And native insolence, quite laid aside ;
 And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
 All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
 No China cupboard rudely overthrown, 25
 Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down ;
 No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
 With verses forty times more lewd than his :
 Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
 And hold it out, where you had built a sconce ; 30
 Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
 For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd ;
 But all civility and complacence,
 More than you ever us'd before or since.
 Beside, you never over-reach'd the King 35
 One farthing, all the while, in reckoning,
 Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks

Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks ;
 False mustering of workmen by the day,
 Deduction out of wages, and dead pay 40
 For those that never liv'd ; all which did come,
 By thrifty management, to no small sum.
 You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
 Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
 As you were wont, till all you built appear'd 45
 Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd ;
 For had the stones (like his), charm'd by your verse,
 Built up themselves, they could not have done worse :
 And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
 You did design to do 't no other way. 50

All this was done before those days began
 In which you were a wise and happy man :
 For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
 Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes ?
 Who ever greater treasure could command, 55
 Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
 Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
 As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
 Or all those practis'd upon public money ?
 For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
 For ever are you bound to curse those quacks 61
 That undertook to cure your happy cracks ;
 For though no art can ever make them sound,
 The tamp'ring cost you threescore thousand pound.
 How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
 Yet been no more undone by being choust, 66
 Nor fore'd upon the King's accompt to lay
 All that, in serving him, you lost at play ?
 For nothing but your brain was ever found
 To suffer sequestration, and compound. 70

Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,
 For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleeck;
 And when you've rais'd a sum, strait let it fly,
 By understanding low and vent'ring high;
 Until you have reduc'd it down to tick, 75
 And then recruit again from lime and brick.

ON CRITICS

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY
 THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS.*

WHO ever will regard poetic fury,
 When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
 And every pert and arbitrary fool
 Can all poetic license over-rule;
 Assume a barb'rous tyranny, to handle 5
 The Muses worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
 Make them submit to verdict and report,
 And stand or fall to th' orders of a court?
 Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
 Proceedings of a witless plagiary, 10
 That forges old records and ordinances
 Against the right and property of fancies,
 More false and nice than weighing of the weather
 To th' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
 Or measuring of air upon Parnassus, 15
 With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;

* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, Historiographer to Charles II, who censured three tragedies of Beaumont's and Fletcher's.

Reduce all Tragedy, by rules of art,
 Back to its antique theatre, a cart,
 And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
 Of rev'rend choruses and episodes ; 20
 Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
 According to the true and ancient way,
 That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
 Unless he have a license for 't in Greek ;
 Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in 25
 Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin :
 No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
 Unless it be in order to raise pity ;
 Nor devil in the puppet-play b' allow'd
 To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd, 30
 Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
 Against an ancient family of Greeks ;
 That other men may tremble, and take warning,
 How such a fatal progeny they're born in ;
 For none but such for Tragedy are fitted, 35
 That have been ruin'd only to be pity'd ;
 And only those held proper to deter,
 Who have had th' ill luck against their wills to err.
 Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
 Between morality and venial vices, 40
 Are qualify'd to be destroy'd by Fate,
 For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy
 Did with our own municipal agree,
 And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,
 And give diversion to the great to break ; 46
 To make a less delinquent to be brought
 To answer for a greater person's fault,
 And suffer all the worst the worst approver

Can, to excuse and save himself, discover. 50

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
 To draw true images of all mankind ;
 To punish in effigy criminals,
 Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false ;
 But a club-law to execute and kill, 55
 For nothing, whomso'er they please, at will,
 To terrify spectators from committing
 The crimes they did, and suffer'd for, unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,
 Like other reformations of the age, 60
 On purpose to destroy all wit and sense
 As th' other did all law and conscience ;
 No better than the laws of British plays,
 Confirm'd in th' ancient good King Howell's days,
 Who made a gen'ral council regulate 65
 Men's catching women by the—you know what,
 And set down in the rubrick at what time
 It should be counted legal, when a crime,
 Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
 And on what days it went out, or came in. 70

An English poet should be tried b' his peers,
 And not by pedants and philosophers,
 Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
 As butchers are forbid to b' of a jury ;
 Besides the most intolerable wrong 75
 To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
 By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
 Or Tales falser than Euripides ;
 When not an English native dares appear
 To be a witness for the prisoner ; 80
 When all the laws they use t' arraign and try
 The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,

Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
 To put an end to all poetic scruples,
 And by th' advice of virtuosi Tuscans, 85
 Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
 Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
 As is apparent by Speroni's case,
 Which Lope de Vega first began to steal,
 And after him the French filou Corneille; 90
 And since our English plagiaries nim,
 And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
 And, by an action falsely laid of Trover,
 The lumber for their proper goods recover;
 Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers, 95
 Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
 Who for a few misprisions of wit,
 Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
 And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
 Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense; 100
 When all their worst miscarriages delight,
 And please more, than the best that pedants write.

PROLOGUE TO THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON

HIS BIRTHDAY.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay
 The tribute of their glories to this day,
 That gave them earnest of so great a sum
 Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
 And which you have discharg'd at such a rate, 5

That all succeeding times must celebrate,
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have (beside our hearts), a play. 10
But as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities, than what they gave before,
We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
That would have taken out administration 15
Of all departed poets' goods i' th' nation ;
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays,
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit,
But that your justice put a stop to it. 20
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
T' admit of all who now write new and bad ;
For still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by 't ;
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit, 25
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ,
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by 't. 30
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies ;
But here they're like to fail of all pretence ;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power ; for bears are said 35
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
 No less than to your royal Lord, to you ;
 And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
 You have, what 's greater than them all, his heart ;
 That heart, that, when it was his country's guard,
 The fury of two elements out-dar'd, 6
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fly ;
 And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
 Appear no less victorious than his arms, 10
 For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
 And many more to come, Heav'n grant you may.
 But as great princes use, in solemn times
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
 If we have sinn'd without an ill intent, 15
 And done below what really we meant,
 We humbly ask your pardon for 't, and pray
 You would forgive, in honour of the day.

ON PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.*

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
 That Nature orders for no other place ;

* As our Poet has thought fit to bestow so many verses upon this trumpeter of sedition, it may, perhaps, be no thankless office to give the reader some further information about him than what merely relates to his beard. He was educated at Oxford, first in Brasen-nose College, and after-

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
 That hides his person from another man's,
 And, like the Roman habits of their youth, 5
 Is never worn until his perfect growth ;
 A privilege no other creature has,
 To wear a nat'ral mask upon his face,
 That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
 To fit some other person's characters, 10
 And by its own mythology implies,
 That men were born to live in some disguise.

This satisfy'd a rev'rend man, that clear'd
 His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
 H' had been preferr'd i' th' army, when the church
 Was taken with a Why not ? in the lurch ; 16
 When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
 Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,
 From whom he held the most pluralities
 Of contributions, donatives, and sal'ries : 20
 Was held the chiefest of those spiritual trumpets,
 That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,

wards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a Puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland, where he was not very likely to lessen those prejudices which he had already imbibed. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant, in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side ; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

But in the desperatest of defeats
 Had never blown as opportune retreats,
 Until the Synod order'd his departure 25
 To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
 To sit among them, as he had been chosen,
 And pass or null things at his own disposing ;
 Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
 And, for their fees, discharge and let them out ; 30
 Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
 Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
 Whither the Members, two and two abreast,
 March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast,
 But by the way repeated the oh-hones 35
 Of his wild Irish and chromatic tones ;
 His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
 He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,
 With which the Sisters were so prepossess'd,
 They could remember nothing of the rest. 40

He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
 His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
 And, for the further service of the women,
 T' abate the rigidness of his opinion ;
 And, but a day before, had been to find 45
 The ablest virtuoso of the kind,
 With whom he long and seriously conferr'd
 On all intrigues that might concern his Beard ;
 By whose advice he sat for a design
 In little drawn, exactly to a line, 50
 That if the creature chance to have occasion
 To undergo a thorough reformation,
 It might be borne conveniently about, ;
 And by the meanest artist copy'd out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary 55

H' had brought up to retrieve, and fetch and carry,
 To find out one that had the greatest practice,
 To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
 And set their most confus'd disorders right,
 Not by a new design, but newer light, 60
 Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
 And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
 To whom he shew'd his new-invented draught,
 And told him how 'twas to be copy'd out.

Quoth he, 'Tis but a false and counterfeit, 65
 And scandalous device, of human wit,
 That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
 To make of any carnal thing the picture.

Quoth th' other saint, You must leave that to us
 T' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous, 70
 For, till it is determin'd by our vote,
 'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;
 Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
 Is left indiff'rent to avoid or own.

Quoth he, My conscience never shall agree 75
 To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
 For though I use it in a lawful time,
 What if it after should be made a crime?
 'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
 'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense, 80
 Which I'm resolv'd perpetually t' avow,
 And make it lawful, whatsoe'er we do;
 Then do your office with your greatest skill,
 And let th' event befall us how it will.

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools, 85
 To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowles:
 Talk'd on as pertinently as he snipt,
 A hundred times for every hair he clipt;

Until the Beard at length began t' appear,
 And re-assume its antique character, 90
 Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
 And stand in competition with the life ;
 For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
 Of sables, glued and fitted to his lips,
 And set in such an artificial frame, 95
 As if it had been wrought in filograin,
 More subtly fil'd and polish'd than the gin
 That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in ;
 That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
 Could not have drawn it out more delicate. 100

But being design'd and drawn so regular,
 T' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
 Who could imagine that it should be portal
 To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal ?
 And yet it was, and did abominate 105
 The least compliance in the Church or State,
 And from itself did equally dissent,
 As from religion and the government.

¹⁰⁸ Among Butler's manuscripts are several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following one may be thought passable by way of note :

This rev'rend brother, like a goat,
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,
 The fringe and tassel of a face,
 That gives it a becoming grace,
 But set in such a curious frame,
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
 And cut so ev'n, as if 't had been
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
 No topiary hedge of quickset,
 Was e'er so neatly cut, or thick-set,
 That made beholders more admire,
 Than China-plate that's made of wire ;

SATIRE UPON THE WEAKNESS AND
MISERY OF MAN.*

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Should be a nursery for Heav'n ;
When all we can expect to do

5

But being wrought so regular,
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it should be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal ?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profest ;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State ;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another,
As all things, where they 're most profest,
Are found to be regarded least.

* In this composition the reader will have the pleasure of viewing Butler in a light in which he has not hitherto appeared. Everything, almost, that he has wrote, is indeed satirical, but in an arch and droll manner, and he may be said rather to have laughed at the vices and follies of mankind than to have railed at them. In this he is serious and severe, exchanges the 'ridiculum' for the 'acri,' and writes with the spirited indignation of a Juvenal or a Persius. Good-natured readers may perhaps think the invective too bitter ; but the same good-nature will excuse the Poet, when it is considered what an edge must be given to his satirical wit by the age in which he lived, distinguished by the two extremes of hypocrisy and enthusiasm on the one part, and irreligion and immorality on the other.

Will not pay half the debt we owe ;
 And yet more desperately dare,
 As if that wretched trifle were
 'Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
 Our great and mighty creditors, 10
 Not only slight what they enjoin,
 But pay it in adult'rate coin ?
 We only in their mercy trust,
 To be more wicked and unjust ;
 All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs, 15
 Are our own interest, not theirs ;
 Our off'rings, when we come t' adore,
 But begging presents to get more ;
 The purest bus'ness of our zeal
 Is but to err, by meaning well, 20
 And make that meaning do more harm
 Than our worse deeds, that are less warm ;
 For the most wretched and perverse
 Does not believe himself he errs.
 Our holiest actions have been 25
 Th' effects of wickedness and sin ;
 Religious houses made compounders
 For th' horrid actions of the founders ;
 Steeples that totter'd in the air,
 By lechers sinn'd into repair ; 30
 As if we had retain'd no sign
 Nor character of the divine
 And heav'nly part of human nature,
 But only the coarse earthy matter.
 Our universal inclination 35
 Tends to the worst of our creation,
 As if the stars conspir'd t' imprint,
 In our whole species, by instinct,

A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure. 40
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we 're inclin'd
To take most to th' ignobler kind ;
Or monsters, that have always least 45
Of th' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our best half original ;
But, when they differ, still assert
The int'rest of th' ignobler part ; 50
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain capriches of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances, 55
The greater still devours the less,
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race, 60
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,
As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet, as no barbarousness beside 65
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness ; 70
To vapour sillily, and rant

Of our own misery and want,
 And grow vain-glorious on a score
 We ought much rather to deplore,
 Who, the first moment of our lives, 75
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves :
 And our great'st grace is not to know
 When we shall pay them back, nor how,
 Begotten with a vain caprich,
 And live as vainly to that pitch. 80

Our pains are real things, and all
 Our pleasures but fantastical ;
 Diseases of their own accord,
 But cures come difficult and hard.
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms, 85
 Are but out-houses to our tombs ;
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
 But mere warehouses to the grave.
 Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes, 90
 The remedy of a defect,
 With which our nakedness is deckt :
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
 As if w' had gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils 95
 Which men, and their confed'rate devils,
 Inflict, to aggravate the curse
 On their own hated kind much worse ;
 As if by nature they 'd been serv'd
 More gently than their fate deserv'd, 100
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,
 And study their own punishment ;
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,
 So might their own inflictions too.

Hence bloody wars at first began, 105
 The artificial plague of man,
 That from his own invention rise,
 To scourge his own iniquities ;
 That, if the heav'ns should chance to spare
 Supplies of constant poison'd air, 110
 They might not, with unfit delay,
 For lingering destruction stay,
 Nor seek recruits of death so far,
 But plague themselves with blood and war.
 And if these fail, there is no good 115
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
 But he can easily divert
 To his own misery and hurt ;
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless
 Th' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace, 120
 With lux'ry and excess, as fast
 As war and desolation, waste ;
 Promote mortality, and kill,
 As fast as arms, by sitting still ;
 Like earthquakes, slay without a blow, 125
 And, only moving, overthrow ;
 Make law and equity as dear
 As plunder and free-quarter were ;
 And fierce encounters at the bar
 Undo as fast as those in war ; 130
 Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
 Pimps, scriv'ners, silenc'd ministers,
 That get estates by being undone
 For tender conscience, and have none.
 Like those that with their credit drive 135
 A trade, without a stock, and thrive ;
 Advance men in the church and state

For being of the meanest rate,
 Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
 Before integrity and parts ; 140
 Produce more grievous complaints
 For plenty, than before for wants,
 And make a rich and fruitful year
 A greater grievance than a dear ;
 Make jests of greater dangers far, 145
 Than those they trembled at in war ;
 Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
 To blow the public up again ;
 Rally with horror, and, in sport,
 Rebellion and destruction court, 150
 And make Fanatics, in despite
 Of all their madness, reason right,
 And vouch to all they have foreshown,
 As other monsters oft have done,
 Although from truth and sense as far, 155
 As all their other maggots are :
 For things said false, and never meant,
 Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends
 As presents to her dearest friends, 160
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase
 Of two yards long in parish churches,
 And those too happy men that bought it
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it :
 For what does vast wealth bring but cheat, 165
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt ;
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
 An easy-troubled life, and short ?

¹⁶⁶ Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet, on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, are found

But all these plagues are nothing near
 Those, far more cruel and severe, 170
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,
 T' inflie himself upon his mind :
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins ;
 Torments himself, in vain, to know 175
 That most, which he can never do :
 And, the more strictly 'tis deny'd,
 The more he is unsatisfy'd ;
 Is busy in finding scruples out,
 To languish in eternal doubt ; 180
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
 And starts, as horses do, at posts,
 And when his eyes assist him least,
 Discerns such subtle objects best :
 On hypothetic dreams and visions 185
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar theorems and hearsays ;

the following verses, which probably were intended to be added ; but as they are not regularly inserted, they are given by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
 The bowels of the earth below,
 For metals, that are found to dwell
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
 And have a magic pow'r to sway
 The greedy souls of men that way,
 But with their bodies have been fain
 To fill those trenches up again ;
 When bloody battles have been fought
 For sharing that which they took out ;
 For wealth is all things that conduce
 To man's destruction or his use ;
 A standard both to buy and sell
 All things from heaven down to hell.

Grows positive and confident,
In things so far beyond th' extent 190
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear ;
Disdains all useful sense, and plain, 195
T' apply to th' intricate and vain ;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known ;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise ; 200
Although the subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near ;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice 205
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood ;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales, 210
As those that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain,
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain, 215
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back ;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent ; 220
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade

Upon the anvil where 'twas made :
 For, as abortions cost more pain
 Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
 And weak productions of man's wit,
 That aim at purposes unfit,
 Require more drudgery, and worse,
 Than those of strong and lively force.

225

SATIRE UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE
 OF CHARLES II.*

'TIS a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
 As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd ;
 An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
 Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd ;
 Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd, 5
 The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.
 Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
 Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age ;
 The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
 The other (as then needless) half the Town ; 10
 And two as mighty miracles restore
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before ;
 In all as unconcern'd as if they 'd been
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

* As the preceding satire was upon mankind in general, with some allusion to that age in which it was wrote, this is particularly levelled at the licentious and debauched times of Charles II. humorously contrasted with the Puritanical ones which went before, and is a fresh proof of the Author's impartiality, and that he was not, as is generally, but falsely, imagined, a bigot to the Cavalier party.

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse, 15
 Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly
 blockhead)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket,
 Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose

As e'er the dev'l could teach, or sinners use, 20

And on the other side at once put in

As impotent iniquity and sin.

As skulls that have been crack'd are often found

Upon the wrong side to receive the wound ;

And, like tobacco-pipes, at one end hit, 25

To break at th' other still that's opposite ;

So men, who one extravagance would shun,

Into the contrary extreme have run ;

And all the difference is, that as the first

Provokes the other freak to prove the worst, 30

So, in return, that strives to render less

The last delusion, with its own excess,

And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,

With bungling t' help out one another's play.

For those who heretofore sought private holes, 35

Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal

And slink away in masquerade to hell,

Now bring their crimes into the open sun,

For all mankind to gaze their worst upon, 40

As eagles try their young against his rays,

To prove if they 're of gen'rous breed or base ;

Call heav'n and earth to witness how they 've aim'd,

With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,

And by their own examples, in the view 45

Of all the world, striv'd to damn others too ;

On all occasions sought to be as civil
 As possible they could t' his grace the Devil,
 To give him no unnecessary trouble,
 Nor in small matters use a friend so noble, 50
 But with their constant practice done their best
 T' improve and propagate his interest :
 For men have now made vice so great an art,
 The matter of fact's become the slightest part ;
 And the debauched'st actions they can do, 55
 Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
 For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
 But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,
 As if prepost'rously they would profess
 A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness, 60
 And affectation, that makes good things bad,
 Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad ;
 For vices for themselves may find excuse,
 But never for their complement and shows ;
 That if there ever were a mystery 65
 Of moral secular iniquity,
 And that the churches may not lose their due
 By being encroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new :
 For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
 And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice ; 70
 Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
 To do in any mischief but the brave,
 As the most scrup'lous zealot of late times
 T' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes ;
 Have as precise and strict punctilioes 75
 Now to appear, as then to make no shows,
 And steer the world by disagreeing force
 Of diff'rent customs 'gainst her nat'ral course :
 So pow'rful's ill example to encroach,

And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch ; 80
 Example, that imperious dictator
 Of all that's good or bad to human nature,
 By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd ;
 That reconciles all contrarities, 85
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise,
 Imposes on divinity, and sets
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits ;
 Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
 And passes one for th' other in disguise ; 90
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good ;
 That slyly counter-changes wrong and right,
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white ;
 As if the laws of nature had been made 95
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd ;
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast ;
 And had no other way but sin and vice,
 To be restor'd again to Paradise. 100

How copious is our language lately grown,
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon !
 And yet how expressive and significant,
 In *damme* at once to curse, and swear, and rant !
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well, 105
 As damning of them to the pit of hell ;
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil ;
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,
 And blasphemy a purity to our phrase. 110
 For what can any language more enrich,
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech ;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose ?

What trivial punishments did then protect 115
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could be inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse, 120
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, tak'n away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame ;
For just so much regard as men express 125
To th' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain ;
And, how perverse soe'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears ; 130
And for that virtue strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore ! 134
Make them believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men-of-war as easy' as storms ;
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land-porpoises, and cod, and ling ;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now with Bloodybones ; 140
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,
And ty'd his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast,
And rather venture drowning than to wrong 145

The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song :
 To b' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
 Not pledge the Lady Circe one beer-glass ;
 Unmannerly refuse her treat and wine,
 For fear of being turn'd into a swine, 150
 When one of our heroic adventurers now
 Would drink her down, and turn her int' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage
 Could with an old wife's tale instruct the age ;
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice, 155
 Than ours will now endure t' improve in vice ;
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able ;
 A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins ; 160
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
 And keep men honest than all our furies
 Of jailors, judges, constables, and juries ;
 Who were converted then with an old saying, 165
 Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
 What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
 Where the best reason 's made ridiculous,
 And all the plain and sober things we say,
 By raillery are put beside their play ! 170
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,
 And what they 're ignorant of disdain to know ;
 Engross truth (like Fanatics) underhand,
 And boldly judge before they understand ;
 The self-same courses equally advance 175
 In spiritual and carnal ignorance,
 And, by the same degrees of confidence,
 Become impregnable against all sense ;

For, as they outgrew ordinances then,
 So would they now morality agen. 180
 Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
 And both descended from one parent, Sin,
 And therefore seldom have been known to part,
 In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art,
 Yet they have north-west passages to steer 185
 A short way to it, without pains or care ;
 For, as implicit faith is far more stiff
 Than that which understands its own belief,
 So those that think, and do but think, they know,
 Are far more obstinate than those that do, 190
 And more averse than if they'd ne'er been taught
 A wrong way, to a right one to be brought ;
 Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
 And grow too positive to understand ;
 Believe themselves as knowing and as famous, 195
 As if their gifts had gotten a mandamus,
 A bill of store to take up a degree,
 With all the learning to it, custom-free,
 And look as big for what they bought at Court,
 As if they'd done their exercises for 't. 200

SATIRE UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble Fortune more,
 When she has been too kind before ;
 Or tempt her to take back again
 What she had thrown away in vain,
 By idly venturing her good graces 5
 To be dispos'd of by alms-aces ;

Or settling it in trust to uses
 Out of his power, on trays and deuces ;
 To put it to the chance, and try,
 I' th' ballot of a box and die, 10
 Whether his money be his own,
 And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ;
 As if he were betray'd, and set
 By his own stars to every cheat ;
 Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate 15
 To throw dice for his own estate ;
 As mutineers, by fatal doom,
 Do for their lives upon a drum ?
 For what less influence can produce
 So great a monster as a chouse, 20
 Or any two-legg'd thing possess
 With such a brutish sottishness ?
 Unless those tutelary stars,
 Intrusted by astrologers
 To have the charge of man, combin'd . 25
 To use him in the self-same kind ;
 As those that help'd him to the trust,
 Are wont to deal with others just.
 For to become so sadly dull
 And stupid, as to fine for gull, 30
 (Not, as in cities, to b' excus'd
 But to be judg'd fit to be us'd),
 That whosoe'er can draw it in
 Is sure inevitably t' win,
 And, with a curs'd half-witted fate, 35
 To grow more dully desperate,
 The more 'tis made a common prey,
 And cheated foppishly at play,
 Is their condition ; Fate betrays

To Folly first, and then destroys. 40
 For what but miracles can serve
 So great a madness to preserve,
 As his, that ventures goods and chattels
 (Where there 's no quarter given) in battles,
 And fights with money-bags as bold 45
 As men with sand-bags did of old ;
 Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
 Into a paltry juggler's box ;
 And, like an alderman of Gotham,
 Embarketh in so vile a bottom ; 50
 Engages blind and senseless hap
 'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
 (As Tartars with a man of straw
 Encounter lions hand to paw),
 With those that never venture more 55
 Than they had safely' insur'd before ;
 Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
 Do, like the Indian rattle-snake,
 But strive to ruin and destroy
 Those that mistake it for fair play ; 60
 That have their Fulhams at command,
 Brought up to do their feats at hand,
 That understand their calls and knocks,
 And how to place themselves i' th' box ;
 Can tell the oddses of all games, 65
 And when to answer to their names ;
 And, when he conjures them t' appear,
 Like imps, are ready every-where :
 When to play foul, and when run fair
 (Out of design) upon the square, 70
 And let the greedy cully win,
 Only to draw him further in ;

While those with which he idly plays
 Have no regard to what he says,
 Although he jernie and blaspheme, 75
 When they miscarry, heav'n and them,
 And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
 And crucify his Saviour worse
 Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
 When they were raffling for his coat ; 80
 Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
 And rightly understood and fear'd,
 And would take heed another time,
 How to commit so bold a crime ;
 When the poor bones are innocent, 85
 Of all he did, or said, or meant,
 And have as little sense, almost,
 As he that damns them when h' has lost ;
 As if he had rely'd upon
 Their judgment rather than his own ; 90
 And that it were their fault, not his,
 That manag'd them himself amiss,
 And gave them ill instructions how
 To run, as he would have them do,
 And then condemns them sillily 95
 For having no more wit than he !

SATIRE: TO A BAD POET.

GREAT famous wit ! whose rich and easy vein,
 Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
 Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
 And how good verse is coin'd dost understand,

In all Wit's combats master of defence, 5
 Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
 'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse
 Do freely range themselves as volunteers,
 And without pain, or pumping for a word,
 Place themselves fitly of their own accord. 10
 I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
 I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
 With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
 To reconcile them, but, alas! in vain.
 Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack, 15
 And, when I would say white, the verse says black;
 When I would draw a brave man to the life,
 It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
 Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
 If he had met with any to have bought her. 20
 When I would praise an author, the untoward
 Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—;
 In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
 The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out,
 Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains misspent,
 I give it over, tir'd, and discontent, 26
 And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times
 By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
 But, having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
 To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware. 30
 Spite of myself, I straight take fire agen,
 Fall to my task with paper, ink, and pen,
 And, breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
 From verse to verse expect their aid again.

22 'Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—.'] This blank, and another at the close of the Poem, the Author evidently chose should be supplied by the reader. It is not my business, therefore, to deprive him of that satisfaction.

But, if my Muse or I were so discreet 35
T' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,
I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes— 40
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair ;
And, mixing suns, and flowers, and pearl, and stoncs,
Make them serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ, 45
I could make verses without art or wit,
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own :
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit ; 50
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase ;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
T' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse ; 56
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit !
Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content ; 60
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink ;
Had pass'd my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day. 64
My soul, that 's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
T' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.

How happy had I been if, for a curse,
 The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse! 70
 But, ever since this peremptory vein,
 With restless frenzy first possess'd my brain,
 And that the devil tempted me, in spite
 Of my own happiness, to judge and write,
 Shut up against my will, I waste my age 75
 In mending this, and blotting out that page,
 And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
 I envy their condition that write bad.
 O happy Scudery! whose easy quill
 Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill; 80
 For, though thy works are written in despite
 Of all good sense, impertinent, and slight,
 They never have been known to stand in need
 Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
 For, so the rhyme be at the verse's end, 85
 No matter whither all the rest does tend.
 Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
 Is forc'd to be ty'd up to rules of art.
 A fop that scribbles does it with delight,
 Takes no pains to consider what to write, 90
 But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
 Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
 While brave and noble writers vainly strive
 To such a height of glory to arrive;
 But, still with all they do unsatisfy'd, 95
 Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
 And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
 Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
 Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
 Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme; 100
 And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
 'Teach —— how ne'er to write again.

SATIRE

UPON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE
FRENCH.*

WHO would not rather get him gone
 Beyond th' intolerablest zone,
 Or steer his passage through those seas
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
 Than see one nation go to school, 5
 And learn of another, like a fool?
 To study all its tricks and fashions
 With epidemic affectations,
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,
 But what they in their wisdom please; 10
 As monkeys are, by being taught
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
 Submit to all that they devise,
 As if it wore their liveries;
 Make ready' and dress th' imagination, 15
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
 And change it, to fulfil the curse
 Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;
 To make their breeches fall and rise
 From middle legs to middle thighs, 20
 The tropics between which the hose

* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II's reign, partly owing to the connection and intercourse which the politics of those times obliged us to have with that nation, and partly to our eager desire of avoiding the formal and precise gravity of the hypocritical age that preceded.

Move always as the fashion goes :
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids ;
 With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas, 25
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's :
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd ;
 Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
 And sometimes straiter than a hide : 30
 Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
 Disguise the true ones, and their years ;
 That, when they 're modish, with the young
 The old may seem so in the throng ;
 And, as some pupils have been known 35
 In time to put their tutors down,
 So ours are often found t' have got
 More tricks than ever they were taught ;
 With sly intrigues and artifices
 Usurp their poxes and their vices ; 40
 With garnitures upon their shoes,
 Make good their claim to gouty toes ;
 By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
 Pretend to aches in their bones,
 To scabs and botches, and lay trains 45
 To prove their running of the reins ;
 And, lest they should seem destitute
 Of any mrange that 's in repute,
 And be behindhand with the mode,
 Will swear to crystalline and node ; 50
 And, that they may not lose their right,
 Make it appear how they came by 't :
 Disdain the country where they' were born,
 As bastards their own mothers scorn,

And that which brought them forth contemn, 55
 As it deserves, for bearing them ;
 Admire whate'er they find abroad,
 But nothing here, though e'er so good :
 Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
 And only foreigners at home ; 60
 To which they' appear so far estrang'd,
 As if they' d been i' th' cradle chang'd,
 Or from beyond the seas convey'd
 By witches—not born here, but laid ;
 Or by outlandish fathers were 65
 Begotten on their mothers here,
 And therefore justly slight that nation
 Where they've so mongrel a relation ;
 And seek out other climates, where
 They may degen'rate less than here ; 70
 As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
 Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
 Forsake the countries where they're hatch'd,
 And seek out others to be catch'd ;
 So they more naturally may please 75
 And humour their own geniuses,
 Apply to all things, which they see
 With their own fancies best agree ;
 No matter how ridiculous,
 'Tis all one, if it be in use ; 80
 For nothing can be bad or good,
 But as 'tis in or out of mode ;
 And, as the nations are that use it,
 All ought to practise or refuse it ;
 T' observe their postures, move, and stand, 85
 As they give out the word o' command ;
 To learn the dullest of their whims,

And how to wear their very limbs ;
 To turn and manage every part,
 Like puppets, by their rules of art ; 90
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
 And politiciely shake the head,
 Until the ignorant (that guess
 At all things by th' appearances)
 To see how Art and Nature strive, 95
 Believe them really alive,
 And that they 're very men, not things
 That move by puppet-work and springs ;
 When truly all their feats have been
 As well perform'd by motion-men, 100
 And the worst drolls of Punchinellos
 Were much th' ingeniouser fellows ;
 For, when they 're perfect in their lesson,
 Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
 And, all their labour lost, they 're fain 105
 To learn new, and begin again ;
 To talk eternally and loud,
 And altogether in a crowd,
 No matter what ; for in the noise
 No man minds what another says : 110
 T' assume a confidence beyond
 Mankind, for solid and profound,
 And still the less and less they know,
 The greater dose of that allow :
 Decry all things ; for to be wise 115
 Is not to know but to despise ;
 And deep judicious confidence
 Has still the odds of wit and sense,
 And can pretend a title to
 Far greater things than they can do : 120

T' adorn their English with French scraps,
 And give their very language claps ;
 To jernie rightly, and renounce
 I' th' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
 And, while they idly think t' enrich, 125
 Adulterate their native speech :
 For though to smatter ends of Greek
 Or Latin be the rhetoric
 Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
 To smatter French is meritorious ; 130
 And to forget their mother tongue,
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
 And that they' improve and benefit ;
 As those that have been taught amiss 135
 In liberal arts and sciences,
 Must all they'd learnt before in vain
 Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'TIS pity wine, which Nature meant
 To man in kindness to present,
 And gave him kindly, to caress
 And cherish his frail happiness,
 Of equal virtue to renew 5
 His weary'd mind and body too,
 Should (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
 Which only grew to be forbidden)

No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner 's fatally destroy'd ; 10
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love 15
Their greatest adversary prove ;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly' essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudg'ry of affairs ; 20
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence ;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares, 25
As men do health in wholesome airs,
(While fools their conversants possess,
As unawares, with sottishness) ;
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key, 30
Which painful judgers strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain ;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they're natural and true ;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd 35
For wise and honest in the crowd ;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth the only antidote
Against diseases ere they're got ; 40
To save health harmless from th' access

Both of the med'cine and disease ;
 Or make it help itself, secure
 Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.

All these sublime prerogatives 45
 Of happiness to human lives,
 He vainly throws away, and slights
 For madness, noise, and bloody fights ;
 When nothing can decide, but swords
 And pots, the right or wrong of words, 50
 Like princes' titles ; and he's outed
 The justice of his cause, that's routed.

No sooner has a charge been sounded
 With—' Son of a whore,' and ' Damn'd confounded,'
 And the bold signal giv'n, the lie, 55
 But instantly the bottles fly,
 Where cups and glasses are small shot,
 And cannon-ball a pewter pot :
 That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
 Is now remanded back again ; 60
 Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
 And near a-kin within degrees,
 Strives to commit assassinations
 On its own natural relations ;
 And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted, 65
 That from their friends so lately parted,
 No sooner several ways are gone,
 But by themselves are set upon,
 Surpris'd like brother against brother,
 And put to th' sword by one another : 70
 So much more fierce are civil wars,
 Than those between mere foreigners ;
 And man himself, with wine possest,
 More savage than the wildest beast.

For serpents, when they meet to water, 75
 Lay by their poison and their nature ;
 And fiercest creatures, that repair,
 In thirsty deserts, to their rare
 And distant rivers' banks to drink,
 In love and close alliance link, 80
 And from their mixture of strange seeds
 Produce new never-heard-of breeds,
 To whom the fiercer unicorn
 Gives a large health with his horn ;
 As cuckoos put their antidotes, 85
 When they drink coffee, into th' pots :
 While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
 Is far more savage and untam'd ;
 Supplies his loss of wit and sense
 With barb'rousness and insouciance ; 90
 Believes himself, the less he's able,
 The more heroic and formidable
 Lays by his reason in his bowls,
 As Turks are said to do their souls, 95
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again ;
 Drinks all his time away, and prunes 100
 The end of 's life, as Vignerons
 Cut short the branches of a vine,
 To make it bear more plenty o' wine ;
 And that which Nature did intend
 T' enlarge his life, perverts t' its end. 105
 So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
 The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
 And all the passengers he bore

Were on the new world set ashore,
 He made it next his chief design
 To plant and propagate a vine, 110
 Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
 Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
 Of wretched mankind, one by one,
 Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE UPON MARRIAGE.

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
 As when to matrimony' men were committed,
 Like thieves by justices, and to a wife
 Bound, like to good behaviour, during life :
 For then 'twas but a civil contract made 5
 Between two partners that set up a trade ;
 And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
 Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense ;
 No canon of the church, nor vow, was broke
 When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke ;
 But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts, 11
 Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
 Without b'ing bound in duty to shew cause,
 Or reckon with divine or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony' has been 15
 But to make gallantry a greater sin ?
 As if there were no appetite nor gust,
 Below adultery, in modish lust ;
 Or no debauchery were exquisite,
 Until it has attain'd its perfect height. 20

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
 Not to bear children, but to bear them friends ;
 Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
 As these endearing offices of late.

For men are now grown wise, and understand 25
 How to improve their crimes, as well as land ;
 And if they've issue, make the infants pay
 Down for their own begetting on the day,
 The charges of the gossiping disburse, 29
 And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse ;
 As he that got a monster on a cow,
 Out of design of setting up a show.

For why should not the brats for all account,
 As well as for the christ'ning at the fount, 34
 When those that stand for them lay down the rate
 O' th' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate ?

The ancient Romans made the state allow
 For getting all men's children above two :
 Then married men, to propagate the breed,
 Had great rewards for what they never did, 40
 Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
 For owning what their friends were fain to do ;
 For so they'd children, they regarded not
 By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
 To borrow wives (like money) or to lend, 45
 Was then the civil office of a friend,
 And he that made a scruple in the case,
 Was held a miserable wretch and base ;
 For when they'd children by them, th' honest men
 Return'd them to their husbands back again. 50
 Then for th' encouragement and propagation
 Of such a great concernment to the nation,
 All people were so full of complacence,

And civil duty to the public sense,
 They had no name t' express a cuckold then, 55
 But that which signified all married men ;
 Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
 Unless among the dirty populace,
 And no man understands on what account
 Less civil nations after hit upon 't : 60
 For to be known a cuckold can be no
 Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so ;
 For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
 His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse :
 For horns (like horny calluses) are found 65
 To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,
 Are crackt, and broken ; not at all on those
 That are invulnerable and free from blows.
 What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
 When they were held the worthiest of men, 70
 The real fathers of the commonwealth,
 That planted colonies in Rome itself !
 When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
 Most Romans, was the noblest patriot !
 For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death 75
 One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,
 He that more gallantly got three or four,
 In reason must deserve a great deal more,
 Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
 That civiliz'd the world they'd overcome, 80
 And taught it laws and learning, found this way
 The best to save their empire from decay,
 Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
 They have from them, not take this lesson forth,
 Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
 By prudent managing of matrimony ? 85

For if 'tis hon'rabl by all confest,
 Adult'ry must be worshipful at least,
 And these times great, when private men are come
 Up to the height and politic of Rome. 90

All by-blows were not only free-born then,
 But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men ;
 Had equal right and privilege with these
 That claim by title right of the four seas :
 For being in marriage born, it matters not 95
 After what liturgy they were begot ;
 And if there be a difference, they have
 Th' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
 By being engender'd with more life and force
 Than those begotten the dull way of course. 100

The Chinese place all piety and zeal
 In serving with their wives the commonweal ;
 Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
 Upon their women's supererogation ;
 With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
 Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind ; 106
 And those that can produce the most gallants,
 Are held the preciousst of all their saints ;
 Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
 Their exercises of devotion on ; 110
 That serve them for certificates, to show
 With what vast numbers they have had to do :
 Before they 're marry'd make a conscience
 T' omit no duty of incontinence ;
 And she that has been oft'nest prostituted, 115
 Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
 But when the conqu'ring Tartar went about
 To root this orthodox religion out,
 They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,

Rather than change the ancient purity 120
 Of that religion, which their ancestors
 And they had prosper'd in so many years ;
 Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
 And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives',
 Before they would commit so great a sin 125
 Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES.*

WHY should the world be so averse
 To plagiary privateers,
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,
 And make free prize of what they please ?
 As if, because they huff and swell, 5
 Like pilf'rers, full of what they steal,
 Others might equal pow'r assume,
 To pay them with as hard a doom ;
 To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
 For breaking into others' grounds ; 10

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus :

Why should the world be so severe
 To every small-wit privateer ?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better ; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, it is not here adopted.

Mark them with characters and brands,
 Like other forgers of men's hands,
 And in effigy hang and draw
 The poor delinquents by club-law,
 When no indictment justly lies, 15
 But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,
 It may b' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
 And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
 By b'ing transplanted and remov'd ; 20
 And as it bears no certain rate,
 Nor pays one penny to the state,
 With which it turns no more t' account
 Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont,
 Is neither moveable, nor rent, 25
 Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement,
 Nor was it ever pass'd b' entail,
 Nor settled upon the heirs-male ;
 Or if it were, like ill-got land,
 Did never fall t' a second hand ; 30
 So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
 Than sun-shine or the air inclos'd,
 Or to propriety confin'd,
 Than th' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.

For why should that which Nature meant 35
 To owe its being to its vent,
 That has no value of its own
 But as it is divulg'd and known,
 Is perishable and destroy'd
 As long as it lies unenjoy'd, 40
 Be scanted of that lib'ral use
 Which all mankind is free to choose,
 And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,

Instead of being dispers'd and spread ?
 And the more lavish and profuse, 45
 'Tis of the nobler general use ;
 As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
 Are wholesome to the commonwealth,
 And men spend freelier what they win,
 Than what they 've freely coming in. 50

The world 's as full of curious wit
 Which those, that father, never writ,
 As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
 And cuckold owns that ne'er begot ;
 Yet pass as well as if the one 55
 And th' other by-blow were their own.
 For why should he that 's impotent
 To judge, and fancy, and invent,
 For that impediment be stopt
 To own, and challenge, and adopt, 60
 At least th' expos'd and fatherless
 Poor orphans of the pen and press,
 Whose parents are obscure or dead,
 Or in far countries born and bred ?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise 65
 A levy which the subject pays,
 And though they call that tax a loan,
 Yet when 'tis gather'd 'tis their own ;
 So he that 's able to impose
 A wit-excise on verse or prose, 70
 And still the abler authors are
 Can make them pay the greater share,
 Is prince of poets of his time,
 And they his vassals that supply' him ;
 Can judge more justly of what he takes 75
 Than any of the best he makes,

And more impartially conceive
 What 's fit to choose, and what to leave.
 For men reflect more strictly' upon
 The sense of others than their own ; 80
 And wit, that 's made of wit and sleight,
 Is richer than the plain downright :
 As salt that 's made of salt 's more fine
 Than when it first came from the brine,
 And spirits of a nobler nature 85
 Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil 's said, of old,
 From dung to have extracted gold,
 (As many a lout and silly clown
 By his instructions since has done), 90
 And grew more lofty by that means
 Than by his livery-oats and beans,
 When from his carts and country farms
 He rose a mighty man at arms,
 To whom th' Heroics ever since 95
 Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
 And faithfully have in all times
 Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
 To void but what some author writ, 100
 And what men understood by rote,
 By as implicit sense to quote :
 Then many a magisterial clerk
 Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,
 And understood as much of things, 105
 As th' ablest blackbird what it sings ;
 And yet was honour'd and renown'd
 For grave, and solid, and profound.
 Then why should those who pick and choose

The best of all the best compose, 110
 And join it by Mosaic art,
 In graceful order, part to part,
 To make the whole in beauty suit,
 Not merit as complete repute
 As those who with less art and pains 115
 Can do it with their native brains,
 And make the home-spun business fit
 As freely with their mother-wit,
 Since what by Nature was deny'd,
 By art and industry 's supply'd, 120
 Both which are more our own, and brave,
 Than all the alms that Nature gave?
 For what w' acquire by pains and art
 Is only due t' our own desert ;
 While all the endowments she confers, 125
 Are not so much our own as hers,
 That, like good fortune, unawares,
 Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares,
 And all we can pretend to merit
 We do not purchase, but inherit. 130

Thus all the great'st inventions, when
 They first were found out, were so mean,
 That th' authors of them are unknown,
 As little things they scorn'd to own ;
 Until by men of nobler thought 135
 They' were to their full perfection brought.
 This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
 Leaves Art to polish and review,
 And that a wit at second hand
 Has greatest int'rest and command ; 140
 For to improve, dispose, and judge,
 Is nobler than t' invent and drudge.

Invention's humorous and nice,
 And never at command applies ;
 Disdains t' obey the proudest wit, 115
 Unless it chance to b' in the fit,
 (Like propheey, that can presage
 Successes of the latest age,
 Yet is not able to tell when
 It next shall prophesy agen) : 150
 Makes all her suitors course and wait
 Like a proud minister of state,
 And, when she's serious, in some freak
 Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
 Attend her silly lazy pleasure, 155
 Until she chance to be at leisure ;
 When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
 To elip, and forge, and counterfeit,
 Is both the business and delight,
 Like hunting-sports, of those that write ; 160
 For thievery is but one sort,
 The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
 As raw, and wretched, and unverst,
 And open'd with a stock as poor 165
 As a healthy beggar with one sore ;
 That never writ in prose or verse,
 But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse,
 And at the best could but commit
 The petty lareeny of wit, 170
 To whom to write was to purloin,
 And printing but to stamp false coin ;
 Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours
 Of being painful wit-receivers,
 With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit, 175

As paper's made on which 'tis writ,
 Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
 The right—or wrong to be admir'd,
 And, arm'd with confidence, incurr'd
 The fool's good luck, to be preferr'd. 180

For as a banker can dispose
 Of greater sums he only owes,
 Than he who honestly is known
 To deal in nothing but his own,
 So whosoe'er can take up most, 185
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE

IN TWO PARTS, UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND
 ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.*

PART I.

IT is the noblest act of human reason
 To free itself from slavish prepossession,
 Assume the legal right to disengage
 From all it had contracted under age,

* In the large General Dictionary, or Bayle's enlarged by Mr. Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, we are told by the learned editors, under the article 'Hudibras,' that they were personally informed by the late Mr. Longueville—That amongst the genuine remains of Butler, which were in his hands, there was a poem, entitled 'The History of Learning.' To the same purpose is the following passage cited from 'The Poetical Register,' vol. ii. p. 21.—"In justice to the public, it is thought proper to declare, that all the manuscripts Mr.

And not its ingenuity and wit 5
 To all it was imbued with first submit ;
 Take true or false, for better or for worse,
 To have or t' hold indifferently of course.

For custom, though but usher of the school
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul, 10
 Usurps a greater pow'r and interest
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
 That by two different instincts is led,
 Born to the one, and to the other bred,
 And trains him up with rudiments more false 15

Butler left behind him are now in the custody of Mr. Longueville (among which is one, entitled 'The history of Learning,' written after the manner of Hudibras), and that not one line of those poems lately published under his name is genuine."

As these authorities must have given the world reason to expect, in this Work, a poem of this sort, it becomes necessary to inform the public that Butler did meditate a pretty long satire upon the imperfection and abuse of Human Learning, but that he only finished this first part of it, though he has left very considerable and interesting fragments of the remainder, some of which are subjoined.

The Poet's plan seems to have consisted of two parts; the first, which he has executed, is to expose the defects of Human Learning, from the wrong methods of education, from the natural imperfection of the human mind, and from that over-eagerness of men to know things above the reach of human capacity. The second, as far as one can judge by the 'Remains,' and intended parts of it, was to have exemplified what he has asserted in the first, and ridiculed and satirized the different branches of Human Learning, in characterizing the philosopher, critic, orator, &c.

Mr. Longueville might be led, by this, into the mistake of calling this work 'A History of Learning;' or perhaps it might arise from Butler's having, in one plan, which he afterwards altered, begun with these two lines,

The history of learning is so lame,
 That few can tell from whence at first it came.

Than Nature does her stupid animals ;
 And that's one reason why more care's bestow'd
 Upon the body than the soul's allow'd,
 That is not found to understand and know
 So subtly as the body's found to grow. 20

Though children without study, pains, or thought,
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
 Improve their nat'ral talents without care,
 And apprehend before they are aware,
 Yet as all strangers never leave the tones 25
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
 So most men's reason never can outgrow
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
 But renders words they first began to con,
 The end of all that's after to be known, 30
 And sets the help of education back,
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack ;
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
 Have not been chang'd i' th' cradle but the schools,
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation, 35
 Run them behind-hand with their education,
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
 Quick to receive, and steadfast to retain 40
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
 To make confounded languages restore
 A greater drudg'ry than it barr'd before :
 And therefore those imported from the East, 45
 Where first they were incurr'd, are held the best,
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pot-hooks
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-
 books ;

Are really but pains and labour lost,
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost, 50
 Unless, like rarities, as they 've been brought
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought,
 When those who had no other but their own,
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone ;
 As men that wink with one eye see more true, 55
 And take their aim much better than with two :
 For the more languages a man can speak,
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;
 And for the industry h' has spent upon 't,
 Must full as much some other way discount. 60
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
 And turn their wits that strive to understand it,
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed :
 Yet he that is but able to express 65
 No sense at all in several languages,
 Will pass for learned than he that 's known
 To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion, 70
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship ;
 Or Romish penitents let out their skins,
 To bear the penalties of others' sins.
 When letters, at the first, were meant for play, 75
 And only us'd to pass the time away,
 When th' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
 To express a school and playhouse, but the same,
 And in their languages so long ago,
 To study or be idle was all one ; 80
 For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,

In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
 And waking, little less extravagances,
 The rest and recreation of tir'd thought, 85
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought,
 Of which whoever does not freely take
 His constant share, is never broad awake,
 And when he wants an equal competence
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense. 90

Nor is their education worse design'd
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind :
 The greatest inclinations with the least
 Capacities are fatally possess'd, 94
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
 Without an equal competence of brains ;
 While those she has indulg'd in, soul and body,
 Are most averse to industry and study,
 And th' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise. 100
 But when those great conveniences meet,
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
 The one but strives the other to divert,
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
 And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing, 105
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin :
 Who, though the understanding of mankind
 Within so strait a compass is confin'd,
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond. 110
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they 're got
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot ;
 Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
 And proudly think t' unriddle ev'ry cause 115

That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws ;
 When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
 Where she denies admission, to intrude ;
 And all their industry is but to err,
 Unless they have free quarantine from her ; 120
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price
 And ever since that miserable fate 125
 Learning did never cost an easier rate ;
 For though the most divine and sov'reign good
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
 To th' interest of truth than ignorance, 130
 And therefore never bore so high a value
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;
 Had academies, schools, and colleges,
 Endow'd for its improvement and increase ; 134
 With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces ;
 Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
 T' assume an art, and after understand it ;
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,
 With all the learning to it custom-free ; 140
 And own professions, which they never took
 So much delight in, as to read one book :
 Like princes, had prerogative to give
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;
 And having but a little paltry wit 145
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it ;
 But scorn'd as soon as 'twas but understood,
 As better is a spiteful foe to good,

And now has nothing left for its support,
 But what the darkest times provided for 't. 150
 Man has a natural desire to know,
 But th' one half is for int'rest, th' other show :
 As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
 Of making knots, than all the hands they write :
 So all his study is not to extend 155
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end ;
 T' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name :
 For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
 Furnish their understandings by the yard, 160
 As a French library by the whole is
 So much an ell for quartos and for folios ;
 To which they are but indexes themselves,
 And understand no further than the shelves ;
 But smatter with their titles and editions, 165
 And place them in their classical partitions ;
 When all a student knows of what he reads
 Is not in 's own, but under general heads
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
 But, like a Dutchman's money, i' the Cantore, 170
 Where all he can make of it at the best,
 Is hardly three per cent for interest ;
 And whether he will ever get it out
 Into his own possession is a doubt :
 Affects all books of past and modern ages, 175
 But reads no further than their title-pages,
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients. 180
 As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,

And compliment the rabble in the street,
 Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
 Acquaintance with the meanest by his name,
 And by so mean contemptible a bribe 185
 Trepann'd the suffrages of every tribe ;
 So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
 Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
 And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
 That has the largest catalogue of authors. 190

FRAGMENTS*

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE
 FOREGOING SATIRE.

MEN'S talents grow more bold and confident,
 The further they're beyond their just extent,
 As smatt'ers prove more arrogant and pert,
 The less they truly understand an art ;
 And, where they've least capacity to doubt, 5
 Are wont t' appear most perempt'ry and stout ;
 While those that know the mathematic lines

* These 'Fragments' were fairly written out, and several times, with some little variations, transcribed by Butler, but never connected, or reduced into any regular form. They may be considered as the principal parts of a curious edifice, each separately finished, but not united into one general design.

From these the reader may form a notion and tolerable idea of our author's intended scheme, and will regret, that he did not apply himself to the finishing of a satire so well suited to his judgment and particular turn of wit.

Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere, 10
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has deny'd them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand, 15
Like great estates, run furthest behindhand;
Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom,
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent; 20
Can tell as easy how the world was made
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world 25
Can never tell why a pig's tail is curl'd,
Or give a rational account why fish,
That always use to drink, do never piss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By th' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade, 30
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit, 35
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar, striving to expel

All poets his poetic commonweal, 40
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.
 The Stagyrte, unable to expound
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd ;
 So he that put his eyes out, to consider 45
 And contemplate on nat'ral things the steadier,
 Did but himself for idiot convince,
 Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod, 50
 That b'ing blown out, discover'd what an ass
 The great philosopher and juggler was,
 That to his own new deity sacrific'd,
 And was himself the victim and the priest.
 The Cynie coin'd false money, and for fear 55
 Of being hang'd for 't, turn'd philosopher ;
 Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
 One honest man i' th' heap of all mankind ;
 An idle freak he needed not have done,
 If he had known himself to be but one. 60
 With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
 The learned of all ages celebrate ;
 Things that are properer for Knightsbridge college,
 Than th' authors and originals of knowledge ;
 More sottish than the two fanatics, trying 65
 To mend the world by laughing or by crying ;
 Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
 To rally on an ass that ate a thistle ;
 That th' antique sage, that was gallant t' a goose,
 A fitter mistress could not pick and choose, 70
 Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
 Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly deny'd
 What they maintain'd, and thought they justify'd ;
 For when th' affirm'd that nothing 's to be known,
 They did but what they said before disown ; 76
 And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
 The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,
 As to engage them in perpetual squabble ; 80
 Divided Rome and Athens into clans
 Of ignorant mechanic partisans ;
 That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
 Broke one another's blockheads, and the peace ;
 Were often set by officers i' th' stocks 85
 For quarrelling about a paradox :
 When pudding-wives were launcht in cock-quean
 stools

For falling foul on oyster-women's schools ;
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions
 But to their gossips of their own opinions ; 90
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
 A pair of shoes of any other school ;
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics ;
 That us'd t' encounter in athletic lists, 95
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
 Of academics, to maintain the truth.

But in the boldest feats of arms the Stoic
 And Epicureans were the most heroic, 100
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
 To vindicate the int'rests of their sects,
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute
 In waging cuffs and bruises as dispute, 104

Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot ;
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
 Were but to prove disputes the sov'reign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd
 To regulate the errors of the mind, 110
 By b'ing too nicely overstrain'd and vext
 Have made the comment harder than the text,
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
 But break the bones in pieces of a point,
 And with impertinent evasions force 115
 The clearest reason from its native course—
 That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter
 Whether they are, or never were, in nature ;
 And venture to demonstrate, when th' have slurr'd
 And palm'd a fallacy upon a word. 120
 For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
 With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense ;
 And as they 're wont to falsify a blow,
 Use nothing else to pass upon the foe ;
 Or if they venture further to attack, 125
 Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack ;
 And, when they find themselves too hardly prest on,
 Prevaricate, and change the state o' th' question ;
 The noblest science of defence and art
 In practice now with all that controvert, 130
 And th' only mode of prizes, from Bear-garden
 Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness fought
 As safe as in a castle or redoubt,
 Gave one another desperate attacks, 135

To storm the counterscarps upon their backs ;
 So disputants advance, and post their arms,
 To storm the works of one another's terms ;
 Fall foul on some extravagant expression, 139
 But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
 So some polemics use to draw their swords
 Against the language only and the words ;
 As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,
 Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases,
 Waiv'd to assert the murder of a prince, 145
 The author of false Latin to convince ;
 But laid the merits of the cause aside,
 By those that understood them to be try'd ;
 And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
 More capital, than to behead a king, 150
 For which h' has been admir'd by all the learn'd
 Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
 That turns with th' hundreth part of true or false,
 And still the more 'tis us'd is wont t' abate 155
 The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
 Until 'tis false, and will not rise nor fall,
 Like those that are less artificial ;
 And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
 Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon, 160
 And by their over-understanding lose
 Its active faculty with too much use ;
 For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
 Is but the next of all remov'd from none—
 It is Opinion governs all mankind, 165
 As wisely as the blind that leads the blind :
 For as those surnames are esteem'd the best

That signify in all things else the least,
 So men pass fairest in the world's opinion
 That have the least of truth and reason in them.
 Truth would undo the world, if it possest 171
 The meanest of its right and interest ;
 Is but a titular princess, whose authority
 Is always under age, and in minority ;
 Has all things done, and carried in its name, 175
 But most of all where it can lay no claim ;
 As far from gaiety and complaisance,
 As greatness, insolence, and ignorance ;
 And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
 O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion, 180
 That in her right usurps the tyrannies
 And arbitrary government of lies—
 As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
 Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
 Are worth the sight, so nothing goes for wit 185
 But nonsense, or the next of all to it :
 For nonsense being neither false nor true,
 A little wit to any thing may screw ;
 And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
 Will stand as well in virtue, pow'r, and force, 190
 And pass for sense t' all purposes as good
 As if it had at first been understood ;
 For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
 And more than all the strongest sense obliges,
 That furnishes the schools with terms of art, 195
 The mysteries of science to impart ;
 Supplies all seminaries with recruits
 Of endless controversies and disputes ;
 For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
 Than easy sense, and goes for more profound, 200

FOR all our learned authors now compile
 At charge of nothing but the words and style,
 And the most curious critics or the learned
 Believe themselves in nothing else concerned ;
 For as it is the garniture and dress 205
 'That all things wear in books and languages,
 (And all men's qualities are wont t' appear
 According to the habits that they wear),
 'Tis probable to be the truest test

Of all the ingenuity o' th' rest. 210

The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
 And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks ;
 Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
 Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,
 To learn the art of patrons, in defence 215

Of int'rest and their clients—eloquence ;
 When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
 With great dictators, us'd t' apply to rhetors,
 To hear the greater magistrate o' th' school
 Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule, 220
 And those who mighty nations overcame,
 Were fain to say their lessons, and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false, design'd
 To draw the lines and features of the mind ;
 The characters and artificial draughts 225

T' express the inward images of thoughts ;
 And artists say a picture may be good,
 Although the moral be not understood ;
 Whence some infer they may admire a style,
 Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile ; 230
 Applaud th' outsides of words, but never mind
 With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang

Of their own trillos, take delight t' harangue ;
 Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls, 235
 Conveys and counterchanges true and false ;
 Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
 To pass the one for th' other in disguise ;
 And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
 Only to serve for noise and nothing else, 240
 Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
 And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear ;
 For if the language will but bear the test,
 No matter what becomes of all the rest :
 The ablest orator, to save a word, 245
 Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis that nothing else but eloquence
 Is ty'd to such a prodigal expense ;
 That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
 Upon the other half's as vain excuses : 250
 For all defences and apologies
 Are but specifics t' other frauds and lies ;
 And th' artificial wash of eloquence
 Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
 Only to stain the native ingenuity 255
 Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
 Whilst all the best and sob'rest things he does
 Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose ;
 Handles no point so evident and clear
 (Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher, 260
 Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct
 As if his talent had been wrapt up in 't
 Unthriftilly, and now he went about
 Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn 265
 Among the ancient writers and the modern ;

And, while their studies are between the one
 And th' other spent, have nothing of their own ;
 Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
 And equally to both their natures false : 270
 For whether 'tis their want of conversation
 Inclines them to all sorts of affectation ;
 Their sedentary life and melancholy,
 The everlasting nursery of folly ;
 Their poring upon black and white too subtly 275
 Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley ;
 Or squand'ring of their wits and time upon
 Too many things has made them fit for none ;
 Their constant overstraining of the mind
 Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind ; 280
 Or rude confusions of the things they read
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
 Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
 And changes, in the insides of their skulls ;
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit 285
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit,
 But never bring the world and books together,
 And therefore never rightly judge of either ;
 Whence multitudes of rev'rend men and critics
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets, 290
 And by th' immoderate excess of study
 Have found the sickly head t' outgrow the body.

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
 A stupify'd excrescence, like a wen, 295
 Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
 That never grows from natural defects
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
 But from the over-curious and vain
 Distempers of an artificial brain— 300

So he that once stood for the learned'st man,
 Had read out Little Britain and Duck lane,
 Worn out his reason and reduc'd his body
 And brain to nothing with perpetual study ;
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosos, 305
 To read all authors to him, with their glosses,
 And made his lacquies, when he walk'd, bear folios
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
 To be read to him every way the wind
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind ; 310
 Had read out all th' imaginary duels
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels ;
 Had crackt his skull to find out proper places
 To lay up all memoirs of things in cases ;
 And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts, 315
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,
 That serve t' improve a feeble gamester's study,
 That ventures at grammatic beast or noddy ;
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares, 319
 That come in dry vats o'er from Frankfort fairs,
 Whose authors use t' articulate their surnames
 With scraps of Greek more learned than the Ger-
 mans ;
 Was wont to scatter books in every room,
 Where they might best be seen by all that come,
 And lay a train that nat'rally should force 325
 What he design'd, as if it fell of course ;
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
 When, lighting on a philosophic spell
 Of which he never knew one syllable, 330
 Presto, begone ! h' unriddled all he read,
 As if he had to nothing else been bred.

ON A HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,
 But if it lay the least pretence
 To piety and godliness,
 Or tender-hearted conscience, 5
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
 Does sacred instantly commence,
 And all that dare but question it are strait
 Pronounc'd th' uncircumcis'd and reprobate :
 As malefactors that escape and fly 10
 Into a sanctuary for defence,
 Must not be brought to justice thence,
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high ;
 And he that dares presume to do 't
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up 15
 To Satan that engag'd him to 't,
 For vent'ring wickedly to put a stop
 To his immunities and free affairs,
 Or meddle saucily with theirs,
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they 20
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

II.

And as the Pagans heretofore
 Did their own handyworks adore,
 And made their stone and timber deities,

Their temples, and their altars, of one piece ; 25
 The same outgoings seem t' inspire
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,
 Contrives new light and revelation,
 The creatures of th' imagination, 30
 To worship and fall down before ;
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw
 As monstrous images and rude
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
 Or madman in a vision saw ; 35
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,
 And vain delusions of his mind,
 For spiritual gifts and offerings
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings ;
 And still, the further 'tis from sense, 40
 Believes it is the more refin'd,
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

III.

But as all tricks, whose principles
 Are false, prove false in all things else,
 The dull and heavy hypocrite 45
 Is but in pension with his conscience,
 That pays him for maintaining it
 With zealous rage and impudence,
 And as the one grows obstinate,
 So does the other rich and fat ; 50
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
 Like spiritual foundations,
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind :
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse, 55
 Than others are, by unjust governors :

For, like our modern publicans,
 He still puts out all dues
 He owes to Heaven to the dev'l to use,
 And makes his godly interest great gains ; 60
 Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
 The spirit in him) contribute,
 And, to repair and edify his spent
 And broken-winded outward man, present
 For painful holding-forth against the government.

IV.

The subtle spider never spins, 66
 But on dark days, his slimy gins ;
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant
 His spiritual machines
 Unless among the weak and ignorant, 70
 Th' inconstant, credulous, and light,
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,
 That in their zeal are most extravagant ;
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water ;
 And still, the muddier he finds their brains, 75
 The more he 's sought and follow'd after,
 And greater ministrations gains ;
 For talking idly is admir'd,
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd ;
 And still the flatter and more dull 80
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful ;
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges ;
 And dullest nonsense has been found
 By some to be the solid'st and the most profound.

V.

A great Apostle once was said 86
 With too much learning to be mad ;

But our great Saint becomes distract,
 And only with too little crackt ;
 Cries moral truths and human learning down, 90
 And will endure no reason but his own :
 For 'tis a drudgery and task
 Not for a Saint, but Pagan oracle,
 To answer all men can object or ask ;
 But to be found impregnable, 95
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out,
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,
 Is braver than to argue and confute :
 As he that can draw blood, they say,
 From witches, takes their magic pow'r away, 100
 So he that draws blood int' a Brother's face,
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace :
 For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
 And shameful as to be asham'd,
 He never can b' attack'd, 105
 But will come off ; for Confidence, well back'd
 Among the weak and prepossess'd,
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, oppress'd.

VI.

It is the nature of late zeal,
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel, 110
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
 But where there 's something to be gain'd ;
 And that b'ing once reveal'd, defies
 The law, with all its penalties,
 And is convinc'd no pale 115
 O' th' church can be so sacred as a jail :
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
 So he has found are all restraints
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints ;

For the same thing enriches that confines ; 120
 And like to Lully when he was in hold,
 He turns his baser metals into gold,
 Receives returning and retiring fees
 For holding-forth, and holding of his peace,
 And takes a pension to be advocate 125
 And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state
 For gall'd and tender consciences :
 Commits himself to prison to trepan,
 Draw in, and spirit all he can ;
 For birds in cages have a call, 130
 To draw the wildest into nets,
 More prevalent and natural
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

VII.

His slipp'ry conscience has more tricks
 Than all the juggling empirics, 135
 All ev'ry one another contradicts ;
 All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy,
 And yet is so infirm and weak,
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check, 140
 But at the slightest nicety grows queasy :
 Disdains control, and yet can be
 No-where, but in a prison, free ;
 Can force itself, in spite of God,
 Who makes it free as thought at home, 145
 A slave and villain to become
 To serve its interests abroad :
 And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
 At tithing mint and cummin,
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat 150
 In things of deep and solid weight,

Pretends to charity and holiness,
 But is implacable to peace,
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
 And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
 And prophet up (he says) long since, 158
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

VIII.

He does not pray, but prosecute,
 As if he went to law, his suit; 160
 Summons his Maker to appear
 And answer what he shall prefer;
 Returns Him back His gift of prayer,
 Not to petition, but declare;
 Exhibits cross complaints 165
 Against Him for the breach of Covenants,
 And all the charters of the Saints;
 Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
 Upon high terms and bold demands;
 Excepts against him and his laws, 170
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;
 And grows more saucy and severe
 Than th' Heathen emp'ror was to Jupiter,
 That us'd to wrangle with him, and dispute,
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear, 175
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

IX.

But when his painful gifts h' employs
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies
 Not in the letter of the sense, 180
 But in the spiritual vehemence,
 The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,

The zealous pangs and agonies,
 And heav'nly turnings of the eyes;
 The groans with which he piously destroys, 185
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
 And grows so loud as if he meant to force
 And take in heav'n by violence;
 To fright the Saints into salvation,
 Or scare the devil from temptation; 190
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,
 No kind of carnal sense
 Can be made out of what he means:
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice, 195
 He still conforms to them, and has a care
 T' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

X.

The ancient churches, and the best,
 By their own martyrs' blood increast;
 But he has found out a new way, 200
 To do it with the blood of those
 That dare his church's growth oppose,
 Or her imperious canons disobey;
 And strives to carry on the Work,
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk, 205
 With holy rage, and edifying war,
 More safe and pow'ful ways by far:
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
 Was the first great Reformer, and the chief
 Of th' ancient Christian belief, 210
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,
 And apostolic superstitions,
 To be held forth and carry'd on by war;

And his successor was a Presbyter, 215
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.

XI.

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
 Against his Prophet's holy law
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
 And leave his body for a time ; 220
 So when some horrid action 's to be done,
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on
 Another spirit, and lays by his own ;
 And when his over-heated brain
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman, 225
 He 's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,
 Which th' other cries him down for and abhors,
 And yet in madness all devotion plants, 230
 And where he differs most concurs ;
 Both equally exact and just
 In perjury and breach of trust ;
 So like in all things, that one Brother
 Is but a counterpart of th' other ; 235
 And both unanimously damn
 And hate (like two that play one game)
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

XII.

Both equally design to raise
 Their churches by the self-same ways ; 240
 With war and ruin to assert
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert ;
 To preach the gospel with a drum,
 And for convincing overcome :
 And though in worshipping of God all blood 245

Was by His own laws disallow'd,
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good,
 And both to propagate the breed
 Of their own Saints one way proceed ;
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast, 250
 As fury and destruction waste :
 Both equally allow all crimes
 As lawful means to propagate a sect ;
 For laws in war can be of no effect,
 And license does more good in gospel-times. 255
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin ;
 For when religion does recede
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed. 260

ON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

'TIS well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
 Those joys above, that to reward
 The just and virtuous are prepar'd,
 Beyond their reach, until their pains are past ;
 Else men would rather venture to possess 5
 By force, than earn by happiness ;
 And only take the dev'l's advice,
 As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
 Though at th' expense of Paradise :
 For, as some say, to fight is but a base 10

Mechanic handy-work, and far below
 A gen'rous spirit t' undergo ;
 So 'tis to take the pains to know,
 Which some, with only confidence and face,
 More easily and ably do ; 15
 For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
 Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
 Who would not rather make himself a judge,
 And boldly usurp the chair,
 Than with dull industry and care 20
 Endure to study, think, and drudge
 For that, which he much sooner may advance
 With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance ?

II.

For all men challenge, though in spite
 Of Nature and their stars, a right 25
 To censure, judge, and know,
 Though she can only order who
 Shall be, and who shall ne'er be, wise :
 Then why should those whom she denies
 Her favour and good graces to, 30
 Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
 And ravish what it were in vain to woo ?
 For he that desp'rately assumes
 The censure of all wits and arts,
 Though without judgment, skill, and parts, 35
 Only to startle and amuse,
 And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
 With gaudy-colour'd plumes
 Their homely nether parts t' adorn)
 Can never fail to captive some 40
 That will submit to his oraculous doom,
 And rev'rence what they ought to scorn ;

Admire his sturdy confidence
 For solid judgment and deep sense ;
 And credit purchas'd without pains or wit, 45
 Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

III.

Two self-admirers, that combine
 Against the world, may pass a fine
 Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
 And settle it as they think fit 50
 On one another, like the choice
 Of Persian princes, by one horse's voice :
 For those fine pageants which some raise,
 Of false and disproportion'd praise,
 T' enable whom they please t' appear 55
 And pass for what they never were,
 In private only b'ing but nam'd,
 Their modesty must be asham'd,
 And not endure to hear,
 And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd, 60
 And own'd in public every-where :
 So vain some authors are to boast
 Their want of ingenuity, and club
 Their affidavit wits, to dub
 Each other but a Knight o' the Post ; 65
 As false as suborn'd perjurers,
 That vouch away all right they have to their own
 ears.

IV.

But when all other courses fail,
 There is one easy artifice
 That seldom has been known to miss, 70
 To cry all mankind down, and rail ;
 For he whom all men do contemn

May be allow'd to rail again at them,
 And in his own defence
 To outface reason, wit, and sense, 75
 And all that makes against himself condemn ;
 To snarl at all things right or wrong,
 Like a mad dog that has a worm in 's tongue ;
 Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil,
 T' its first original the devil ; 80
 And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
 To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ ;
 Though to perform his task as dull
 As if he had a toadstone in his skull,
 And could produce a greater stock 85
 Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

v.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
 As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
 And only with their eyes and breath
 Infect and poison men to death ; 90
 But that more impotent buffoon
 That makes it both his bus'ness and his sport
 To rail at all, is but a drone
 That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt ;
 Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite, 95
 Like o'ergrown sinners that in whipping take de-
 light ;
 Invades the reputation of all those
 That have, or have it not to lose ;
 And if he chance to make a difference,
 'Tis always in the wrongest sense : 100
 As rooking gamesters never lay
 Upon those hands that use fair play,
 But venture all their bets
 Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

VI.

Nor does he vex himself much less 105
Than all the world beside,
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness ;
Revenues on himself the wrong, 110
Which his vain malice and loose tongue,
To those that feel it not, have done,
And whips and spurs himself because he is outgone ;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false, 115
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To those whom they would in effigy slay.
And as the dev'l, that has no shape of's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on, 119
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone,
So he that's worse than nothing strives t' appear
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak ; but when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE
HAPPY MEMORY OF THE MOST
RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

I.

'TIS true, to compliment the dead
 Is as impertinent and vain
 As 'twas of old to call them back again,
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
 With settlements for after-lives; 5
 For all that can be done or said,
 Though e'er so noble, great, and good,
 By them is neither heard nor understood.
 All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
 First to create, and then adore desert, 10
 And those romances which we frame
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
 In vain are stuff'd with ranting flatteries,
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
 For as those times the Golden Age we call 15
 In which there was no gold in use at all,
 So we plant glory and renown
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
 But to worse purpose, many times,

* This Ode, which is the only genuine poem of Butler's among the many spurious ones fathered upon him in what is called his 'Remains,' was published by the Author himself, under his own name, in the year 1671, in three sheets, 4to.

To flourish o'er nefarious crimes, 20
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave
behind.

II.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and died to leave behind 25
A great example to mankind ;
That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise ; 30
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The arrival of his fatal hour, 35
Made ev'ry day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative ;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more gentle mode ;
Take prizes more obligingly than those 40
Who never had been bred *filous* ;
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English
nation.

III.

In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods, 45
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat ;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,

And how to drink and how to eat
 No out-of-fashion wine or meat; 50
 To understand cravats and plumes,
 And the most modish from the old perfumes;
 To know the age and pedigrees
 Of points of Flanders or Venice;
 Cast their nativities, and, to a day, 55
 Foretell how long they'll hold, and when decay;
 'T' affect the purest negligences
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,
 And speak by repartee-routines
 One of the most authentic of romances, 60
 And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
 What ribands, all the year, are in or out of season.

IV.

In this great academy of mankind
 He had his birth and education,
 Where all men are s' ingeniously inclin'd 65
 They understand by imitation,
 Improve untaught, before they are aware,
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence; 70
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he, whom bounteous Heav'n endues
 But with a mod'rate share of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
 In all the deep Hermetic arts, 75
 (For so of late the learned call
 All tricks, if strange and mystical).
 He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
 And with his magic rod could sound
 Where hidden treasure might be found: 80

He, like a lord o' th' manor, seiz'd upon
 Whatever happen'd in his way
 As lawful weft and stray,
 And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew 85
 To nobler feats, and try'd his force
 Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
 Whom he as bravely did subdue ;
 Declar'd all caravans, that go
 Upon the king's highway, the foe ; 90
 Made many desperate attacks
 Upon itinerant brigades
 Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
 On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs ;
 Made them lay down their arms, and yield, 95
 And, to the smallest piece, restore
 All that by cheating they had gain'd before,
 And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field,
 In every bold affair of war
 He had the chief command, and led them on ; 100
 For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
 Of others' lives, until h' has made it known
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Have by his conqu'ring sword been won ; 105
 And mighty sums of money laid,
 For ransom, upon every man,
 And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
 Th' excise and chimney-publican,
 The Jew forestaller and enhancer, 110
 To him for all their crimes did answer.

He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
 Of all his foes, the Constable ;
 And oft had beat his quarters up,
 And routed him and all his troop. 115
 He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
 That in his own allow'd highway
 Does feats of arms as great as his,
 And, when they' encounter in it, wins the day :
 Safe in his garrison, the Court, 120
 Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for 't,
 To this stern foe he oft gave quarter,
 But as the Scotchman did t' a Tartar,
 That he, in time to come, 124
 Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty Town,
 And brought its haughty spirit down ;
 Have cut it off from all relief,
 And, like a wise and valiant chief,
 Made many a fierce assault 130
 Upon all ammunition carts,
 And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
 Or bacon, from remoter parts :
 No convoy e'er so strong with food
 Durst venture on the desp'rate road ; 135
 He made th' undaunted waggoner obey,
 And the fierce higgler contribution pay ;
 The savage butcher and stout drover
 Durst not to him their feeble troops discover ;
 And, if he had but kept the field, 140
 In time had made the city yield ;
 For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
 I' th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
 In which his stars began to frown, 145
 And had in close cabals contriv'd
 To pull him from his height of glory down,
 And he, by num'rous foes opprest,
 Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
 Secur'd with mighty guards, 150
 Lest he by force or stratagem
 Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
 And break through all their locks, and bolts, and
 wards ;
 Had both his legs by charms committed
 To one another's charge, 155
 That neither might be set at large,
 And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
 As jewels of high value are
 Kept under locks with greater care
 Than those of meaner rates, 160
 So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
 To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
 Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
 And made them yield up love and honour too, 165
 But in more brave heroic ways
 Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays :
 For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
 But full of hot contests and piques
 About punctilios and mere tricks, 170
 Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
 And, far more generous and free,
 In contemplation only of him did agree :

Both fully satisfy'd ; the one
 With those fresh laurels he had won, 175
 And all the brave renowned feats
 He had perform'd in arms ;
 The other with his person and his charms :
 For, just as larks are catch'd in nets
 By gazing on a piece of glass, 180
 So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
 And smoother polish'd face,
 Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprise.

X.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
 Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve 185
 As feeble damsels, for his sake,
 Would have been proud to undertake ;
 And, bravely ambitious to redeem
 The world's loss and their own,
 Strove who should have the honour to lay down 190
 And change a life with him ;
 But, finding all their hopes in vain
 To move his fixt determin'd fate,
 Their life itself began to hate,
 As if it were an infamy 195
 To live, when he was doom'd to die ;
 Made loud appeals and moans,
 To less hard-hearted grates and stones ;
 Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
 To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers, 200
 And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
 Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD

UPON THE PARLIAMENT, WHICH DELIBERATED
ABOUT MAKING OLIVER CROMWELL KING.*

A S close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle, 5
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales, 10
For Whitsun-ales,
And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yeasty Pride,
With his dagger and his sling; 15
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
T' advise with such a king.

* This Ballad refers to the Parliament, as it was called, which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept, and contented himself with the power, under the name of 'Protector.'

A great philosopher
 Had a goose for his lover, 20
 That follow'd him day and night :
 If it be a true story
 Or but an allegory,
 It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son, 30
 Both cast into one,
 Were meant for a single baron ;
 But when they came to sit,
 There was not wit
 Enough in them both, to serve for one. 35

Wherefore 'twas thought good
 To add Honeywood ;
 But when they came to trial,
 Each one prov'd a fool,
 Yet three knaves in the whole, 40
 And that made up a Pair-royal.

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON
 OLIVER CROMWELL.*

PART I.

DRAW near, good people all, draw near,
 And hearken to my ditty ;
 A stranger thing

* To this humorous ballad Butler had prefixed this title—
 'The Privileges of Pimping'—but afterwards crossed it out,
 for which reason it is not inserted here.

Than this I sing
Came never to this city. 5

Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden. 10

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor ;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lmey fair ! 15

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter,
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter. 20

On both sides of th' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they 're not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches. 25

Now this with admiration
Does all beholders strike,

¹⁶ From the medals, and original portraits, which are left of Oliver Cromwell, one may probably conjecture, if not positively affirm, that this droll picture was designed for him. The roundness of the face, the oddness of the nose, and the remarkable largeness of the eyebrows, are particulars which correspond exactly with them.

That a beard should grow
 Upon a thing's brow,
 Did ye ever see the like ? 30

He has no skull, 'tis well known
 To thousands of beholders ;
 Nothing, but a skin,
 Does keep his brains in
 From running about his shoulders. 35

On both sides of his noddle
 Are straps o' th' very same leather ;
 Ears are imply'd,
 But they 're mere hide,
 Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether. 40

Between these two extendeth
 A slit from ear to ear,
 That every hour
 Gapes to devour
 The souse that grows so near. 45

Beneath, a tuft of bristles,
 As rough as a frieze-jerkin ;
 If it had been a beard,
 'Twould have serv'd a herd
 Of goats, that are of his near kin. 50

Within, a set of grinders
 Most sharp and keen, corroding
 Your iron and brass
 As easy as
 That you would do a pudding. 55

But the strangest thing of all is,
 Upon his rump there groweth
 A great long tail,
 That useth to trail
 Upon the ground as he goeth.

60

A BALLAD,

IN TWO PARTS, CONJECTURED TO BE ON
 OLIVER CROMWELL.

PART II.

THIS monster was begotten
 Upon one of the witches,
 B' an imp that came to her,
 Like a man, to woo her,
 With black doublet and breeches.

5

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
 In divers several countries,
 The hogs and swine
 Did grunt and whine,
 And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

10

The winds did blow, the thunder
 And lightning loud did rumble;
 The dogs did howl,
 The hollow tree in th' owl—
 'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

15

¹⁴ This whimsical liberty our Author takes of transposing the words for the sake of a rhyme, though at the expense of the sense, is a new kind of poetic license; and it is merry

As soon as he was brought forth,
 At the midwife's throat he flew,
 And threw the pap
 Down in her lap;
 They say 'tis very true. 20

And up the walls he clamber'd,
 With nails most sharp and keen,
 The prints whereof,
 I' th' boards and roof,
 Are yet for to be seen. 25

And out o' th' top o' th' chimney
 He vanish'd, seen of none;
 For they did wink,
 Yet by the stink
 Knew which way he was gone. 30

The country round about there
 Became like to a wildern-
 ess; for the sight
 Of him did fright
 Away men, women, and children. 35

Long did he there continue,
 And all those parts much harmed,
 Till a wise-woman, which
 Some call a white-witch,
 Him into a hog-sty charmed. 40

enough to observe, that he literally does, what he jokingly
 charges upon other poets in another place:

But those that write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time. *Hud.* p. 2. c. 1. v. 27.

There, when she had him shut fast,
 With brimstone and with nitre
 She sing'd the claws
 Of his left paws,
 With tip of his tail, and his right ear. 45

And with her charms and ointments
 She made him tame as a spaniel ;
 For she us'd to ride
 On his back astride,
 Nor did he do her any ill. 50

But, to the admiration
 Of all both far and near,
 He hath been shown
 In every town,
 And eke in every shire. 55

And now, at length, he's brought
 Unto fair London city,
 Where in Fleet-street
 All those may see 't
 That will not believe my ditty. 60

God save the King and Parliament,
 And eke the Prince's highness,
 And quickly send
 The wars an end,
 As here my song has—Finis. 65

⁶¹ From this circumstance it appears, that this ballad was written before the murder of the king, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.*

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,
 By sev'ral courses, to one end ;
 To compass, by the prop'rest shows,
 Whatever their designs propose ;
 And that which owns the fair'st pretext 5
 Is often found the indirect'st.
 Hence 'tis that hypocrites still paint
 Much fairer than the real saint,
 And knaves appear more just and true
 Than honest men, that make less show ; 10
 The dullest idiots in disguise
 Appear more knowing than the wise ;
 Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
 Pass on the rabble for the learn'd ;
 And cowards, that can damn and rant, 15
 Pass muster for the valiant :
 For he that has but impudence,
 'To all things has a just pretence,
 And, put among his wants but shame,
 To all the world may lay his claim. 20

* This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly written out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Out of this magazine he communicated to Mr. Aubrey that genuine fragment printed in his life, beginning,

No Jesuit e'er took in hand
 To plant a church in barren land,
 Nor ever thought it worth the while
 A Swede or Russ to reconcile, &c.

How various and innumerable
 Are those who live upon the rabble !
 'Tis they maintain the church and state,
 Employ the priest and magistrate ;
 Bear all the charge of government, 25
 And pay the public fines and rent ;
 Defray all taxes and excises,
 And impositions of all prices ;
 Bear all the expense of peace and war,
 And pay the pulpit and the bar ; 30
 Maintain all churches and religions,
 And give their pastors exhibitions,
 And those who have the greatest flocks
 Are primitive and orthodox ;
 Support all schismatics and sects, 35
 And pay them for tormenting texts ;
 Take all their doctrines off their hands,
 And pay them in good rents and lands ;
 Discharge all costly offices,
 The doctor's and the lawyer's fees, 40
 The hangman's wages, and the scores
 Of caterpillar bawds and whores ;
 Discharge all damages and costs
 Of Knights and Squires of the Post ;
 All statesmen, cut-purses, and padders, 45
 And pay for all their ropes and ladders
 All pettifoggers, and all sorts
 Of markets, churches, and of courts ;
 All sums of money paid or spent,
 With all the charges incident, 50
 Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
 To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve t' abolish
 All that's ridiculous and foolish,
 It would have nothing left to do, 55
 T' apply in jest or earnest to,
 No business of importance, play,
 Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,
 And right and wrong, did bear an equal price; 60
 But, since impostors are so highly rais'd,
 And faith and justice equally debas'd,
 Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains
 T' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks 65
 On all that passes on th' account of books;
 And, when there are two scholars that within
 The species only hardly are a-kin,
 The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
 If equally they've loiter'd in a college. 70

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
 In wild fig-trees, and when they're grown up, feed
 Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
 And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
 Open the pores, and make way for the sun 75
 To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write,
 Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
 In spite of art; as horses, thorough pac'd
 Were never taught, and therefore go more fast. 80

IN all mistakes the strict and regular
 Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
 And worst to be avoided ; as a wound
 Is said to be the harder cur'd that 's round ;
 For error and mistake, the less th' appear, 85
 In th' end are found to be the dangerouser ;
 As no man minds those clocks that use to go
 Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE truest characters of ignorance
 Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ; 90
 As blind men use to bear their noses higher
 Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

THE metaphysic 's but a puppet motion
 That goes with screws, the notion of a notion ;
 The copy of a copy, and lame draught 95
 Unnaturally takne from a thought ;
 That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
 And turns the eyes like an old crucifix ;
 That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
 B' another name, and makes it true or false ; 100
 Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
 By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'TIS not the art of schools to understand,
 But make things hard, instead of b'ing explain'd ;
 And therefore those are commonly the learned'st
 That only study between jest and earnest : 106
 For, when the end of learning 's to pursue
 And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
 They ne'er consider how they 're to apply,
 But only listen to the noise and cry, 110

And are so much delighted with the chase,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

MORE proselytes and converts use t' accrue
From false persuasions, than the right and true ;
For error and mistake are infinite, 115
But truth has but one way to be i' th' right ;
As numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground, 120
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value, as it wants in weight.

THE great St. Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the holy war, 125
Was routed and made prisoner :
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free
And set them all at liberty. 130
The king pays down one half o' th' nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the Eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd 135
The king's security for good :
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days with an Infidel,
That will not pass for two-pence now
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low. 140

THOSE that go up-hill, use to bow
 Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
 To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
 When th' way is difficult and steep :
 So those at court, that do address 145
 By low ignoble offices,
 Can stoop to any thing that 's base,
 To wriggle into trust and grace,
 Are like to rise to greatness sooner
 Than those that go by worth and honour. 150

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
 Are meant of services that are forgiven,
 And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
 And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r 155
 Is not to rule and govern, but devour :
 Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
 No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING's more dull and negligent
 Than an old lazy government, 130
 That knows no interest of state,
 But such as serves a present strait,
 And, to patch up, or shift, will close,
 Or break alike, with friends or foes ;
 That runs behind-hand, and has spent 165
 Its credit to the last extent ;
 And, the first time 'tis at a loss,
 Has not one true friend nor one cross.

THE Devil was the first o' th' name

From whom the race of rebels came, 170
 Who was the first bold undertaker
 Of bearing arms against his Maker,
 And, though miscarrying in th' event,
 Was never yet known to repent;
 Though tumbled from the top of bliss 175
 Down to the bottomless abyss;
 A property which, from their prince,
 The family owns ever since,
 And therefore ne'er repent the evil
 They do or suffer, like the devil. 180

THE worst of rebels never arm
 To do their king or country harm,
 But draw their swords to do them good,
 As doctors cure by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell 185
 As that which has been burnt with zeal;
 For Christian charity's as well
 A great impediment to zeal,
 As zeal a pestilent disease
 To Christian charity and peace. 190

As thistles wear the softest down,
 To hide their prickles till they're grown,
 And then declare themselves, and tear
 Whatever ventures to come near;
 So a smooth knave does greater feats 195
 Than one that idly rails and threats,
 And all the mischief that he meant
 Does, like a rattle-snake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster ; 200
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness ;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence
To render it secure and certain 205
Against the injuries of Fortune ;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance. 210

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark ;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances 215
The naturals by blinder chances ;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still, the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve. 220

GREAT wits have only been preferr'd,
In princes' trains to be interr'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last ;
But while they liv'd were far enough 225
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against th' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away,

And having stood the greater test,
 Is overmaster'd by the least; 230
 So some men, having stood the hate
 And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
 Transported with a false caress
 Of unacquainted happiness,
 Lost to humanity and sense, 235
 Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
 For nothing else but patience;
 'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
 Nor fence against the tricks of state; 240
 Nor from th' oppression of the laws
 Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
 Nor keep unspotted a good name
 Against the obloquies of Fame;
 Feeble as Patience, and as soon, 245
 By being blown upon, undone.
 As beasts are hunted for their furs,
 Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
 Opinions, true or false, engage? 250
 And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
 Like the blind's leading of the blind,
 All claim an equal interest,
 And free dominion o'er the rest.
 And, as one shield that fell from heaven 255
 Was counterfeited by eleven,
 The better to secure the fate
 And lasting empire of a state,

The false are num'rous, and the true,
 That only have the right, but few. 260
 Hence fools, that understand them least,
 Are still the fiercest in contest ;
 Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
 At random, like a prince's bride,
 To damn their souls, and swear and lie for, 265
 And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
 Like the blind's leading of the blind ;
 For he that has no eyes in 's head,
 Must be by' a dog glad to be led ; 270
 And no beasts have so little in them,
 As that inhuman brute, Opinion :
 'Tis an infectious pestilence,
 The tokens upon wit and sense
 That with a venomous contagion 275
 Invades the sick imagination ;
 And, when it seizes any part,
 It strikes the poison to the heart.
 This men of one another catch
 By contact, as the humours match ; 280
 And nothing 's so perverse in nature
 As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
 And makes mere sots of magistrates ;
 The fumes of it invade the brain, 285
 And make men gidly, proud, and vain :
 By this the fool commands the wise,
 The noble with the base complies,

The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit. 290

A GODLY man, that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime ;
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made, 295
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion ?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions ? 300
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay ?

A TEACHER'S doctrine, and his proof
Is all his province, and enough ;
But is no more concern'd in use, 305
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than th' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church, as zeal ; 310
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion ;
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes of one another's trade. 316

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please :
Have plenary indulgence to dispose
At pleasure, of the strictest vows ; 320
And challenge Heaven, they made them to,
To vouch and witness what they do ;
And, when they prove averse and loath,
Yet for convenience take an oath ;
Not only can dispense, but make it 325
A greater sin to keep than take it ;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within ;
Has no superior to control,
But what itself sets o'er the soul ; 330
And, when it is enjoin'd t' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key ;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear ;
Can turn itself into disguises 335
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands, 340
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marely-hill remov'd of old ;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors ;
And perjures, to secure th' enjoyments 345
Of public charges and employments ;

For true and faithful, good and just,
 Are but preparatives to trust ;
 The gilt and ornament of things,
 And not their movements, wheels, and springs. 350

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,
 Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
 But, when 'tis settled on the lee,
 And from th' impurer matter free,
 Becomes the richer still the older, 355
 And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,
 (The Lord knows which), that turn, or run,
 Are both perform'd by fits and starts,
 And so are those of lovers' hearts ; 360
 Which, though they keep no even pace,
 Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness
 For wretched mortals to possess ;
 For, could it hold inviolate 365
 Against those cruelties of Fate
 Which all felicities below
 By rigid laws are subject to,
 It would become a bliss too high
 For perishing mortality, 370
 Translate to earth the joys above ;
 For nothing goes to heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,
 As if they had agreed for better or worse :

The lion's constant to his only miss, 375
 And never leaves his faithful lioness ;
 And she as chaste and true to him agen,
 As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
 The docile and ingenuous elephant
 T' his own and only female is gallant ; 380
 And she as true and constant to his bed,
 That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead ;
 But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,
 Are never satisfy'd with new amours ;
 As all poltroons with us delight to range, 385
 And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,
 That some believe they've none at all ;
 Or if they have, like cripples, still
 They've but one faculty, the will ; 390
 The other two are quite laid by
 To make up one great tyranny ;
 And, though their passions have most pow'r,
 They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
 To th' absolute will, that with a breath 395
 Has sovereign power of life and death,
 And, as its little interests move,
 Can turn them all to hate or love ;
 For nothing, in a moment, turn
 To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ; 400
 And make that love degenerate
 T' as great extremity of hate ;
 And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
 To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess 405

To bind themselves apprentices
To Heaven, abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse,
As th' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

410

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce ;
Before they've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand ;
Or, having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

415

THE credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony ;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution ;
And, for their journey-work and pains,
The char-women clear greater gains.

420

As wine that with its own weight runs is best, 425
And counted much more noble than the prest ;
So is that poetry whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, a t, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a Muse,
That, as possessing devils use,
Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he's in, he's out of's wits.

430

ALL writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent, 435
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow ;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent. 440

IT is not poetry that makes men poor ;
For few do write that were not so before,
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch ;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains 445
To undergo that drudgery of brains ;
But, being for all other trades unfit,
Only to avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices, 450
Are not confin'd to what is true ;
That 's not to give, but pay a due :
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth, than what it had before ;
But to commend, without desert, 455
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,
When a king 's born, or weds, or dies, 460
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry :

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
 And some, more wise, in Arabic,
 T' avoid the critic, and th' expense 465
 Of difficulter wit and sense ;
 And seem more learnedish than those
 That at a greater charge compose.
 The doctors lead, the students follow ;
 Some call him Mars, and some Apollo, 470
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
 On even terms, of all the gods :
 Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
 And was address'd to, by a crow, 475
 As pertinently long ago ;
 And with more heroes' names is styl'd,
 Than saints are clubb'd t' an Austrian child ;
 And, as wit goes by colleges,
 As well as standing and degrees, 480
 He still writes better than the rest,
 That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
 Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
 And other ammunitions of despair, 485
 Were ever able to despatch by fear.

THERE 's nothing our felicities endears
 Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
 And in the miserablest of distress
 Improves attempts as desperate with success ; 490
 Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
 And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels ;
 Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
 Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a negative voice 495
 To hinder making war without their choice,
 As kings of making laws in parliament ;
 " No money " is as good as " No assent."

WHEN princes idly lead about,
 Those of their party follow suite, 500
 Till others trump upon their play,
 And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
 Against a prince's government,
 And princes take as great offence 505
 At subjects' disobedience,
 That neither the other can abide,
 But too much reason on each side ?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure;
 Which men can neither want, nor well endure. 510

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
 With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
 With no design, but, like the antique Gaul,
 To get more money from the capitol.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls 515
 By th' empty idle names of True and False,
 Is nothing else but maggots blown between
 False witnesses and falser jurymen.
 No court allows those partial interlopers
 Of Law and Equity, two single paupers, 520
 T' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
 Each other gratis in a suit at once :

For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
 Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;
 And, when the one side bringeth custom in, 525
 And th' other lays out half the reckoning,
 The devil himself will rather choose to play
 At paltry small game, than sit out, they say ;
 But when at all there 's nothing to be got,
 The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot. 530

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
 Little considers right or wrong ;
 But, like authority, 's soon satisfy'd,
 When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court, 535
 Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for 't.

Who can deserve for breaking of the laws,
 A greater penance than an honest cause ?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
 Are punishment and court of justice proof, 540
 And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
 In all the idle bugbears of the law,
 But confidently rob the gallows too,
 As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed, 545
 To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
 And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
 To turn and wind them any way they please.
 The Statute Law 's their Scripture, and Reports
 The ancient reverend fathers of their courts : 550
 Records their general councils ; and Decisions

Of judges on the bench their sole traditions,
For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,
As th' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard 555
Of right between the tenant and the landlord ;
And, when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute : 560
There's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts, 565
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render th' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they had none. 570

As those that are stark blind can trace
The nearest way from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do 't ;
So tricks of state are manag'd best 575
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest finesse brought about
By engines most unlike to do 't.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat, 580

That lets his false dice freely run,
 And trusts them to themselves alone,
 But never lets a true one stir
 Without some fing'ring trick or slur ;
 And, when the gamesters doubt his play, 535
 Conveys his false dice safe away,
 And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
 T' endure the torture of the search.

WHAT else does history use to tell us,
 But tales of subjects being rebellious ; 590
 The vain perfidiousness of lords,
 And fatal breach of princes' words ;
 The sottish pride and insolence
 Of statesmen, and their want of sense ;
 Their treach'ry, that undoes, of custom, 595
 Their own selves first, next those who trust them ?

BECAUSE a feeble limb's carest,
 And more indulg'd than all the rest,
 So frail and tender consciences
 Are humour'd to do what they please ; 600
 When that which goes for weak and feeble
 Is found the most incorrigible,
 To outdo all the fiends in hell
 With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the approach of winter all 605
 The leaves of great trees use to fall,
 And leave them naked to engage
 With storms and tempests when they rage,
 While humbler plants are found to wear
 Their fresh green liv'ries all the year ; 610

So when the glorious season's gone
 With great men, and hard times come on,
 The great'st calamities oppress
 The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees 615
 A sheep entangled by the fleece,
 With hasty cruelty he flies
 T' attack him, and pick out his eyes ;
 So do those vultures use, that keep
 Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep, 620
 As greedily to prey on all
 That in their rav'nous clutches fall ;
 For thorns and brambles, that came in
 To wait upon the curse for sin,
 And were no part o' the first creation, 625
 But, for revenge, a new plantation,
 Are yet the fitt'st materials
 T' enclose the earth with living walls :
 So jailors, that are most accurst,
 Are found most fit in being worst. 630

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer,
 To raise infernal spirits up, but fear ;
 That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
 That's both a pris'ner to itself, and jail ;
 Draws more fantastic shapes, than in the grains 625
 Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
 When all the cocks they think they see, and bulls,
 Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
 Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven, own, 510

Beside th' imaginary territory
 He lays a title to in Purgatory;
 Declares himself an absolute free prince
 In his dominions, only over sins;
 But as for heaven, since it lies so far 615
 Above him, is but only titular,
 And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
 Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
 Yet, when he comes to take accompt, and share
 The profit of his prostituted ware, 650
 He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
 Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a spiritual fair,
 T' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
 In which his Holiness buys nothing in, 655
 To stock his magazines, but deadly sin;
 And deals in extraordinary crimes,
 That are not vendible at other times;
 For, dealing both for Judas and th' High Priest,
 He makes a plentiful trade of Christ. 660

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
 In which the ancient world did once embark,
 Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
 Although bound through an universal sea;
 When all the modern church of Rome's concern 665
 Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,
 Is but to put the soul on a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray

The flies, that tickle him, away ;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers. 670

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known. 675

IN little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying ;
But in the great, unjust dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling. 680

ALL smatt'ers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art :
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't ;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude :
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty. 690

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation,
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain. 695

IN all the world there is no vice
Less prone t' excess than avarice ;
It neither cares for food nor clothing ;
Nature 's content with little, that with nothing. 700

IN Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

IT is a harder thing for men to rate 705
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions in th' accompt of heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n ;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular of all that is their due. 710

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good ;
So he that cannot write one word of sense, 715
Believes he has as legal a pretence,
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he 'd be to seek 720
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek ;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means ;
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert ;

As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse 725
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief. 730

THE man that for his profit's brought t' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray ;
And, when he's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ 735
From other men ; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood, 740
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave,
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,
That, by degrees, has swallow'd more 745
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod ; 750
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant :

For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no command's so' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove 755
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share ;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind, 760
Is but condemn'd t' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE Universal Med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death, the singular receipt, 765
To root out all diseases by the great :
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art ;
And therefore that French quack that set up physie,
Call'd his receipt a General Specific. 770
For though in mortal poisons every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure them all as easy as they're got ;
Much less, among so many variations 775
Of diff'rent maladies and complications,
Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves t' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT's but a fly, that turns about,
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out. 780

ALL mankind is but a rabble

As silly and unreasonable
 As those that, crowding in the street,
 To see a show or monster meet ;
 Of whom no one is in the right, 785
 Yet all fall out about the sight,
 And when they chance t' agree, the choice is
 Still in the most and worst of vices ;
 And all the reasons that prevail,
 Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale. 790

As in all great and crowded fairs
 Monsters and puppet-plays are wares,
 Which in the less will not go off,
 Because they have not money enough ;
 So men in princes' courts will pass, 795
 That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS us'd to clap a proposition,
 As justices do criminals, in prison,
 And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
 The names of all their moods and figures fit : 800
 For a logician's one that has been broke
 To ride and pace his reason by the book,
 And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
 To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,
 But most of all i' the drudgery of brains ; 805
 A nat'ral sign of weakness, as an ant
 Is more laborious than an elephant ;
 And children are more busy at their play
 Than those that wisely'st pass their time away. 810

ALL the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

AS misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin ;

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd, 5
Is from the use of all debarr'd.

And though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers ;

And after all his pains are done, 10
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

ACOUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live, as in the hold of Nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,

And drowns a province, does but spring a leak ;
 That always ply the pump, and never think 5
 They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ;
 That live as if they had been run aground,
 And, when they die, are cast away, and drown'd ;
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
 Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ; 10
 And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
 Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt ;
 That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes :
 A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd, 15
 In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

DO not unjustly blame
 My guiltless breast,
 For vent'ring to disclose a flame
 It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd
 For ever to have lain ;
 But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
 Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

DO not mine affection slight,
 'Cause my locks with age are white :
 Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
 While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
 Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub,
 And in a close confederacy link,
 For nothing else but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.*

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
 By Fate were summon'd to retire,
 Some menial poet still was near,
 To bear them to the hemisphere,

* As neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, is to be found in the 'Genuine Remains' of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. they appear to have been rejected by the Editor, with a multitude of others, as being

And there among the stars to leave them, 5
 Until the gods sent to relieve them :
 And sure our knight, whose very sight would
 Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
 Should he neglected lie, and rot,
 Stink in his grave, and be forgot, 10
 Would have just reason to complain,
 If he should chance to rise again ;
 And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
 In mournful dogg'rel thus we trudge on.

Oh me ! what tongue, what pen can tell 15
 How this renowned champion fell ?
 But must reflect, alas ! alas !
 All human glory fades like grass,
 And that the strongest martial feats
 Of errant knights are all but cheats ! 20
 Witness our Knight, who sure has done
 More valiant actions, ten to one,
 Than of More-Hall the mighty More,
 Or him that made the Dragon roar ;
 Has knock'd more men and women down, 25
 Than Bevis of Southampton town ;
 Or than our modern heroes can,
 To take them singly man by man.

No, sure the grisly King of terror
 Has been to blame, and in an error, 30
 To issue his dead warrant forth

spurious ; but as both have constantly made a part of the collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of the ' Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler,' and as they besides relate particularly to the hero of that poem whereon our Author's chiefest reputation is built, it is hoped the reader will not be displeas'd to find them subjoined to these ' Genuine Remains ' of the celebrated author of ' Hudibras.'

To seize a knight of so much worth,
 Just in the nick of all his glory ;
 I tremble when I tell the story.
 Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse, 25
 This surly tyrant to abuse,
 Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
 To rob the world of such a jewel !
 A knight more learned, stout, and good,
 Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood ; 40
 All his perfections were so rare,
 The wit of man could not declare
 Which single virtue, or which grace,
 Above the rest had any place,
 Or which he was most famous for, 45
 The camp, the pulpit, or the bar ;
 Of each he had an equal spice,
 And was in all so very nice,
 That, to speak truth, th' account it lost,
 In which he did excel the most. 50
 When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
 And out he went a colonelling,
 Strange hopes and fears possess the nation,
 How he could manage that vocation,
 Until he shew'd it to a wonder, 55
 How nobly he could fight and plunder.
 At preaching too he was a dab,
 More exquisite by far than Squab ;
 He could fetch uses, and infer,
 Without the help of metaphor, 60
 From any Scripture text, how'er
 Remote it from the purpose were ;
 And with his fist instead of a stick,
 Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,

Till he made all the audience weep, 65
 Excepting those that fell asleep.
 Then at the bar he was right able,
 And could bind o'er as well as swaddle ;
 And famous too, at petty sessions,
 'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions. 70
 He could most learnedly determine
 To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
 For his address and way of living,
 All his behaviour was so moving,
 That let the dame be ne'er so chaste, 75
 As people say, below the waist,
 If Hudibras but once come at her,
 He'd quickly make her chaps to water :
 Then for his equipage and shape,
 On vestals they'd commit a rape, 80
 Which often, as the story says,
 Have made the ladies weep both ways.
 Ill has he read that never heard
 How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
 And what hard conflict was between 85
 Our Knight and that insulting quean.
 Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains
 For rhymes for his melodious strains,
 Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
 To get into a jilt's good graces, 90
 Than did Sir Hudibras to get
 Into this subtle gypsy's net,
 Who, after all her high pretence
 To modesty and innocence,
 Was thought by most to be a woman 95
 That to all other knights was common.
 Hard was his fate in this I own,

Nor will I for the trapes atone ;
 Indeed to guess I am not able,
 What made her thus inexorable, 100
 Unless she did not like his wit,
 Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
 Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
 The Knight, he carry'd to his grave :
 Vile harlot, to destroy a knight 105
 That could both plead, and pray, and fight.
 Oh ! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
 To give him such a mortal stab,
 That made him pine away and moulder,
 As though that he had been no soldier : 110
 Couldst thou find no one else to kill,
 Thou instrument of death and hell,
 But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
 So oft against the Cavaliers,
 And in the very heat of war 115
 Took stout Crowdero prisoner ;
 And did such wonders all along,
 That far exceed both pen and tongue ?
 If he had been in battle slain,
 We had less reason to complain ; 120
 But to be murder'd by a whore,
 Was ever knight so serv'd before ?
 But since he's gone, all we can say
 He chanc'd to die a ling'ring way ;
 If he had liv'd a longer date, 125
 He might, perhaps, have met a fate
 More violent, and fitting for
 A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
 To sum up all—from love and danger
 He's now (O ! happy Knight) a stranger ; 130

And if a Muse can aught foretell,
 His fame shall fill a chronicle,
 And he in after-ages be
 Of errant knights th' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,
 A Knight as errant as e'er was ;
 The controversy only lies,
 Whether he was more stout than wise ;
 Nor can we here pretend to say, 5
 Whether he best could fight or pray ;
 So, till those questions are decided,
 His virtues must rest undivided.
 Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
 And full as oft took pains in tubs ; 10
 Of which the most that can be said,
 He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
 As for his personage and shape,
 Among the rest we 'll let them 'scape ;
 Nor do we, as things stand, think fit 15
 This stone should meddle with his wit.
 One thing 'tis true, we ought to tell,
 He liv'd and died a colonel ;
 And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
 'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff. 20
 But since his Worship's dead and gone,
 And mould'ring lies beneath this stone,

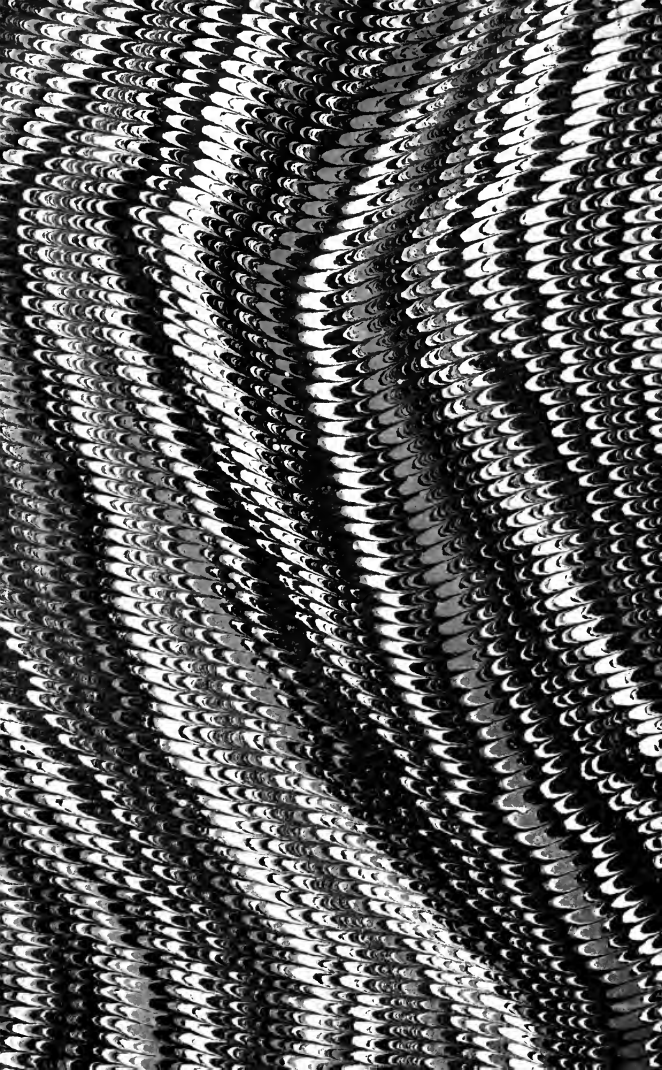
The reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book ;
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale, 25
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

THE END.





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